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THE nineteenth century will be for ever memorable in the annals of African discovery. The mystery which for ages had hung over the interior of the great continent has been in a great measure dispelled. Equatorial Africa especially no longer appears as a blank in our maps. Many of its countries and political divisions have been laid down with tolerable certainty, and the positions of some of its rivers and mountains partially defined; but the great lake discoveries more than any other have excited the wonder and admiration of Europe. All our preconceived ideas of the interior of the great continent have been reversed; for regions which were supposed to be a scene of everlasting drought, under the perpetual, unclouded blaze of a vertical sun, have been found to be refreshed with constant showers, irrigated by perennial streams, and teeming with inhabitants. The further discovery of stupendous mountains crowned with eternal snow, within a short distance of the equator, added greatly to the surprise of geographers; and as a climax to an unexampled series of brilliant discoveries, the Nile was confidently said to have at last revealed its mysterious fountains, and the secret of ages to be disclosed.

These important geographical discoveries have chiefly been made from the eastern coast. The missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, whose station was at Mombas, a few leagues to the east of Zanzibar, although they did not greatly enlarge our knowledge of the interior, yet were the precursors of Burton and Speke in those more extensive explorations, the results of which have so

honourably distinguished their names. Dr. Livingstone, operating in a different region, but on the same side of the continent, has contributed in a very considerable degree to increase our geographical knowledge. Africa was first crossed by him from Mozambique, on the Indian Ocean, to Loanda, a Portuguese settlement on the shores of the Atlantic, in 1855, an achievement which was soon afterwards followed, we might even say surpassed, by the unparalleled march of Captains Speke and Grant, with a small armed escort, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone have made known to us an extensive portion of Africa, and their effect may ultimately be to open up to commerce and civilisation a country which has few superiors in fertility on the African continent. Dr. Livingstone was the first European who crossed the African Continent from its eastern to its western shore. He found the great river Zambesi far in the interior, where its existence was not known even to the Portuguese, and he was the first who visited its stupendous cataracts, to which he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. He is also the discoverer of the great Nyassa Lake and the Shirwa, in the sense at least of having been the first European to visit them and to fix their geographical positions. He collected an immense amount of information respecting the manners, character and habits of the people of this part of the African continent, formed lasting friendships with several of their chiefs, acquired a knowledge of the languages of the country, and laid the foundation of a more regular intercourse for which it was one of the principal objects of his mission to prepare the way.

Having been deputed by the London Missionary Society to seek for a suitable place for the location of a permanent establishment, he ascertained that the highlands on the borders of the great basin of the Zambesi were comparatively healthy, and that it was desirable to open a regular and speedy communication with them, in order that the Europeans might pass as quickly as possible through the pestilential regions of the coast. The character of the population appeared to be eminently favourable for an experiment being made for the improvement of their social state by means of commerce, and for their ultimate conversion to Christianity. These views received the cordial support of all classes on Dr. Livingstone's return to England; and on the publication of his '*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*,' his peculiar aptitude for enduring the hardships and perils incidental to African exploration, his tact in dealing with obstructive chiefs, and the heroism of his character, were so clearly but unobtrusively revealed that the Government readily responded

to

to the public feeling, and appointing him Consul for South-eastern Africa gave to his second expedition the prestige of a national enterprise. Its principal objects, as set forth in his instructions, were to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and the mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa, to improve his acquaintance with the inhabitants, and to encourage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits and the cultivation of their land, with a view to the production of raw material which might be exported to England in return for British manufactures; and it was hoped that an important step might thus be made towards the extinction of the slave trade, which had been found to be one of the greatest obstacles to improvement.

Although the results of this expedition have not been in all respects commensurate with the sanguine hopes that had been formed of it, it has been the means of extending our geographical knowledge by several important discoveries; and Dr. Livingstone and his fellow-travellers have collected much information on the geology, botany, ornithology, and zoology of the districts which they have leisurely surveyed; they have thrown much light on the hydrography of the south-eastern part of Africa, and obtained a far more complete knowledge of the native tribes, their languages, habits, state of civilisation and religion, than was possible in the former expedition.

The primary object having been to explore the Zambesi and its tributaries, with a view of ascertaining their capabilities for commerce, Dr. Livingstone was furnished with a small steam launch, the 'Ma Robert,' which was sent out from England in sections, and put together at the anchorage at the mouth of the Zambesi, but which proved, by the imperfection of its construction, to be rather an impediment than an assistance to his progress up the river.

The delta of the Zambesi seems to mark it as one of the most important rivers in Africa. The whole range of coast from the Luabo channel to Quillimane, must be considered as belonging to that river, for the Quillimane is in fact only a branch of the Zambesi, which takes a direction due east at about 16° south latitude. Between the most westerly entrance to the Zambesi and Quillimane, not less than seven subsidiary streams pour their waters into the Indian Ocean. This vast delta far surpasses in its dimensions even that of the Nile, and if properly cultivated, would undoubtedly equal it in fertility. The Zambesi itself almost rivals in magnitude the great river of Egypt, and in some respects considerably resembles it. Like the Nile,



it has its great annual flood, inundating and fertilising the surrounding country. It has also its falls, cataracts, and shallows, which present obstacles to continuous navigation. The perpendicular rise of the Zambesi, in a portion of its course where it is compressed between lofty hills, is eighty feet. In the dry season there are portions of its course where it has only eighteen inches of water; and Dr. Livingstone's party was repeatedly obliged to drag the small steamer over the shallows. A vessel of less than eighteen inches draught, therefore, would be required to navigate the Zambesi throughout the year, although steamers of considerable burthen could ply in it when in flood as far as the Victoria Falls, most of the intervening cataracts being obliterated by the great rise of the waters; but a high amount of steam-power would be necessary to steam the rapid current when the river is in flood.

The delta extends from eighty to a hundred miles inland, and the soil is so wonderfully rich that cotton might be raised in any quantity, and an area, eighty miles in length and fifty in breadth, could, Dr. Livingstone says, if properly cultivated, supply all Europe with sugar. Progress up the river was impeded less by sandbanks and rapids than by the miserable performance of the engines of the little steamer. The furnaces consumed an enormous amount of fuel, consisting of blocks of the finest ebony and *lignum vitæ*, which would have been worth six pounds per ton in England; notwithstanding which, even the heavy-laden native canoes gained upon the asthmatic little craft which puffed and panted after them in vain.

On the banks of the lower course of the river, as is the case in all deltas, the scenery is uninteresting—a dreary uninhabited expanse of grassy plains—the round green tops of the stately palm-trees looking at a distance as if suspended in air.

‘The broad river has many low islands, on which are seen various kinds of waterfowl, such as geese, spoonbills, herons, flamingoes; repulsive crocodiles, as with open jaws they sleep and bask in the sun on the low banks, soon catch the sound of the revolving paddles and glide quietly into the stream. The hippopotamus, having selected some still reach of the river to spend the day, rises from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labours of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up straight and yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monster bassoon.’

The aspect of nature in Southern Africa presents a striking contrast to European scenery. The trees and the plants are new ;  
the

the beasts, birds, and insects are strange; the sky itself has a different colour, and the heavens at night glitter with novel constellations.

The upper course of the Zambesi, when the hill regions are reached, possesses scenery of a very striking character, made still more so by the variety and beauty of the birds:—

‘The birds, from the novelty of their notes and plumage, arrest the attention of a traveller perhaps more than the peculiarities of the scenery. The dark woods resound with the lively and exultant song of the kinghunter (*Halcyon striolata*), as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank, flies on ahead a short distance, and settles quietly down to be again frightened off in a few seconds as we approach. The magnificent fishhawk (*Haliaetus vocifer*) sits on the top of a mangrove-tree, digesting his morning meal, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off, screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! long before the danger is near.

‘The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue arongo shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain’s whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like “pula,” and the roller and hornbill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May. Some birds of the weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black: others have passed from green to bright yellow with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock whydah-bird with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen birds with which he is said to live. Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to congregate around villages, as to produce the impression that song and beauty may have been intended to please the ear and eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. A red-throated black weaver bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seem to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night jar (*Cometornis vexillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion

to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy could hit him with a stone. The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night jar in common dress, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one's feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.'

The honey-guide is perhaps the most remarkable for its intelligence of all the African birds:—

'How is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, white or black, are fond of honey! The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come to a bees'-hive and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bees'-hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except while on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said, "All right, go ahead; we are coming." The bird never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store.'

Equally remarkable in its intelligence is the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros:—

'The grass is often so tall and dense that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen nor heard; for his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend.'

The Portuguese possess two stations or forts on the Zambesi—one at Senna, the other at Tette; but it appears that they hold both of these positions rather by sufferance than by the prestige of their name or by their power in Africa, for they are said to pay a species of black-mail in the form of presents of beads and brass wire to the neighbouring tribes for permission to reside in the country; nor do the commercial advantages of the Portuguese settlements appear to compensate the cost of their maintenance. The natural resources of the district are nevertheless very great. Indigo grows wild on the banks of the river. The streets of Tette are overgrown with the plant as with a weed. The sugar-cane thrives admirably almost in a wild state. Caoutchouc and columba-root\* are found in abundance. Iron ore is

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\* Used extensively as a mordant for colours.

extensively

extensively worked by the natives, and excellent coal might be obtained in abundance, one seam which was seen cropping out on the banks of the river measuring twenty-five feet in thickness. At one period the produce of the gold-washings on the Zambesi was considerable, but its tributaries have never been 'prospected,' nor has any but the rudest machinery been yet used.

The most interesting portion of Dr. Livingstone's last expedition, after the discovery of the great Nyassa Lake, is the exploration of the river Shirè,\* the great northern tributary of the Zambesi, which it joins at about a hundred miles from the sea. The Portuguese are said to have known nothing of this stream, nor, it is believed, was the Shirè ever before ascended by Europeans: certainly the existence of the lake Shirwa, situated not far from the river's bank, had never even been heard of by them. The natives here were entirely ignorant of the existence of white men; and on the first appearance of the exploring party, the men were excessively timid, the women fled into the huts and closed the doors, and even the hens took wing and left their chickens in dismay. After ascending the river for a hundred miles, the further progress of the party was arrested by cataracts, which Dr. Livingstone named after the President of the Royal Geographical Society; but it was not deemed prudent by the exploring party on their first visit to push their explorations beyond the Murchison Cataracts.

A second excursion up the Shirè was made in 1859, when the natives were less alarmed, and Chibisa, the chief of the most important of the tribes, at once entered into friendly negotiations, evincing great intelligence, shrewdness and good feeling. He was a firm believer in the divine ordination of royalty. He was, he said, but a common man when his father died; but directly after he succeeded to his high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back; he felt it enter, and then he knew that he was a chief possessed of wisdom and clothed with authority.

Leaving their steamer, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with a party of natives, then proceeded on foot to the lake Shirwa, which they found to be a considerable body of bitter and slightly brackish water, abounding in fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. This lake, surrounded by lofty mountains, has no outlet, although thirty miles in breadth and sixty in length. Its elevation above the sea was found to be about 1800 feet. It is separated from the great lake Nyassa by a spit of land, over

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\* Pronounced Shirrey.

which it is probable that the surplus water of the Shirwa runs during floods.

The river Shirè is narrower than the Zambesi, but deeper and more easily navigated, possessing a channel of not less than five feet at all seasons for a distance of two hundred miles from the sea. It drains an exceedingly fertile valley flanked by finely-wooded hills. The stream in some places runs like a mill-race with a water-power sufficient to turn all the mills in Great Britain. Nowhere in his travels did Dr. Livingstone observe so large an extent and so high a degree of cultivation. Maize, yams, hemp, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, peas, sugar-cane, lemons, ginger, tobacco, and cotton abounded, and the capability of the country for the production of cotton can, he thinks, scarcely be exaggerated. From the samples sent to Manchester it has been pronounced to be of the finest quality, and 300 lbs. of clean cotton-wool were purchased for less than a penny per pound ; and it appears that free labour is as easily to be procured as in any country in the world. The discovery of this rich and densely-peopled district, with its fine navigable river, is perhaps the most important of the results of Dr. Livingstone's enterprise. 'We have opened,' he says, in a despatch addressed to the Foreign Office, 'a cotton and sugar district of great and unknown extent, and which really seems to afford reasonable prospect of great commercial benefit to our own country ; it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave-market on the coast, and offers a fair hope of its suppression by lawful commerce.'

The basin of the Shirè is characterised by a series of terraces, the first being below the Murchison Falls, the second a plateau two thousand, and the third three thousand feet in altitude, it must therefore possess a considerable variety of climate, but cotton is extensively cultivated on all the terraces, and the population was everywhere observed to be engaged in picking, cleaning, or spinning it. As it is doubtful whether the cotton cultivation of the former Slave States of America will ever revive under a system of free labour, any addition to our knowledge of the districts where a material so essential for maintaining our manufacturing pre-eminence can be easily and cheaply produced becomes of the highest importance. The people have no cattle, but the quantity of wild animals is prodigious, and enormous herds of elephants roam over the marshes and plains.

It was on one of the elevated plateaux of the Shirè valley that the enterprise known as the Universities' Mission had its first station, and here was the residence of England's first missionary

missionary Bishop, the lamented Mackenzie. The remains of one of the most devoted of English Churchmen lie buried under the shade of one of the giants of the African forest and within a few yards of the rippling waters of the Shirè. Taking a false estimate of the duties of his position, he unhappily gave an active armed support to a tribe which had been attacked by another for the purpose of reducing it to slavery, and he thus engaged in a native war, converting a religious mission, the object of which was simply to instruct and civilise by Christian precept and example, into an association for the forcible liberation of slaves. The country was, as it afterwards proved, altogether unsuited for a missionary experiment such as that projected by the Universities, being in a chronic state of warfare in consequence of the prevalence of the slave-trade; and the expedition was, after undergoing many privations and much suffering, very properly withdrawn some months after the lamented death of Bishop Mackenzie by fever and the loss of other valuable lives.

The discovery of the great Lake Nyassa would alone place Dr. Livingstone high in the rank of African explorers. It would have been first reached by Captain Burton if he had not been misled by erroneous information; for, having been told by some natives that the lake which he was directed by his instructions to seek was of inconsiderable dimensions, he altered his course from west to north-west, and thus came upon the Lake Tanganyika instead. The journey to the Nyassa was effected by an overland march of twenty days from the Shirè. The southern end of the Nyassa extends to 14° 25' south latitude. The stay made at the lake on the first visit of the travellers was short; it was found to be in the very centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. A second visit to the lake was made in the following year. The length of the Nyassa was found to be two hundred miles and its breadth about fifty. It is liable to sudden and violent storms, in one of which the travellers were nearly shipwrecked. The difference of its level throughout the year is only three feet although it receives the waters of five rivers on its western side. The principal affluent is believed to be at its northern extremity.

Never before in Africa had the travellers seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Nyassa. Towards the southern end there was observed an almost unbroken chain of villages, crowds assembled to gaze at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail, and whenever the party landed they were immediately surrounded by men, women, and children,  
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all anxious to see the 'chirombo,' or wild animals, feed; the arrival of white men in one of the villages of the Nyassa exciting much the same kind of interest as that occasioned by the presence of the hippopotamus on the banks of the Thames. The people were, however, on the whole inoffensive, only lifting slyly the edges of the tent, as boys do the curtains of a travelling menagerie at home, and exclaiming 'chirombo! chirombo!' i. e. wild beasts fit to be eaten.

The care bestowed on the graves of the dead in the villages on the banks of the Nyassa indicates an amount of sentiment scarcely to be expected in regions so remote from civilisation. The burying-grounds were found well arranged and protected; wide and neat paths were made through them, and grand old fig-trees threw their wide-spreading branches over the last resting-places of the dead. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the various implements or utensils which their occupants had used in their different employments during life; but they were all broken. A piece of fishing-net or a broken paddle told that a fisherman slept beneath. The graves of women were marked by the wooden mortar and heavy pestle used in pounding corn, or by the basket in which the meal is sifted, and all had placed over them fractured calabashes and pots signifying that the need of daily food was at an end for ever.

The courtesy which we denominate good breeding was conspicuous in some of the chiefs of this district. A black potentate on the banks of the Nyassa, whom the travellers found in his stockade, behaved 'like a gentleman,' not only presenting handsome presents of food, but, pointing to his iron bracelet, richly inlaid with copper, inquired, 'Do they wear such things in your country?' and, on being told that they were unknown, immediately took it from his arm and presented it to Dr. Livingstone, the wife doing the same with hers.

The natives of Africa have not generally been found deficient in the virtue of industry in their own country. In all the districts traversed by the exploring party the cultivation of the land indicated general and careful industry. 'I came out here,' said Bishop Mackenzie, 'to teach these people agriculture, but I find they know far more about it than I do.' The taste for husbandry, indeed, was found to be universal, and men, women, and boys were all eager to work for hire. In illustration of this an incident is related characteristic not only of the disposition of the people to labour, but of their eagerness to obtain European clothing. One of the exploring party, who possessed an old tattered pair of trousers, purchased with one of its legs the services of a man to carry a heavy load for a whole day; on the second day

day another man was hired for the other leg ; and the remainder of the garment, including the buttons, secured the services of another for a third. The fertility of the country renders agricultural toil extremely light, and the task of subsistence is a very easy one.

The manufacture of iron tools is the staple industry of the highlands of the Nyassa. Every village had its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths, who made the bracelets and anklets in general use. British iron is held in no esteem, and is pronounced 'rotten.' Samples of hoes from the Nyassa district have been pronounced in Birmingham to be nearly equal to the best Swedish iron, and the metal was found to be of so high a quality that an Enfield rifle was made from it. In the villages round the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, and in other places, pottery is also manufactured.

The social and political state of the country visited by Dr. Livingstone and his party in those districts where the slave-trade had not penetrated, presented a marked contrast to the western coast of Africa and to the eastern region traversed by Burton and Speke. The Makololo appear to have been the most intelligent of the tribes inhabiting the region of the Zambesi. Polygamy is universal in this part of Africa, and the institution is warmly approved by the women. On being told that a man in England could have but one wife, they always exclaimed that they should not like to live in such a country, nor could they understand how English ladies could tolerate the custom. Yet its practical effect is to give a monopoly of the youth and beauty of the country to those who can afford to purchase them. The wealthy old men, therefore, marry all the pretty girls, and the young men who have no property must either abstain from matrimony altogether, or be content with such wives as possess no personal attractions. The husbands, however, seem to be considerably henpecked. The travellers, endeavouring to purchase a goat, had nearly concluded the bargain, when a wife came forward and said to her husband, 'You appear as if you were unmarried, selling a goat indeed without consulting your wife ! What sort of a man are you ?' The party tried to induce the crest-fallen husband to pluck up a little spirit and to conclude the bargain. 'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'it is bad enough as it is ; I have already brought a hornet's-nest about my ears !' 'We have known,' say our travellers, 'a wife order a husband not to sell a fowl, merely, as we supposed, to prove to us that she had the upper hand.'

Notwithstanding their scanty clothing, there seems to be a natural sense of propriety both on the part of the women and men, which is not always found in more civilised countries.

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'We frequently observed,' say the travellers, 'that the Mom-gamya women are very particular in avoiding any spot where men are supposed to be bathing, and it is only the chance of the first sight of the white skin that makes them forget their good manners; and when women and children were observed in the distance washing in a stream, the men did not venture to approach until they had first asked leave to pass.'

The Makololo ladies, having maid-servants to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, have abundance of leisure which they are at a loss how to employ. The men wickedly aver that their two principal modes of killing time are sipping beer and smoking bang or Indian hemp. The husbands indulge freely in these pastimes, but they do not like their wives to follow their example, and many of the 'monsters' positively forbid it. The women dress well, wearing a species of kilt and mantle and a profusion of bead and brass ornaments. The principal wife of one of the most powerful chiefs wore eighteen heavy brass rings on each leg and three of copper under each knee, nineteen brass rings on her left arm and eight of brass and copper on her right, together with a large ivory ring above each elbow. The weight of the rings seriously impeded her gait; but as they were the 'fashion,' she disregarded it. The tyranny of fashion is, indeed, as irresistible in the high circles of Africa as in those of London and Paris. The most extraordinary device is the pelele—a ring which causes the upper lip to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose, giving to the mouth the elongation and somewhat the appearance of a duck's bill. No woman would think it becoming to appear in public without this strange appendage. If told that it makes her ugly, she will reply, 'really, it is the fashion.' The women will not wear beads, however pretty, that are not of the latest importation. Plumpness is considered essential to beauty, but the obesity required in Uganda, and mentioned by Captain Speke, would be considered vulgar. The caprices of fashion are nowhere more remarkably displayed than in the arrangement of the hair. Some ladies adopt the plan of spreading it out over a hoop, which thus encircles the head, like a nimbus round the head of the Virgin—a fashion which we have not yet adopted in England, but from which our ingenious coiffeurs may take a hint. Others supplement their own by tying behind it bundles of false hair—a fashion with which we are familiar in England. Some plait it into the form of horns, and sometimes the natural hair is drawn tightly up from the forehead in the form of a pyramid. The passion for dying the hair red, however, is confined in Africa to the men, who

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use pigments to give it that fashionable colour. The most respectable chiefs always at first set their faces against these caprices, but in the end are always obliged to give up the attempt in despair, candidly acknowledging that fashion and female obstinacy are too strong for them.

The religion of the Zambesi and Nyassa tribes is that of simple monotheism, combined with a belief in spirits who are supposed to be influenced by incantations to act as mediators. There appears to be a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. 'Their ideas of moral evil,' Dr. Livingstone says, 'differ in no respect from ours; but they consider themselves responsible to inferior beings instead of to the Supreme.' Evil speaking, lying, hatred, and disobedience to and neglect of parents, are said to have been recognised as sins, as well as theft, murder, and adultery, from the earliest times. The only addition which could be made by a missionary to their moral code is the rejection of polygamy. There is a general belief in a future life. 'All the Africans,' say the travellers, 'that we have met with were as firmly persuaded of their future existence as of their present;' but it does not appear that they entertain a belief in any future state of rewards and punishments.

Their superstitions are rather childish than degrading. The belief in magic is so inherent in humanity that it would be strange if it did not prevail in countries where the human intellect may be said to be still in an almost infantine state. There are traces of serpent-worship, and little images are suspended as charms in the huts of the sick and dying. When a man has his hair cut he is careful to burn it, or to bury it secretly, lest falling into the hands of one who has an evil eye, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with headache. There is a singular superstition that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy again, and no native can be induced to plant a mango from a belief that if he did he would speedily die. Rain-doctors are common. The travelling party more than once got into trouble by putting up their rain-gauge which was thought to frighten away the clouds.

That reckless disregard of human life, of which so many revolting incidents are recorded by Captain Speke in his account of Uganda, is unknown in this portion of Africa, nor does the rule of the native chiefs, however despotic, appear to be cruel. The reverence for 'royalty' is universal, and the savage vagaries of King M'tesa would probably have led to his own decapitation but for the belief in the sanctity of kings, which is the pervading sentiment of the people. Divination is freely practised, but fetish worship is unknown. A notion not uncommon  
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among uncivilized people, and somewhat resembling that of the transmigration of souls, appears to prevail. It is believed that the spirits of departed chiefs enter into lions, which are consequently never molested, but, when met with, are saluted by the clapping of hands. The most singular object of superstitious dread is the chameleon, of which the natives entertain an absolute horror. The English sailors left in charge of the 'Pioneer,' during the temporary absence of Dr. Livingstone, made a pet of one of these harmless little creatures, and turned it to good account. Having ascertained the market-price of provisions, they paid the natives that and no more; if the traders refused to leave the ship unless a larger sum was given, the chameleon was forthwith brought out of the cabin and the deck was instantly cleared. Mechanism of all kinds appears so wonderful that it is naturally attributed to supernatural power. A Portuguese took into the interior an assortment of cheap American clocks to barter for ivory; but on setting them all going in the presence of a chief, he became so alarmed that the unfortunate trader was ordered to instantly quit the country and was heavily fined for his indiscretion.

There is probably no part of the world in which game of all descriptions is so abundant as in the region of the Upper Zambesi and of the Shirè, the banks of which absolutely swarm with antelopes, waterbucks, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, wild pigs, elands, and zebras; the woods are full of guinea fowl, and the rivers abound in hippopotami. Much destruction is occasioned by elephants tearing down trees with their trunks in the wantonness of their strength and for mere amusement. It is no easy task to bring one of these creatures on its knees, the ball of an Enfield rifle usually producing as little impression upon the head as upon an iron target, only making the unwieldy animal flap his huge ears and trot off out of further harm's way. The food which the elephant supplies would not be despised by an African sportsman, and is always acceptable in a country where the hunter must depend chiefly upon his rifle for his daily subsistence. The fore foot, cooked in the native manner, was pronounced by Dr. Livingstone excellent. A hole is dug in the ground, a fire is made in it, and, when the oven is thoroughly heated, the foot is placed in it and covered with hot ashes; a fire is then made above it and kept up during the night, and a dish will be ready for the morning's meal which would satisfy the most fastidious of epicures. Elephant's trunk and tongue are also very good when similarly prepared. 'English sportsmen,' Dr. Livingstone says, 'although first-rate shots at home, are notorious for the number of their misses on first trying to shoot in

in Africa. Everything is on such a large scale, and there is such a glare of bright sunlight, that some time is required to enable them to judge of distances. "Is it wounded?" inquired a gentleman of his dark attendant, after firing at an antelope. "Yes! the ball went right into his heart." These mortal wounds never proving fatal, he desired a friend, who understood the language, to explain to the man that he preferred the truth in every case. "He is my father," replied the native, "and I thought he would be displeased if I told him that he never hits at all."

The River Shirè swarms with crocodiles, and the travellers counted sixty-seven of these hideous reptiles basking on one bank. The corpse of a boy floated past the 'Pioneer,' a monstrous crocodile rushed at it with the speed of a greyhound, caught it and 'shook it as a terrier dog would a rat,' and others immediately dashed at the body, making the water foam by the action of their powerful tails. Women are constantly seized by these creatures while drawing water, and the protection of a fence is required to keep the crocodiles from the river's brink. The attempts of the party to catch any of the reptiles were not very successful; although ready enough to take the bait, they flattened the largest iron hooks with their powerful jaws and got away.

Periodical droughts seem to be the characteristic of every part of Central Africa except the rainy zone of the equatorial region. These visitations prevail over areas of from one to three hundred miles. Dr. Livingstone's inquiries led him to believe that from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $15^{\circ}$  south latitude they may be expected once in every ten or fifteen years, and from  $15^{\circ}$  to  $20^{\circ}$  south latitude, once in every five years. Their cause is unknown. The hills are generally clothed with trees and verdure to their summits, and the valleys, where uncultivated, are almost choked with a profuse and rank vegetation, when suddenly both hill and valley present the appearance of having been scathed by fire, the grass crumbles into powder, and the leaves drop discoloured from the trees. Dr. Livingstone draws a fearful picture of the effects of one of these periodical droughts on the population of a district affected by it. On his first journey up the Shirè to the Nyassa he passed through a populous and well-cultivated country. In the interval between it and his return, eighteen months afterwards, a drought of unusual severity had occurred, the misery occasioned by which was aggravated by a slave-hunting expedition which devastated the country almost as much as the drought. Instead of peaceful villages and a happy population there was scarcely a person to be seen. The inhabitants generally had fled from their human hunters no less than from their blighted fields, and famine had destroyed

destroyed all that remained; the recently dead lay unburied, innumerable corpses which the gorged crocodiles were unable to devour floated down the rivers, human skeletons obstructed the paths, and the whole country presented a scene of appalling desolation.

The tributaries of the Zambesi are nearly waterless in the dry season. The Zungwe was traced up to the foot of the Batoka highlands, which the travellers ascended to the height of 3000 feet, obtaining a magnificent panoramic view of the great valley of the Zambesi, of which the cultivated portions are so small that the country appeared to be nearly all forest interspersed with a few grassy glades. The great Falls of the Zambesi, to which, on first visiting them in 1855, Dr. Livingstone gave the name of the Victoria Falls, were again visited on his second expedition, and he is thus enabled to give a more complete description of them. They constitute without question the most wonderful waterfall in the world. The native name is Mosi-oa-tunya, or 'smoke sounding.' Its fame had been far diffused in Africa, for when Dr. Livingstone was on an excursion in the interior, in 1851, a chief, who resided two hundred miles from the Falls, asked, 'Have you any smoke soundings in your country?' When the river is in flood, the columns of vapour, resplendent in the morning sun with double and sometimes triple rainbows, are visible for a distance of ten miles. They are caused by a sudden compression of the water falling into a narrow wedge-like fissure. The Fall must have originated in an earthquake which produced a deep transverse crack across the river's bed—a mass of hard basaltic rock—and which is prolonged from the left bank for thirty or forty miles. The description of this magnificent cascade, so unique in its character, will be read with interest:—

'It is rather a hopeless task to endeavour to convey an idea of it in words, since as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may, perhaps, help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river—the St. Lawrence—flows. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the

the river thus rent asunder, consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1860 yards, but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the Fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied; one of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably fifty feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece; on measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and this is Mosi-oa-tunya, or the Victoria Falls.

Looking from Garden Island, down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the Falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the Falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is about 1170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape channel at its point of 1170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east in a third chasm, then glides round a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east. In this gigantic zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this

probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.'

There is reason to believe that nearly the whole district now drained by the Zambesi and its tributaries was once a vast fresh-water lake, of which many traces exist over a tract extending from  $17^{\circ}$  to  $21^{\circ}$  south latitude. Nearly the whole of this vast area is covered with a bed of tufa more or less soft where it has been exposed to atmospheric influences. The waters of this great inland sea have escaped by means of cracks produced in its surrounding boundaries, at some remote period, by subterranean agency. Thus the fissure of Victoria Falls has probably contributed to drain an enormous valley, leaving only the deepest portion of the original sea which now constitutes the Nyassa Lake. Most of the African lakes are indeed comparatively shallow, being the residua of much larger bodies of water. The African climate is therefore supposed, with reason, to have been once much moister than it is at present, and the great equatorial lake regions are gradually being desiccated by a process of drainage which has been in operation for ages. That the Nyassa Lake has shrunk considerably is proved by the existence of raised beaches on its borders and by the deep clay strata through which several of its affluents run. The character of the rocks in the central part of the continent is generally that of a coarse grey sandstone, lying horizontally, or only very slightly inclined. Within this extensive sandstone deposit is a coal-field of vast but unknown extent, the materials of which were derived from the tropical plants which grew on the low shores of the great inland sea, the basin of which must have undergone several oscillations. Africa is the grand type of a region which has, on the whole, preserved its ancient terrestrial conditions during a period of indefinite duration unaffected by any considerable changes except those which are dependent on atmospheric and meteoric influences.\* By far the largest portion of the vast interior has been unaffected by the great cataclysms to which the other continents have been exposed. In no part of it, we believe, has limestone with marine exuviae been discovered; nor has either chalk or flint been met with. Its surface is free from coarse superficial drift. It exhibits no traces of volcanoes; nor has its surface been much disturbed by internal forces, although the primitive rocks have been protruded in one or two places in isolated masses, as on the shores of the Albert Nyanza and the great mountain groups of Kenia and Kilimandjaro.

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\* Address of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, May, 1864.

In the latest explorations of Dr. Livingstone and his companions a discovery is alleged to have been made which has some bearing in the vexed question of the antiquity of man. Dr. Kirk, while botanizing the banks of one of the tributaries of the Zambesi, came upon a bed of gravel in which fossilized bones of nearly all the species of animals now existing in the country, such as hippopotami, wild hogs, buffaloes, antelopes, turtles, crocodiles, and hyenas, were associated with pottery of the same construction, and with the same ornamental designs as that now in use by the existing inhabitants. Utensils, the undoubted workmanship of man, were thus found intermixed with fossil remains unquestionably of the tertiary or even an older geological period. If the evidence of this discovery should be found to be satisfactory, and taking into consideration the time required for the conversion of bones into fossils, we must come to the inevitable conclusion that the civilisation, such as it is, of the black man in Africa has been stationary for an immense period, and that his intellect must consequently be of an inferior order to that of the European or the Asiatic type. The African negro has certainly hitherto shown no capacity for political construction. His governments are pure despotisms, and society has scarcely anywhere advanced its simplest principles and most barbaric forms. He has neither tamed the elephant, nor domesticated the horse, nor discovered the use of the plough, nor learned to spread the sail. He has not acquired even the elements of public economy, and he is as ignorant of the rudiments of science as a child. Although he has acquired a rude skill in the metals, he has not discovered that coal is inflammable; and although his country teems with all the appliances of civilisation, his political and social condition remains one of the enigmas of the world. Notwithstanding the low intellectual development of the black man of Africa, the recent explorations have ascertained the existence of a very large population in the interior neither deficient in the virtue of industry nor incapable of social improvement, and that among their chiefs are men of the most kindly manners, humane dispositions, and generous aspirations, anxious for a higher civilisation than has yet dawned upon their benighted country, or than it can probably ever attain without the guidance of a superior race.

The Rovuma, a river some leagues to the north of the Zambesi, it was thought might afford an easier access to the district of the Nyassa than the Zambesi and the Shirè, and conduct to a healthier region, and one more promising for missionary labour. Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Bishop Mackenzie, accordingly entered the Rovuma in 1861, with the 'Pioneer,' which, drawing nearly five feet of water, proved too deep for its continued navi-



gation. The river was ascended for five days, when the water began to shallow, the navigation became intricate and unsafe, and the expedition was obliged to return to avoid the risk of being cut off from communication with the sea. The valley of the Rovuma seems to resemble that of the Zambesi, but is on a smaller scale. The result of the exploration was that the river was found to be unfit for navigation during four months in the year, but that like the Zambesi it might be available for commerce for the other eight months. This river possesses little interest in its lower course, where it is a mile wide and from five to six fathoms in depth. Higher up, the scenery is described by Bishop Mackenzie as extremely beautiful, consisting of finely-wooded hills two or three hundred feet in height within a short distance of the river. The natives asserted that the Rovuma issued from Lake Nyassa, but none had ascended the stream high enough to prove it. The hopes founded on the appearance of the mouth of the Rovuma, which is without a bar, were thus disappointed.

And after four years of laborious exploration, attended with many unforeseen difficulties, the expedition was withdrawn by the Government in 1862, orders having been transmitted to Dr. Livingstone to return to England. The disappointment experienced in the capabilities both of the Zambesi and the Rovuma for commerce, the prevalence of the slave-trade, the lamentable failure of the Universities' Mission, and the generally unsettled and dangerous state of the country, all contributed to influence the decision of the Government. The expedition, however, has made known a district of boundless capabilities, together with the causes which operate to shut it out from intercourse with the civilised world. We should be glad to avoid adverting to a subject which seriously compromises the character of a Christian Power. Dr. Livingstone accuses the Portuguese Government of a gross neglect of its duty in omitting to put in force the laws which have been enacted for the suppression of the slave-trade in its African possessions, if not of direct complicity with its colonial officers in the iniquitous traffic. It is carried on, he says, in connexion with the trade in ivory, and from fifteen to twenty canoes have been seen on the Upper Zambesi freighted with slaves for the Portuguese settlements. Dr. Livingstone asserts that he was not only the first to see slavery in its origin in this part of Africa, but to trace it through all its revolting phases. He had not only seen tribe arrayed against tribe for the capture of slaves, but he had been in places where family was arrayed against family and every house was protected by a stockade. Tribes the highest in intelligence were found morally the most degraded, the

the men freely selling their own wives and grown-up daughters. On the shores of Lake Nyassa the slave-merchants were at the time of his visit paying two yards of calico, worth one shilling, for a boy, and four yards for a good-looking girl. Barbarism must be the inevitable condition of a land where such practices exist. If the statements which Dr. Livingstone has made in the face of the world are incapable, as we fear they are, of being denied, a heavy responsibility rests upon the Portuguese Government if it should fail to interpose in the most summary manner, call its officers to a strict account, and put an end for ever in Eastern Africa to a system which is a disgrace to the Portuguese name. These decayed settlements on the remote shores of the Indian Ocean—the melancholy relics of a dominion which was once exercised for nobler purposes than the traffic in human flesh and blood—seem now to be kept up only for the maintenance of a few military pensioners. The terrible lesson which the last few years have taught the world has not failed to impress the most impassive of Powers. Spain, the most inveterate of European offenders, has taken the lesson to heart, and resolved to abandon for ever the abominable traffic in man; and Portugal is now alone branded with the stigma of this atrocious crime. We entertain no doubt, that the development of legitimate trade with the regions in which its African settlements are situated, would prove of far greater benefit in a material sense than any that can possibly result to it from the slave-trade. The capacity of the eastern coast of Africa for a large and lucrative trade is unquestionable, and it has, notwithstanding many discouragements, made considerable progress within the last thirty years. In 1834 the island of Zanzibar possessed little or no trade; in 1860 the exports of ivory, gum copal, and cloves, had risen to the value of 239,500*l.*, and the total exports and imports amounted to 1,000,577*l.*, employing 25,340 tons of shipping, and this under the rule of a petty Arabian Prince. Although it may be long before the natives can be induced to cultivate extensively cotton and sugar for exportation, there are many valuable natural products the preparation of which for the European market requires but little industry and no skill. The hard woods which grow on the banks of the Zambesi and the Shirè are especially valuable; they may be obtained in any quantity at the mere cost of cutting, and they can be transported to the coast at all seasons without difficulty. The *lignum vitæ* attains a larger size on the banks of the Zambesi than anywhere else. The African ebony, although not botanically the same as the ebony of commerce, also attains immense proportions, and is of a deeper black. It abounds on the Rovuma, within eight miles of the sea,

as does likewise the fustic, from which is extracted a strong yellow dye.

The additions which have been made to our geographical knowledge from the two expeditions of Dr. Livingstone are important and interesting. In his latest he entered and partially explored a region the hydrography of which requires to be thoroughly known before the great mystery of the source of the Nile can be considered as solved, for it is in the district of the equatorial lakes that the head-springs of the mighty river undoubtedly exist, and the connexion of all of these great reservoirs with each other is rendered so probable by Mr. Baker's recent discovery of the magnificent lake (the Little Luta Nzigè of Speke), which he has appropriately named the Albert Nyanza, that a fresh interest has been imparted to the subject, for if the Albert Nyanza should prove to be connected with the great Tanganyika, the source of the Nile is not the Victoria Nyanza or one of its affluents, but must be sought for in a region many degrees to the south of that lake, or of any of its tributary streams. That such a connexion does exist between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika there is the strongest reason to believe, for a party of Arab traders informed Captain Speke while making a voyage on the Tanganyika, that the river which flows through Egypt issues from that lake; and a respectable Arab merchant, who could have no conceivable motive for misrepresentation, accompanied a statement to the same effect made to Captain Burton with such circumstantial details as tend strongly to establish its probability. A large river, he said, called the Marunga, enters the lake at its southern extremity, but on a visit to its northern end he saw a river which certainly flowed out of it, for he approached so near its termination that he distinctly saw and felt the influence of an outward current. This statement derives considerable support from information received by Dr. Livingstone from Arabs well acquainted with the Tanganyika, and who told him that a river flowed out of its northern end, and they drew on the sand the Nyassa discharging its waters to the south, but the Tanganyika to the north. He was also told, in the course of his first missionary travels, by an Arab who declared that he knew the Tanganyika well, that it was connected with another lake still further north called Garague\* (Kazagùè), and King Kamrasi and the natives inhabiting its banks assured Mr. Baker that the Albert Nyanza was known to extend far to the west of Karagwè. We are thus in possession of evidence from four distinct and independent

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\* 'Missionary Travels,' p. 476.

sources that the Tanganyika has its effluent in the north, and is therefore connected with the Albert Nyanza. Nor can we regard the alleged difference of altitude (226 feet) between the two lakes as an objection to this supposition; for when we know that  $1^{\circ}$  Fahr. represents an altitude of 533 feet, a difference of level which is indicated by the fractional part of a degree may well be attributed either to some imperfection in the instrument or to defective observation.\* Dr. Livingstone suggested ten years ago that the parting of the watershed between the Zambesi and the Nile might be somewhere between the latitudes  $6^{\circ}$  and  $12^{\circ}$  south, that the two rivers rose in the same region, and that their sources would probably be found at no considerable distance from each other.† Should this conception be realised, a remarkable resemblance will exist between the two great rivers of Western Europe and the Zambesi and the Nile. The Danube and the Rhine have their sources very near to each other, but the streams diverge, the one, like the Zambesi, to the east, the other, like the Nile, to the north, both traversing a vast extent of country before they pour their waters into the sea. This most interesting problem is now, perhaps, nearer its solution than it has ever been, for Dr. Livingstone's instructions for his new journey of exploration are to reach the Tanganyika, and to direct his particular attention to its effluent; and as the distance between the two lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza cannot be considerable, it is to be hoped that he will be able to test the correctness of the information which he formerly received, as well as that given to Captains Burton and Speke. The question afterwards to be determined will be, whether the Albert Nyanza is connected with the Nile, and if so, how connected. The river which flows from the Victoria Nyanza was traced by Captain Speke for only fifty miles, but Mr. Baker has established by personal observation the fact that it flows into the Albert Nyanza, having ascended its banks to the point where Captain Speke left it, namely, the Karuma Falls. Mr. Baker asserts that he saw, or imagined he saw, a river at a distance of twenty miles from the furthest northerly point which he reached on the Albert Nyanza, issuing from the lake and traversing the plain beyond; but nothing can be reasonably affirmed or inferred from such distant observation. The Albert Nyanza may be connected with the Nile by some great but hitherto undiscovered stream communicating with the Bahr el Ghazal (the Nile of Herodotus), and this supposition

\* The observation is recorded by Captain Speke; and it may be observed that his eye-sight had become greatly impaired in his first expedition.

† *Missionary Travels*, p. 477.

is rendered highly probable when taken in connexion with the information which Mr. Baker received from the people residing on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, that the lake extends to the north-west for about forty miles, when it suddenly turns to the west, contracting gradually, and that its extent is unknown. That the Bahr el Ghazal may ultimately prove to be the true Nile is thus rendered extremely probable, nor does its mere-like character, so far as it has been explored, militate against such a supposition. The characteristic of the Nile below Khartúm, for a considerable part of its course, and for a large portion of the year, is that of a very sluggish stream with gigantic reeds springing out of the stagnant water on each side. In descending the stream from Gondokoro, on passing the Bahr el Ghazal, it is a custom, Captain Grant tells us, for all boats to fire a gun as a salute, possibly a traditionary honour paid to the great source of Egypt's fertility. The river, which flows from Gondokoro at its junction with the Bahr el Ghazal, is only eighty or a hundred yards across, while the Bahr el Ghazal is half a mile in width, and after the junction of the two streams Captain Grant admits that there is an evident increase in breadth and width, that the water thenceforward becomes purer, losing much of its turbid appearance, and that the current is considerably increased.\* The river which flows past Gondokoro, and which Captain Speke, in his map, traces from the Victoria Nyanza, is, Dr. Beke informs us, known there not as the Bahr el Abyad, or White Nile, but as the Bahr el Djebel, or mountain river.

Should it be eventually found that the Tanganyika is connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the latter by its westerly or any other affluent with the Bahr el Ghazal, it will necessarily follow that the Tanganyika, or rather the river Marunga, which enters that lake at its southern extremity, will form the true head water of the Nile, and the course of the mighty river will then be proved to extend through forty degrees of latitude, and the great lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, will be but the expansion of a majestic river the course of which from its fountain head to its embouchure, will exceed four thousand miles.

We have, in a former number of the 'Quarterly Review,' expressed our doubts whether the result of Captain Speke's travels could be accepted by geographers as a final solution of the great problem which has perplexed the scientific and the curious of all ages, and the important discovery by Mr. Baker of the

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\* See p. 380 of Captain Grant's 'Walk across Africa,'—a remarkable record of courageous endurance and a most amusing picture of African manners and character.

great Albert Nyanza confirms us in that opinion; for the notion of Captain Speke that the little Luta Nzigè (Albert Victoria) was only a backwater of the 'Nile,' which the river must 'fill' before it could continue its course, has been proved to be completely erroneous. The Albert Nyanza is a lake of vast although unknown dimensions, but certainly inferior neither to the Victoria Nyanza nor the Tanganyika, receiving the drainage of extensive mountain ranges on the west, and of the Utumbi, Uganda, and Unyoro countries to the east. There is even considerable reason to doubt whether the river struck by Captain Speke at Madi is even the same which he left at the Karuma Falls, for no part of its subsequent course, although indicated upon a map for two hundred geographical miles, was ever seen by him; and Dr. Peney, one of the Austrian missionaries, who resided for nine years at Gondokoro, concluded from the results of long observation that the river which flows past that place contributes little or nothing to the flood of the Nile. The sum of Captain Speke's discoveries, therefore, now appears to consist in the fact that he discovered in his first exploratory journey the great lake Victoria Nyanza, and in his second a river issuing from it, which, after a not very lengthened course, has been ascertained to fall, in common, however, with several other rivers probably as large if not larger than itself, into another enormous lake, now denominated the Albert Nyanza; but of the effluent of this lake positively nothing is at present known, however great may be the probability that a connexion between the Nile of Egypt and the lake may be hereafter incontrovertibly proved.

We trust that in the above remarks we shall not be suspected of wishing to detract from the real merits of the gallant explorer, whose untimely death is so generally and justly deplored. Whatever may be the ultimate value assigned to the facts ascertained by him, there can be no difference of opinion either as to the intrepidity of his character or on the magnitude of the exploit of the march across the continent of Africa, which he and his companion Captain Grant accomplished in the face of so many dangers and at the cost of many sufferings and privations.

The complete solution of the great geographical problem may not be given to one explorer, nor perhaps will it be accomplished in one generation, but we certainly appear to be approaching nearer and nearer to its determination. If the lake Tanganyika should prove to be connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the Albert Nyanza by its westerly or other effluent with the great river of Egypt, to Dr. Livingstone may yet be awarded the honour of being the real discoverer of the source of the Nile,  
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the probable region of which he pointed out long before any of the expeditions from the eastern coast of Africa had been undertaken; and he may soon, by a careful survey of the Tanganyika and possibly also of the Albert Nyanza, be on the verge of a discovery which will far surpass in interest any that has hitherto been made within the basin of the Nile.

ART. II.—1. *The Barons' War, including the Battles of Lewes and Evesham.* By William Henry Blaauw, Esq., M.A. 8vo. London and Lewes, 1844.

2. *The Chronicle of William de Rishanger, of the Barons' Wars. The Miracles of Simon de Montfort.* Edited for the Camden Society by James O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. 4to. 1840.

3. *Monumenta Franciscana.* Edited under the direction of the Master of the Rolls by J. S. Brewer, M.A. 8vo. 1858.

4. *Roberti Grosseteste Episcopi quondam Lincolnensis Epistolæ.* Edited under the direction of the Master of the Rolls by Henry R. Luard, M.A. 8vo. 1861.

THE list of works which stands at the head of this article betrays a deficiency in English literature. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the founder of the English House of Commons, has had no biographer. The vicissitudes of his fame have, by a rare chance, almost equalled those of an eventful life. Honoured by those who knew him as a statesman and a hero, by those who survived him as a saint and martyr, he gradually faded from recollection, until, with the revival of classical letters, he passed into the oblivion which covered all things mediæval. The first serious attempt to rescue from forgetfulness the stirring events with which his name is interwoven was made by Thomas Carte, Englishman, as he proudly writes himself on the title-page of his 'History of England.' Carte, who was really a considerable historian, formed every writer who followed him for more than half a century; and the verdict of the uncompromising Non-juror, condemning Montfort as a base and ungrateful rebel, became the received judgment of history, and was accepted without question by men who, if left to themselves, would have come to a very different conclusion. Sir James Mackintosh was the first to perceive that as Montfort rebelled he was probably a good man: but never having studied the facts, he was fain to content himself with the expression of a general sympathy. Since his time a generation has arisen in which no road to fame has been found so easy as to write the panegyric of some man of mark whom

whom the common consent of mankind had branded with perpetual infamy. We have found something to say for Nero, for King John, for Richard III., for Bishop Bonner, for Robespierre; Cromwell has become a saint, Henry VIII. a wise and good man, singularly unfortunate in domestic life; yet there has been no life of Montfort. Perhaps he has never been made sufficiently infamous: for certainly a man revered in his own day, and literally worshipped after his death, however adverse the judgment of later historians may have been, cannot be said to stand on the same pinnacle of infamy with Nero or King John.

Perhaps, too, an explanation may be found in the peculiar circumstances of his times. If printing had been invented in the days of Henry III., the richest materials for his history would have been found in a series of such memoirs as illustrate the court life of the *ancien régime* in France. A weak, good-natured, false, and fickle king, who would trust no one but a Pope, and be permanently governed by no one but a legate or a woman, was the prey of continual intrigues, which we often see in their results, but of which the secret history has for the most part perished utterly, and could scarcely have been revealed but through the medium of that lighter historical literature—so charming to read, so painful to reflect upon—which grows self-evident in more modern days where cultivated feebleness is crowned. Whatever be the cause, the fact remains; we have no life of Montfort. The nearest approach to it is contained in a book the unequal merit of which we gratefully acknowledge, Mr. Blaauw's 'War of the Barons.'

Simon de Montfort was born in the first years of the thirteenth century, the fourth and youngest son of an illustrious stock. His father was the stern captain, adventurer, bigot, statesman, and sovereign by turns, on whom the Albigensian crusade has conferred so doubtful an immortality. His mother was a Montmorency; his father's mother Petronilla, was the sister and co-heiress of Robert Beaumont, last Earl of Leicester of his line. In right of his English blood the elder Simon had inherited half the lands and borne the honours of an Earl of Leicester. A quarrel or a rebellion—the terms were synonymous—deprived him of both, and though in the last years of King John he was restored to his lands, it does not appear that he ever again bore rank as an English earl. The difficulties which his eldest son Amauri experienced in making good his claim to the succession are significant of a change which was passing over the face of Europe. The King of England would no longer accept a divided allegiance. It was open to Amauri to do homage for the



the honour of Leicester, but he must first renounce the broader lands and more splendid rank which fell to him under the crown of France. To his father, but twenty years before, no such objection had been raised; but times were now changed; the consciousness of nationality had been aroused, and it behoved Amauri to choose between the two noble inheritances which had been united in his father's hands. After a long negotiation he was permitted to surrender his English claims to his youngest brother Simon,\* who on August 13, 1231, did homage for the inheritance of his grandmother,† and became from that day an Englishman.‡

Yet this tie, however he may have understood its obligations, did not prevent him from twice seeking a position by marriage among the great feudatories of France. Twice he found the greatest heiresses of the time not unwilling to unite themselves to a younger son, who to an illustrious and almost royal name united the far rarer attraction of a genius which made its possessor a favourite in every court, while his real intimacies were formed among the profoundest scholars of his day. Both times his matrimonial ambition was foiled by the jealousy of the French crown. A third effort was at length crowned by a great alliance, and Simon suddenly becomes prominent in English history as the husband of Eleanor, the widowed Countess of Pembroke, and the sister of King Henry III. The marriage was approved by Henry, by whose really refined taste the southern manners and high personal accomplishments of Montfort would be held at their full value. It was nevertheless clandestine, most probably at Eleanor's suggestion (as we may guess from what happened afterwards), who saw that her brother would be willing to evade the opposition which he would not have had the spirit to confront. On the 7th of January, 1238, accordingly, this memorable marriage took place at the altar of St. Stephen's chapel. The King himself gave away the bride, but a simple chaplain read the marriage office, and the privacy was complete. The storm which followed its disclosure certainly justified the precaution. That the hand of a daughter of England should be given away in secret and without the approval of the barons, was an outrage almost as great to the feeling of that day as if the Great Charter had been burnt

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\* Guy, the second brother, had become Count de Bigorre in right of his wife; the third, Robert, was dead.

† 'Royal Letters,' Henry III., vol. i. p. 401.

‡ He had already attached himself to the service of the English king, and received from him in April, 1230, a pension of 400 marks. 'Royal Letters,' vol. i. p. 362.

by the common hangman. The whole order rose as one man. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother, armed his retainers and threatened, it would seem, to seize the Cinque Ports.\* Everything portended a civil war, and the consequences might have been dark indeed had not Montfort found an opportunity of casting himself at the feet of Richard and allaying the extremity of his anger. Richard felt probably as many a brother has felt before and since; and when the barons met it was to find their leader disarmed and content with the lenient sentence which dismissed Simon from the council. The church was less easily pacified. In the first anguish of grief at the loss of her husband the Earl Marshal, Eleanor had retired to a monastery, and taken, it was said, a vow of perpetual chastity. It does not appear she had actually taken the veil, but the vow, whatever it may have been, was such as to raise the gravest doubts as to the validity of the second marriage; the doubts, at least, were discovered to be such as no English court could solve, and a reference to Rome became indispensable: if indeed the misgivings of the Dominicans were not well founded, that it was beyond the power of Rome herself to efface a vow which had been as it were registered in heaven. Disgraced at court, yet envied and unpopular, early in March Simon crossed the channel for Rome, leaving his wife at Kenilworth. On his way he paid a visit to his Imperial brother-in-law, Frederick II.,† then fresh from Cortenuova, and marching in the full tide of victory through the cities of Lombardy. The meeting of two such relatives is one of those chance passages in history which appeal most strongly to the imagination. The time, the place, the circumstances; we long to know all in detail. We long to know still more what was the impression produced by each on the other. Was their meeting shadowed by something of that mysterious awe with which it would seem that at times one great original mind watches the movements and casts the horoscope of another? Did the great Emperor, 'born for universal innovation,' impart to his younger brother some particle of his own restless spirit? Was the aftercourse of Montfort influenced by what he saw of the position and policy of Frederic, and of the immense capacity for resistance and for liberty possessed by the towns of Lombardy? We are left to our

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\* Rot. Pat. 22 Henry III., m. 10.

† Frederic had married Isabella, sister of Henry III. The alliance was important, as renewing the ancient ties between England and the Empire, which had been impaired by the Guelfic connexions of Henry II. and the captivity of Cœur de Lion. It paved the way for the election of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, to the Empire.

own surmises. The dry notice of the chronicler informs us that Simon drew his sword for the Emperor, and won his support, then powerful with the reluctant court of Rome. Gregory, at once bribed and pressed, ratified the marriage, and in October Simon returned to England, crowned with success, to find that his wife was about to give birth to a son, 'to the strength and comfort of the realm, for it was feared the queen would be barren.'\*

It is impossible not to feel that thus far the career of Simon, so far as we know it, did not augur happily for the future. He gives us the impression of an adventurer, entering upon life with advantages of which he was fully conscious, and which he was resolved to turn to the best possible account, in the way of personal advancement. But had his life been brought to a close at this point, we should have judged him, in all probability, inconstant in purpose, and incapable either of deep feeling or of a lofty and unselfish ambition. Yet we shall soon meet with indications that his contemporaries had already formed a higher estimate, and expected him to rise above the level of the mere courtier's life which he had hitherto led.

Montfort's reception at court is evidence of his undiminished favour with the king, who received him, we are told, with great joy. He was restored at once to the council. On the 2nd of February, 1239, he was created Earl of Leicester;† on the 21st of June he assisted both as godfather and High Steward at the baptism of Prince Edward. Nothing portended a storm. On the 9th of August, he came with his wife to attend the churching of the Queen in Westminster Abbey. The king, when he saw him, told him he was an excommunicated man, and bade him leave the church. When the amazed Earl hesitated to withdraw, the king overwhelmed him with a storm of reproaches, until he and Eleanor retired in dismay to Winchester House, which, the see being vacant, the king had lent for their use. Henry ordered them to be turned out. In vain they returned and implored his forgiveness. Henry turned upon Simon: 'You seduced my sister before her marriage; and it was only when I discovered this that to avoid scandal I reluctantly gave her to you. That her vow of chastity might be no hindrance, you went to Rome, and corrupted the court of Rome with untold gifts, to permit what was impermissible. The Archbishop of Canter-

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\* Mat. Paris, pp. 468, 471, 481; ed. 1640. Montfort's was not the only English sword drawn for the Emperor. An English contingent fought at the siege of Milan.

† See the Charter Roll, 23 Hen. III., Nos. 32, 34; Pauli, *Gesch. von England*, iii. 632. The older writers, and even Mr. Blaauw, have confounded the grant of the honour with that of the Earldom.

bury knew the facts, and told the Pope, but the truth was compelled to give way to Roman avarice; and now that you have failed to pay, you have received the excommunication you so richly deserve. And to crown your meanness, you have made me, without my knowledge, answerable for the sums you promised.' 'The Earl,' says the chronicler, 'blushed when he heard this; and at nightfall, hurrying down the Thames with his wife and a few attendants, he crossed the sea at once.'\*

It is a transaction of this kind which makes one long for a volume of contemporary gossip. We can only guess drily at the explanation which such a volume would have clothed in characteristic anecdote. In the first place, it is probable enough that the source of Simon's trouble is to be found in his visit to the Emperor. It was the Emperor's letter, as much as the Earl's money, which had wrung from the court of Rome the ratification of his questionable marriage; and Frederic, a year ago so strong, was now in difficulties, and since Palm Sunday, the 20th of March, was under the ban of the Church. Every influence had been used to induce Henry to break with his Imperial brother-in-law, and, in fact, within a fortnight of Montfort's disgrace, the bull of Frederic's excommunication was solemnly published in England. Doubtless one chief obstacle to this step had been the presence of Montfort in the council; and hence the whole strength of the Papal party must have been bent to effect his fall. An unpunctuality in the payment of the money promised at Rome would be the ready excuse for an excommunication, which would taint his fame in the eyes of the superstitious Henry. But this does not account for all. Henry makes two distinct charges against Simon, both of the gravest kind, and as to both of which the facts must apparently have been within his own cognizance. Are they true or false, is the question which must be asked, and by the answer to which our estimate of Montfort's character must of necessity be largely affected. We have no hesitation in concluding that they were both absolutely false. On the money charge there is no need to dwell; apart from all else, the chances of a misunderstanding in such a case were not inconsiderable, and the whole tenour of Montfort's life assures us that, whatever his faults, and they were not few, a dishonourable transaction of this kind was utterly alien to his character. At the worst, however, it must stand or fall with the other and more serious charge. Against this it is no light argument that it was utterly disbelieved at the time by Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. Grosseteste's integrity and dis-

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\* Mat. Paris, p. 497.

cernment are equally beyond dispute. Yet he writes to Montfort on the eve of his flight to the continent, exhorting him to bear up under his most bitter trial, in terms which no one but a Methodist would use, except to an intimate friend of whose true religious principle he was well assured.\* And it is singular enough that almost at the same time Henry should have made a precisely similar charge against the venerable Hubert de Burgh, whom he accused of having seduced the sister of the Scotch king, to whom he was afterwards married. To one such charge we listen with respectful doubt; but to two such charges, made within a few months, by the same weak tool against two of the foremost men of their day, our only answer can be an indignant incredulity. But yet it is hard to suppose that Henry can have cast such a stain on the honour of his own sister if he did not believe it to be deserved; and perhaps this is not altogether necessary. It seems to have been one of the peculiarities of Henry's character that he never suspected for himself, but imbibed with indiscriminating greediness the suspicions which were presented to him by those who chanced to have his ear for the hour. It may well have been suggested to him that the true reason why Eleanor was impatient for an immediate and secret marriage was a care for her own honour; and if Henry was once brought to believe this, there is no reason to wonder that, careless of truth as he was, he should have asserted it as a fact known to himself before the marriage. Be this as it may, of the utter falsehood of the story we entertain no shadow of a doubt. It is belied not only by the evidence adduced, but by the whole tenour of Henry's conduct to Simon for the eighteen months which elapsed between his marriage and his disgrace. He had forwarded his suit at Rome; he had restored him to his council; he had raised him to an Earldom; he had selected him as the godfather of his eldest son; and when but three weeks had elapsed he turned upon him in a transport of fury. Is it possible that the heaviest part of the offence which occasioned this extraordinary outburst should have been present to the mind of Henry during the whole year and a half?

This sudden disgrace was a crisis in Montfort's life. It drove him perforce into a more independent position. Henceforward, the favour of the court might come or go, but he had learnt by his rude experience to distrust it, and to shape his own free course. It relaxed, also, to some extent, the ties of personal obligation which had hitherto bound him to Henry, and enabled him to speak with a bolder voice when the misgovernment of

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\* 'R. Grosseteste Epistolæ,' p. 243.

the country became intolerable. The immediate consequence of it was a short exile to the continent, during which he seems to have made his peace both with Pope and King, probably by the act of taking the cross, a step which has been ascribed, with what partial truth we cannot say, to a remorse of conscience at his dubious marriage, which the confirmation of Rome was not able to allay. It is certainly not likely that his intimate friends and counsellors, Grosseteste and Adam de Marisco, would have encouraged him to believe that any act of the Pope could make good a marriage which was really in itself invalid.

In April, 1240, he returned alone to England to collect money for the crusade. His stay was short, but marked by a favourable reception from the king.

It is a question not easily answered whether Simon de Montfort ever went to the East. It is certain that he delayed his departure for the sake of his wife, who was again near her confinement; and that in June, 1242, he had again returned to England. The English chroniclers, too, are silent of his achievements, and even of his going and return; and, but for one remarkable circumstance, we should conclude, without a doubt, that Simon never saw the Holy Land. There is extant a petition of the barons, knights, and citizens of Jerusalem, praying the Emperor for his appointment to be Regent of the kingdom during the minority of Conrad,\* and it seems in the last degree improbable that they should have selected for so critical a post a total stranger to the country, who, so far as history can tell us, had scarcely drawn the sword. On the whole, then, we incline to the belief that he did actually go, but that his stay was marked by no prominent event. It is not improbable that the fortunes of his eldest brother may have hastened his return. Amauri, who had risen to the high office of Constable of France, was himself a crusader, and had the misfortune to be taken prisoner before the walls of Gaza. After a few months' captivity he was released, but in broken health, and it is possible enough that Simon may have returned to Europe with his brother.†

He next appears by the side of Henry in the foolish and disastrous war which, in 1242, he was persuaded by the intrigues of his relations to make against Louis IX. In the crowning act of the campaign, the decisive defeat of Taillebourg, it is said that the personal exertions of Simon saved Henry from be-

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\* Printed in the Introduction to 'Manners and Household Expenses, &c.' Edited for the Roxburghe Club, by Mr. Hudson Turner, p. xix. The petition bears date June 7, 1241.

† Mr. Blaauw asserts that he returned with the Earl of Cornwall; but on what authority it does not appear.

coming a prisoner of war. It is of more interest in the personal history of the Earl, that he was led by its conclusion to make a stay at Bourdeaux, then the capital of the continental dominions of England, and the head-quarters of the ungovernable factions which made Gascony, to a statesman of the thirteenth century, what Ireland has too often been in times more near our own. There Montfort gained the experience of parties and of men, which, six years later, marked him out at a great crisis as the one man who was capable of saving Gascony from the French.

From this time the personal career of Montfort becomes so interwoven with the general history of the country, as to become unintelligible, unless we have formed a tolerably accurate idea of the state of England at the time. Unhappily this is not altogether so easy. Nothing is so hard to realise as chaos; and nothing nearer to chaos can be conceived than the government of Henry III. Henry was, like all the Plantagenets, clever; like very few of them, he was devout; and if the power of conceiving a great policy would constitute a great King, he would certainly have been one. He planned at one time or another the recovery of Normandy and Poitou, the conquest of Wales and Scotland. He accepted for a younger son the crown of Sicily. Not content with this, he had a scheme of domestic government which would have overtaxed the whole energies of Henry, or of Henry's great son, to carry out. He aimed at making the Crown virtually independent of the barons. The sons of the men who had extorted the Great Charter were told that it was their business to find money for every rash enterprise which the interest of the King's continental relations and advisers might suggest; but that they must not presume to demand the resignation of one officer of State, or to murmur if the most important castles of the realm, and the first places in the State, were committed to the hands of aliens. In all this, his connexion with Louis IX., whose brother-in-law he became, was certainly a misfortune to him. In France the royal power had during the last fifty years been steadily on the advance; in England it had as steadily receded; and Henry was ever hearing from the other side of the Channel maxims of government and ideas of royal authority which were utterly inapplicable to the actual state of his own kingdom. This, like a premature Stuart, Henry was incapable of perceiving; a King he was, and a King he would be, in his own sense of the word. It is evident that with such a task before him, he needed, for the most shadowy chance of success, an iron strength of will, singular self-control, great forethought and care in collecting and husbanding his resources,

resources, a rare talent for administration, the sagacity to choose and the self-reliance to trust his counsellors. And not one of these various qualities did Henry possess. Will he had none. To know who was nearest the person of Henry, was to know the current policy of the hour; and nothing was so dangerous to a courtier as to undertake some distant public service. The recklessness of his accusations against Hubert de Burgh and Montfort is but a specimen of the licence which he continually allowed both to his temper and his tongue. No age, no station, no weight of character, no length of service, was secure from his royal insults. In 1248 he answered the grave remonstrances of his Barons in language compared to which that of Rehoboam seems a model of dignity and conciliation; he spoke publicly of the Aldermen of London as 'those London boors who call themselves barons.' To the Bishop of Ely—an able and open-handed prelate—who had refused him a loan, he replied, 'Turn out this boor, and never admit him to my presence;' and he bade his own episcopal brother Aymer to 'go to the devil,' for not backing him up better in his exactions from his brother bishops. As for husbanding his resources, he was a livelong debtor. He was profuse himself, with occasional intervals of an almost morbid economy. But the prodigality of his gifts almost exceeds belief. On one single favourite, of course an alien, he heaped in the course of nine weeks the custody of Dover Harbour, the governorship of the three great castles of Marlborough, Ludgershall, and Odiham, the general custody of wards and escheats, the royal purveyorship at fairs, and the guardianship of the heir of the great house of Braose. In Ireland, to the same fortunate adventurer, within the same nine weeks, he gave the place of Treasurer for life and of Chamberlain of the Exchequer, the prise of wines, the custody of the Jewry, the wardenship of all ports and ships, the custody of wards and escheats and of all vacant sees, the lucrative management of the exchange, the governorships of Cork and Limerick, the castles of Acton, Drogheda, and Rawdon, with the five cantreds of Connaught.\*

This catalogue is, perhaps, without a parallel in English history: but at least it consists of offices which must have been served by some one. The same cannot be said for the grant of the vast domain of Richmond to the Queen's uncle, Peter of Savoy; or for the pensions of four hundred and five hundred marks a year to aliens, paying only a complimentary homage, which crowd the records of the most extravagant reign ever known to Englishmen.

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\* 'Royal Letters,' Hen. III., vol. i. App. iii.



Of the rest of Henry's qualities it is almost idle to speak. To give confidence blindly, and to withdraw it suddenly, was a serious failing, of which we have seen something already; add to it a profound distrust of ability, an impatience of contradiction, and an habitual disregard for truth, and the portrait is well nigh complete.

But the crowning offence of Henry in the eyes of Englishmen was one for which the associations of his early years were in a great degree answerable. To the Papacy Henry had almost owed his crown. It was placed on his head by a legate; and he had been led through the difficulties and the dangers of a long minority under the vigilant and faithful tutelage of Honorius III. He grew up to regard a Pope as a being to whom no contradiction should be offered, and a legate as the only adviser in whose singleness of purpose and knowledge of affairs he could place implicit confidence.

There have been few periods in which such a temper of the royal mind would not have given rise to serious embarrassment. But in the time of Henry III. it was ruinous. The early respect of Henry for the Papacy was only an exaggeration of the feeling which a few years before was predominant in the country generally. Between the Papacy and the national Church no serious differences had then arisen; and the Pope was regarded as the head and mainstay of the most revered and the most popular institution in the country. Indeed, before the struggles of the thirteenth century had given birth to the English Constitution, its functions were indirectly supplied, so far as they were supplied at all, by the action and influence of the Church. Through it plebeian thoughts and plebeian feelings ever found an expression; through it men of the humblest origin rose to high place and power, and mitigated by their presence the harsh principles of feudalism, humanized the courts of law, and gave encouragement to the love of order and the gentle arts of peace.

It was in the reign of King John that the first great shock had been given to the popular reverence for Rome. It was then first felt that, on questions vital to England, the interests of Rome and of the English Church might be not only different, but absolutely opposed.\* The excommunication of Stephen Langton was an excommunication of the English Church; for he fell under the Papal ban for expressing English feelings, and for maintaining English rights. But it was the great political

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\* Of the events which to some extent prepared the way for this change, an account is given by Mr. Stubbs in his Introduction to the '*Epistolæ Cantuarienses*' (edited for the Master of the Rolls, 1865), one of the very best of recent contributions to the historical literature of the country.

triumph of Innocent III. that in reality sealed the fate of Roman influence in England. The surrender of the English crown to be held in fief of Rome, was an act eventually as important to the religious liberties of England, as was the Great Charter itself to our civil freedom. From the moment of that surrender there arose a national, as opposed to a Papal, party in the Church—a party which, loyal to Rome in things spiritual, repudiated with the emphasis of freedom her encroachments on the political independence of the realm. And from that moment the policy of Rome, unhappily for herself, became such as to engrain this feeling into the very heart of the national life. The minority of Henry III. witnessed, for the first and last time in our history, the attempt of a foreign Power to govern England through a Viceroy, and that Viceroy a legate. But the petulant despotism of Pandulph was more than Englishmen would brook. He was not replaced; and Honorius was grieved to find that, in spite of the great services which he himself had so lately rendered to the Crown, in spite, too, of his acknowledged fairness and moderation, his counsels became less and less welcome to the advisers of the young King. The national party, in fact, was in the ascendant, under the masterly leadership of Hubert de Burgh, and the counsels of the Pope were the counsels of a foreign power.

But with the fall of De Burgh all was changed. Henry had imbibed from the events and the tutors of his early childhood two maxims of state, and two alone: to trust Rome, and to distrust the barons of England. He threw himself, with all the force of which his weak character was capable, into the hands of those who would gratify this double leaning; and he filled the places of trust and power about himself with aliens, to whom the maintenance of Papal influence was like an instinct of self-preservation. Thus were definitely formed the two great parties out of whose antagonism the War of the Barons arose, under whose influence the relations between the crown and people of England were remodelled, and out of whose enduring conflict rose, indirectly, the political principles which contributed so largely to bring about the Reformation of the English Church.

The few years which followed the fall of Hubert de Burgh were the heyday of Papal triumph. And no triumph could have been worse used. Rome was now engaged in that internecine struggle with the House of Hohenstaufen which was destined to end in the ruin of both the contending parties: the extinction of the Imperial house, the degradation of Boniface VIII., and the 'seventy years' captivity' of Avignon. She wanted the sinews of war, and England, no longer of account as a continental power, and therefore no longer worth propitiating, rich, isolated, and devoted.

considered as an inexhaustible mine of gold. Elsewhere Rome might appear as over worldly in her ambitions, as over encroaching on the privileges of her suffragan clergy, as careless, at times, of the more general interests of Christendom, but in England her every fault turned with alchymic fatality into the lust of gold, and the reverence of Englishmen was left to reconcile as best it might the highest spiritual pretensions with the most sordid of human vices. The sums extracted from this country during the Pontificates of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. almost baffle comprehension. Tallages were exacted from the clergy amounting to a thirtieth, fifteenth, tenth, and at last a fifth of their goods. Loans were wrung from them under threat of excommunication; procurations, appeals, and the like were multiplied indefinitely. Of all these exactions, indeed, it is impossible to form any precise estimate, or to do more than observe the deep indignation which they excited, and to note how clearly they outnumber in magnitude and frequency the demands even of a prince like Henry, rapacious and extravagant beyond every precedent.\* But of one source of exaction we have a contemporary estimate. It was calculated in 1252 that the ecclesiastical revenues drawn from the country by Italian priests amounted to 70,000 marks, a sum which in itself exceeded the whole revenues of the English crown.

In this last branch of spoliation was implied not simply the draft of vast moneys from the country, but the spiritual desertion, it might almost be said, of whole tracts or districts, and the trampling upon the private rights of patrons, many of them laymen, many of them in high place, and capable of making their voice heard and their power felt against the usurpation which deprived them of undoubted rights. They added to the remonstrances of the clergy the louder and fiercer tones of men not bound by clerical obedience. When remonstrance after remonstrance failed, when all patience was exhausted, they formed a secret society for the suppression of Italian incumbents. Men armed and masked reaped the fields of the aliens, and distributed their corn to the poor. Unknown hands affixed to the doors of cathedral and minster letters with the seal of the English *Vehme*,—(it bore two swords, with the ominous motto: '*Ecce duo gladii hic*'),—threatening fire to the property of the monastery or chapter who should dare to comply with the encroaching demands of Rome, or to accept for the churches in their gift an alien nominee as incumbent. At last, not even the veil of a secret association was interposed between the national

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\* Some details, however, are given by Carte, 'History of England,' vol. i. p. 87.  
indignation

indignation and the Pope. At the council of Lyons, at the crisis of the conflict between Innocent and Frederick II., the voice of the whole English church was heard in complaint; and the barons, in the open light of day, drove the Papal collector in terror of his life from our shore.

Thus was the whole country lying a prey to the ecclesiastical aliens maintained by the Pope, and to the lay aliens maintained by the king. The government, powerless except for plunder, despised abroad, disordered at home, making miserable attempts at aggressive war, while incapable of holding its own, trampling often in the mere wantonness of incapacity upon cherished liberties, alienating more and more irretrievably the affections of the people, until men openly talked of electing another king, when Simon de Montfort became, as we have said, inseparably intermixed with the course of our history.

In the year 1248 the troubles and disasters of Gascony had reached their climax. Internal dissensions were as rife as ever; the Viscount of Bearn was in rebellion, Navarre was threatening the province upon one side, France on the other, and the loss of it appeared imminent. Simon de Montfort was appointed seneschal,\* with special powers, and for the unusual period of six years. Every week was precious. Money was hastily wrung from the citizens of London, and Simon was sent out in October to renew the truce with Louis as he passed through France, then to pass on to his government at Bourdeaux.†. As the king was celebrating Christmas, to the amazement of every one Montfort returned. He had defeated Gaston de Bearn, compelled the king of Navarre to accept an arbitration, and reduced the whole province to peace. When February came he was again on the continent. On Easter Eve he writes from Paris, where he was detained by the royal business, a remarkable letter, which, more than any one document, explains the difficulties of his position.‡ Some of the Gascon nobles, he says, having forfeited their lands, and having no hope of recovering them by other means, had made a league, and in a few weeks would appeal to the sword. They would be sympathised with by the whole nobility of Gascony. 'They bear me such ill-will,' he writes, 'because I maintain your rights and those of the poor against them, that I dare not return there without having seen

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\* Seneschal was the usual title of the governors of Gascony. It may be doubted, however, whether it was really borne by Montfort. At least he is almost always called by the higher style of 'locum tenens regis.'

† The renewal bears date, Sept. 20.

‡ Royal Letters, No. 1001, MS. in the Public Record Office. The letter is anonymous, but the authorship can hardly be doubted.

you, nor without your written instructions.' 'I cannot get a *denier* from your revenues,' he adds, 'for the king of France holds everything, and I cannot trust much to the people of the province.' He then describes the kind of war they will wage: 'They will ride the country by night like thieves, in parties of twenty, or thirty, or forty.' Gascony was, in fact, a land in which feudalism had run wild; and her nobles, like those of the Rhine, had degenerated into castled brigands. It needed a firm hand to suppress them, and a firmer still to punish. But the close of Montfort's letter betrays, though in very guarded words, his sense of the real weak point of his position. 'I have heard that they have given you to understand many sinister things of me, and soon they will tell you that I was the cause of the war.' Without money, and without confidence in the population, it was a hard matter for Montfort to make head against a hostile nobility. But these open difficulties were nothing compared with the intrigues which were incessantly at work to undermine him at home, and to supplant him in the confidence of the king. Therefore, at a moment when he knew that a storm was brewing, and that in six weeks or less the Gascon nobles would be under arms, he was compelled to return home, that he might not lose in the cabinet more than he could win in the field.

A second time he returned to Gascony; a second time he reduced the rebels to obedience, and sent Gaston de Bearn and his chief adherents prisoners to England. He then prepared to make the work of conquest enduring, by the method which his great pupil the conqueror of Wales so well learnt from him, and to bridle Gascony with a chain of forts. On the 28th of November, a grant was made to him of the revenues of Ireland for the purpose: on the 28th of December, Gaston de Bearn was a pardoned man, and on his way back to Gascony. Such a labour of Sisypheus was the service of Henry III.

But the full mischief of the King's ill-timed lenity did not appear at once. In the course of the year Montfort was able to take Egremont Castle, the last great stronghold of rebellion; and on Advent Sunday, 1250, the factions of Bourdeaux, as ancient perhaps and as reasonable as the forties and sixties of our Channel Islands, were compelled to a solemn covenant of peace.

But on the feast of the Epiphany the Earl arrived in London, with jaded horses, and scarcely three squires in his train. He had come in his own person to ask the aid which he could obtain by no other means. The rebels had risen once more; and, taught not less by the pardon of Gaston de Bearn than by their own previous failures, they had taken care by their intrigues to cut off the supplies on which the Earl depended for his defence. Gascony had risen;  
and

and for the King of England not a soldier could be fed or paid. Montfort had maintained himself as long as it was possible from the resources of his own earldom; and when these failed he was compelled, critical as affairs were at Bourdeaux, to come himself to England for money. The answer of the King naïvely revealed the manœuvres that had been going forward. 'By the head of God, Sir Earl, thou hast spoken the truth; and I will not refuse sufficient help to thee who hast fought so nobly in my cause. But a report is come up with heavy complaints against thee, how thou didst commit to prison men who came peaceably to thee, and even such as thou didst thyself invite, as in good faith, and not only didst imprison such, but didst bind them, and put them to death.' The Earl's positive denial satisfied the King for the moment, and he returned with money and mercenaries at his command. His flight and absence had, of course, consolidated the rebellion: it was evident to the Gascons that they could count on a party within the court itself. But the war was once more renewed, with Gaston de Bearn, of course, in the front ranks of rebellion; and once more with the old result. The Gascons were put to the worse. It was long before they dared again to meet Montfort in the open field.

In or about the month of November, 1251, the Earl returned to England again, leaving the castles he had erected in the hands of men whom he could trust. But his absence was, as usual, the signal for a fresh outbreak. The rebels were wise in their tactics. They professed to resist not the King, but the seneschal; and while they rose against the authority which the English Crown had constituted, they submitted to the King himself an almost endless list of charges against the Earl. The old saw, '*Asperge fortiter, aliquid adhærebit*,' might have been made for Henry. He could not shake off the uneasy misgiving that some misconduct or another must have gone to produce this tempest of complaint. When the Earl asked him indignantly why he listened to traitors, confessed and convicted, with arms in their hands, rather than to his own lieutenant, he quietly replied that if the Earl's conduct were right it could surely bear inquiry. He could not understand that to inquire in such a manner, and at such a crisis, was like submitting his general to a court-martial from the enemy's ranks; that it was to break the prestige on which the government of Gascony depended; to unnerve the arm of every true friend of England; and to make every restless noble and intriguing citizen in Gascony know that there was a sure means of getting rid of a seneschal who might prove to have an unpleasant capacity for command.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, early in the year 1252,\* two commissioners—Rocelin de Fos, apparently himself a Gascon, and Henry o Wingham, a former seneschal of the province—were sent partly to make their own inquiries into the proceedings of the Earl partly to arrange for the coming to England of the delegates of the disaffected Gascons. We glean that the two commissioners formed opposite conclusions as to the administration of the province. The Gascon leaned towards his countrymen; the Englishman was so decided in his approval of Montfort that he was declared by the Gascons to be simply his partisan.†

The delegates, with the Archbishop of Bourdeaux at their head then came, by the King's invitation, to Westminster, to present their complaints against the Earl of Leicester. The King, at Montfort's extreme indignation, sent out a second commission, to inquire into the truth of the accusations, and to command the Earl to return and answer for himself. The report of the commissioners was, according to M. Paris, that the Earl of Leicester had certainly been severe, but that they considered his severity not undue. Meantime, he returned himself, and before the assembled baronage was confronted with the Gascon deputies. The King, it would appear, had resolved on the disgrace of Montfort; it was rumoured that he intended to commit him to the Tower. But when he had replied to the charges brought against him, the voice of the barons, with the King's own brother at their head, was so unequivocally in his favour that no such step could be attempted. The King, who had expected a very different verdict, was not able altogether to suppress his feelings. A strange altercation ensued. The Earl reminded Henry of his services, and of the broken promise by which he had induced him to undertake the invidious government of Gascony. The King replied that he should keep no promises with a supplanter and a traitor. The Earl, in uncontrollable anger, gave the King the lie, and told him that but for his royalty he would have spoken the word in an evil hour for himself. 'Who can believe,' he added, 'that you are Christian. Have you ever confessed?' 'Certainly,' said the King. 'Then what is the use of confession without repentance and satisfaction'

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\* The commission bears date Jan. 6. R. de Fos was Master of the Temple in England.

† William de Valence, the King's half-brother, was also sent out, and placed in communication with the commissioners. He was the leader of the foreign party and the constant opponent of Montfort.

‡ Mat. Paris, p. 836. The commissioners were Nicholas de Molis, an Englishman, and Drogo de Valentin, a Gascon nobleman. The constitution of this second commission was thus exactly similar to the first.

'I never

'I never repented of anything so much,' retorted the King, 'as of suffering you to set a foot in England, or to hold land or honour in the realm, wherein you have waxed fat and kicked.'\*

The mediation of friends put an end to this painful scene; but the impression which it left could naturally never be effaced. The most characteristic faults of the two men had in fact been brought out into strong relief; the unblushing meanness and half-hearted treachery into which the weak King was ever suffering himself to be drawn; the ungoverned temper and dictatorial impatience of contradiction which made it so hard for Montfort to work with others, and which marred so fatally the transcendent greatness of his career.

The Earl offered to resign his government, on condition that he should be indemnified for the expenses he had incurred, and those who had supported him guaranteed against the calamitous consequences of their loyalty. He could not obtain his request. He offered to resume his post, if only he might be properly supported. He could obtain this still less. The bulk of the King's council (so at least complains a friend of Montfort †) stood aloof at the critical moment; approving of Montfort's conduct, but not actively espousing his cause. At last the King issued a series of letters, the aim of which was to put both parties, as nearly as might be, on an equal footing, until Henry could come in person and settle everything by his royal presence. If a royal letter could have made the lion lie down with the lamb, the affairs of Gascony would have been settled. Montfort recrossed the sea; and 'waged infinite war against the Gascons.' ‡ But this, if true, cannot have lasted long. We find him before the winter withdrawn from his province, and finding kindly shelter in France. While there he received a striking testimony to the value of those services which Henry had so wantonly thrown away. In December, 1252, the Queen Regent of France died. Louis was absent on his crusade, and the country was threatened with anarchy. The princes of the blood turned to Montfort, and 'devoutly requested him to remain with them, and be one of the keepers of the crown and realm of France.' § Twice was this splendid offer made, and twice was it refused by the Earl of Leicester as inconsistent with his engagements to that King who had called him traitor to his face, and broken to him his most sacred promises. Still he stood aloof, like Achilles, from the service of Henry, and lingered upon the soil of France.

\* Mat. Paris, p. 837.

† Adam de Marisco. See '*Monumenta Franciscana*,' p. 128. Adam's whole letter, containing a detailed account of the trial, is extremely interesting.

‡ Mat. Paris, p. 845.

§ Ib. p. 865.



The almost dying words of his friend Grosseteste taught him a more generous part. The King was now in Gascony, and of course in hopeless difficulties; when the sword of Montfort, 'whom the Gascons feared like the lightning,' was once more placed at his disposal. The province was reduced to tolerable order, and may be permitted to fade from our view.

In the year 1258 opened the first act of the great drama which has made the name of Simon de Montfort immortal. The brother-in-law of King Henry, the possible Regent of Jerusalem and of France, the scourge of the rebellious Gascons, however famous in his own day, would have bequeathed no name to posterity; it is by the War of the Barons that we remember the first nobleman of his day.

During the four years that had elapsed since his last visit to Gascony death had deprived him of two most dear friends, Grosseteste Bishop of Lincoln, and the Franciscan Adam de Marisco. Otherwise time had passed quietly with him; and occasional employments seem to indicate the restored favour of the crown. Meanwhile, the stream of misgovernment was rolling on with an ever gathering flood. Two new sources of exaction had been opened. Henry had accepted the crown of Sicily for his younger son Edmund; Richard Earl of Cornwall the empire for himself. Both wanted treasure; both had before long but too many creditors; Henry the worst creditor possible—the Pope himself. Parliament stood aghast at the sums which Henry had pledged himself to find, and at the interdict which nonpayment might entail. At last with a bad harvest, and the consequent famine, came the long threatened crisis. To the famine was added a league between Scotland and Wales, and when Parliament\*—or to speak more exactly, the Great Council—met to consider the means of repelling invasion, they were greeted by a Papal nuncio, demanding more precise engagements about Sicily, and asking for 'untold money.' The King's half-brother, William de Valence, in an evil moment, laid the blame of these calamities upon English traitors. He was asked to explain. He named the Earls of Gloucester and Leicester. Then followed such another scene as had passed six years before between Leicester and his King. But its effects were more quickly felt. The great issue of 'England for the English' had been put and challenged in the face of day; and before that Parliament dispersed, the Barons of England, at

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\* Modern usage has confined the word parliament, when strictly used, to a body including representatives of the lower laity; but the word is itself older than the introduction of representatives into the council of the nation. See Hardy, Preface to '*Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*,' p. 14.

Leicester's suggestion, had leagued for the defence of their rights. They appeared armed at the Great Council. They pressed their complaints upon the King, who met them with the abject humiliation of a man who was always ready to confess, on the understanding that he need not amend. But the patience of the Barons was exhausted; they recalled the great precedent of the Magna Charta; and they required as the condition of their assistance that the general reformation of the realm should be entrusted to a Commission of twenty-four members, half to be chosen by the crown, and half by themselves. For the election of this body, primarily, and for a more explicit statement of grievances, the Great Council was to meet again at Oxford on the 11th of June, 1258. When the Barons came, they appeared at the head of their retainers. The invasion of the Welsh was the plea; but the real danger was nearer home. They seized on the Cinque Ports; the unrenewed truce with France was the excuse; they remembered too vividly King John and his foreign mercenaries.

They then presented their petition. This was directed to the redress of various abuses arising out of the feudal tenures, and of defects and corruptions in the administration of justice. Escheats, Jews, forests, undue exaction of prisages, all come in for their turn; but, what is politically the most significant of all, is the request 'that the King's castles be committed to faithful subjects, born within the realm of England.' To each and every clause the King gave his inevitable assent.

One more remarkable encroachment was made upon the royal prerogative; the election in Parliament of a chief justiciar. It is not surprising that to historians, not only of the old Tory school, but even to some of decidedly Whig politics, such an intrusion of Parliament upon the functions of the executive should have appeared in the highest degree unconstitutional. In the seventeenth century it would have admitted of no defence. But those who have watched more closely the course of our constitutional history, perhaps we might add, the general laws of all constitutional history, will have observed that popular assemblies, whenever they have had free scope, have run, in some respects, a course as regular and as inevitable as that of the sun itself. In a late stage of their development they legislate only too copiously, and find in legislation an indirect but efficient control over the course of executive government. But legislation is not, strange as it may appear, among the first wants of a country; and the executive is everything while legislation is yet in its cradle. The first attempts, therefore, of a popular assembly are to draw to itself some portion of the executive power. And this was exactly  
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the position in which the Barons of England found themselves in the reign of Henry III. Parliamentary legislation was as yet almost unknown; perhaps the Statute of Merton, of the year 1236, is the first instance of an enactment which does not appear in the form of a royal charter. But the power of the executive was immense. It was peculiarly great, and most sensibly felt by the mass of Englishmen, in the administration of the courts of law. It had been the greatest administrative achievement of Henry II. to transfer the great mass of civil causes from the baronial to the royal courts. A legal fiction, the 'pious fraud' of the law, made it optional for suitors to pass at once to the higher courts; the introduction of sounder principles of jurisprudence was made their inducement to do so. In the royal courts, thus remodelled, arose what was called, then as now, the **Common Law** of England, resting solely upon the sanction of the Crown and the decision of the royal judges. These judges laid down with despotic breadth that it belonged to every court, not only to regulate its own procedure, but to lay down its own principles of law. Acting upon this maxim, they freely overruled the established feudal usages, in favour of the principles of the civil law, which thus became interwoven into the texture of English law.\* In procedure their boldest and happiest innovation was the introduction of the institution which has exercised so important and distinctive an influence upon our national character and history—trial by jury. Thus in the absence of legislation a whole system of judge-made law was elaborating itself in England; and this in the hands of men, sometimes aliens, generally ecclesiastics, always lawyers by profession, with sympathies and interests strongly at variance with those of the feudal landowners, and not unfrequently with those of the people of England at large.

There were but two possible remedies for this state of things. The most obvious, and the one actually adopted, was the appointment of a chief justiciar by the baronial order. The chief justiciar was the first officer of the Crown. He was not a mere chief justice, after the fashion of the present day, but the representative of the Crown in its high character of the fountain of justice. It was his duty not only to select the itinerant justices, to arrange the circuits, and to exercise a general superintendence over the courts of law, but to supply a remedy in the multiplied instances for which neither law nor precedent had provided, and by this means to exercise a control over the

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\* This fact, though resting on ample evidence, has been often overlooked, owing to the strong opposition which afterwards grew up between the civil and the common law.

formation of our legal system compared to which the analogous power of the Chancellor in later days, when the legislature was in active operation, must have been altogether insignificant. This great officer, then, the barons took upon themselves to appoint, stipulating at the same time that he should hold office only for a year, and be answerable to Parliament at the end. They chose Hugh Bigod, a layman, and a brother of one of their own order. They thus exactly reversed the practice of modern times, and attempted to control the legislative through the medium of the executive power.

The other possible remedy for the evils under which they suffered was that they should learn to legislate for themselves. But this presupposed an amount of popular support, a hold on the affections and confidence of the country, which Parliament as then constituted certainly did not possess. Parliament, in fact, in the modern sense of the word, could not be said to exist. On one or two special occasions, indeed, the counties had been invited to send some of their knights to assent to a heavier tax or a more questionable political act than usual; but, speaking broadly, it may be said that in the year 1258 the National Assembly of England was what is technically called the Great Council. That council, the lineal descendant of the Saxon Witenagemot, had under the Norman kings undergone a modification, which for a time almost excluded the Saxon element from it. The qualification for admission had formerly been the possession of a given quantity of land: it became thereafter the holding of land, entirely irrespective of quantity, by immediate tenure from the Crown. It was, in short, the quality, not the quantity of tenure, that admitted thenceforward to the council. All alike who held directly of the Crown were the King's barons or *men* emphatically. For the first generation the operation of this change was sufficiently simple. A tenant-in-chief was always a person of importance. But even before the sons of the Conqueror had ceased to reign there had arisen a distinction between the greater barons, who were called individually by name to the Council, and the lesser, who received only a collective summons from the sheriff.\* The distinction widened with time. Before the close of the 12th century the greater barons had matured into peers of the realm, the lesser were fast ceasing to attend the council at all. There thus intervened, between the cessation of the attendance of the lesser barons and the introduction of an ordered representative

\* See G. Foliot ad B. Filium Comitum Epistola, in 'S. Thomas Cantuar. ed. Giles,' v. p. 98, an important passage, which seems to have escaped our constitutional antiquaries.

system, a period, perhaps the only one in our history, when the lesser land-owners of the country had no definite voice in her councils. They had ceased to attend for themselves, they had hardly begun to attend as representatives. Every political privilege was in fact in the hands of the greater barons. Could the Crown have triumphed unaided over them, the liberties of England must have followed to all appearance in the way of the liberties of France; could the barons have triumphed unaided over the Crown, the result would have been the establishment of a feudal aristocracy not altogether unlike that which arose in Germany in the decrepitude of the Imperial power. As it was, the power of the Crown, though not overwhelming, was an overmatch for that of the barons, and compelled them to seek help and sympathy beyond the ranks of their order. It was this necessity which induced what in modern language we might call a great parliamentary reform, which made the War of the Barons a great constitutional epoch, and Simon de Montfort, the leader of the barons, the founder of the English House of Commons. But before this reform was accomplished, it was vain to expect for the Baronial Council that hold on the affections of the country which alone could have enabled them to inaugurate, and to press upon the Crown, any large measures of legislation. What was, perhaps, still more decisive against the adoption of such a remedy, was the want of any training for such a task on the part of the lay nobility. The habit of command, in itself a high education, will train men to govern and even to judge; but it will not enable men, otherwise but little cultivated, to grapple with the complexities of civil legislation. The barons had no taste for such a work, and it was in fact not from them, but from men professionally trained, some of them in the schools of Bologna, that in the following reign the first great efforts of English legislation emanated.

But the point upon which the barons laid the greatest stress, from the beginning to the end of their struggle, was the question of the employment of aliens. That the strongest castles and the fairest lands of England should be in the hands of foreigners, was an insult to the national spirit which no free people could fail to resent. And it was an insult which, thanks to Rome, was present to every Englishman. Royal castles and royal lands were not to be seen everywhere, and their misappropriation was after all most keenly felt by the class which had a natural right to expect them; but there was not a district in England where foreign agents did not collect the tithes of the people, and where a native priesthood, sprung from the people, was not beggared to minister to Italian luxury. England for the

the English, the great war cry of the barons, went home to the heart of the humblest.

By these facts the attitude of the 'Mad Parliament'\* was determined. The great question of the constitution of Parliament was not heard at Oxford: it emerged into importance when the struggle grew fiercer, and the barons found it necessary to gather allies round them, and bring up their reserves of strength. The exclusion of aliens, and a control over the appointment of the justiciar, were their two foremost demands. Another, not second in importance to them, but urged in a feebler tone, and probably with a less unanimous feeling, was the assembling of Parliament three times in the year, and the appointment of a committee, which was to sit during the recess, and to have a kind of veto on the proceedings of the executive. Schemes of this kind are always interesting as a study; not the less so, because they bring vividly before us how little experience of the real working of a constitution the framers of such a model can have had. This one, in particular, is not the less interesting, because this very design of a standing committee of Parliament was afterwards revived by the ministers of Richard II.'s later years, as a part of, perhaps, the boldest attempt ever made to trample out the liberties of England.† One other measure completed the programme of the barons; namely, the appointment, already referred to, of a committee of twenty-four, for a general correction of abuses, and for placing the administration upon a sounder basis. This was an exceptional and almost revolutionary measure. It amounted to placing the crown under the control of a temporary Council of Regency. Yet it was less exceptional than has sometimes been supposed. The same course had been already adopted to ensure the execution of the Great Charter; it was adopted again under the feeble misgovernment of Edward II. and Richard II.

Part of the barons' work was simple enough. The justiciar was named, and the committee of twenty-four. To expel the foreigners was less easy. Simon de Montfort, himself an alien by birth, resigned the two castles which he held, and called upon the rest to follow. They simply refused. With the King's half-brothers at their head they denied the authority of the commissioners, and refused the oath which was tendered of obedience to the Oxford Provisions. But the barons were in arms, and prepared to use them. The aliens, with their few English

\* This name is taken from Wikes, a chronicler of the time of Edward I., and one of the few early writers who was adverse to the Baronial party.

† A comparison is obvious with the Scotch Lords of Articles; but their powers were never so extensive as those of the Baronial Committee.

supporters, fled to Winchester, where the castle was in the hands of the foreign bishop Aymer. They were besieged, brought to terms, and exiled.

The barons were now masters of the situation. Their first act was to intimate to the Pope that the conditions under which he had granted the crown of Sicily had not been accepted by them, and would not be fulfilled at their expense: this was tantamount to renouncing the crown for Edmund.\* Their second act was to make peace with France, a most wise and advantageous measure, which the childishness of the King, vain of his titular dukedom of Normandy, had for twenty years prevented. Thus in a few months the whole foreign policy of the reign was reversed. Of the work of the commissioners we have a less distinct account; but it is clear at least that they entirely underestimated the magnitude of their task. They attempted a detailed redress of the grievances of the last seven years from one end of the country to the other; the remodelling of the office of the sheriff, then a magnate of the first importance, who presided over the county court, and enforced the ubiquitous feudal rights of the crown; of the collection of the revenue; of the privileges of purveyance and prisage; and of the ordering of those important chattels of the crown, the Jews. Perhaps no one but Montfort could have planned so elaborate a scheme of reform; and not even he could carry it out. Meanwhile it was the obvious policy of the Crown to sow dissension between the baronial leaders. Clare, Earl of Gloucester, the first among them both in rank and power, was jealous possibly of Montfort, and certainly was inclined to a less decided course. Differences arose; Montfort regarded Clare as false to his oath, and withdrew from the work of the commission.

For nearly three years from this time the history of Montfort is worse than a blank; it is a riddle. So bewildering is the rapidity with which we pass from negotiation to rupture, and from rupture to negotiation again. We shall not attempt to solve it, or to describe the uneasy state, half war half peace, in which the time was past. One point alone is too remarkable to be quite passed by in silence. Among the prerogatives of the crown which passed to the Oxford Commission not the least valuable, for the hold which it gave on the general government of the country, was the right to nominate the sheriffs. In 1261 the King, who had procured a Papal bull to abrogate the Provisions of Oxford, and an army of mercenaries to give

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\* The negotiations for a modification of the terms lingered on for some time; at last the Pope revoked the grant.

the bull effect, proceeded to expel the sheriffs who had been placed in office by the barons. The reply of the barons was most memorable; it was a direct appeal to the order below their own. They summoned three knights elected from each county in England to meet them at St. Albans to discuss the state of the realm. It was clear that the day of the House of Commons could not be far distant, when at such a crisis an appeal to the knights of the shire could be made, and evidently made with success.\* For a moment, in this great move, the whole strength of the barons was united; but differences soon returned, and against divided counsels the crown steadily prevailed. In June 1262 we find peace restored. The more moderate of the barons had acquiesced in the terms offered by Henry; Montfort, who refused them, was abroad in voluntary exile; and Henry, who no doubt considered the struggle fairly at an end, found leisure for a friendly visit to the court of Louis IX.

Suddenly, in July, the Earl of Gloucester died, and the sole leadership of the barons passed into the hands of Montfort. With this critical event opens the last act in the career of the great Earl. In October he returns privately to England. The whole winter is passed in the patient reorganising of the party, and the preparation for a decisive struggle. Montfort, fervent, eloquent, and devoted, swayed with despotic influence the hearts of the younger nobles (and few in those days lived to be grey), and taught them to feel that the Provisions of Oxford were to them what the Great Charter had been to their fathers. They were drawn together with an unanimity unknown before. Even Henry of Almaine, as he was called, the King's own nephew, was brought under the influence of Leicester. They demanded the restoration of the Great Provisions. The King refused, and in May, 1263, the barons appealed to arms. Llewellyn was in arms also, and the Welsh border became their base of operations. They imprisoned the foreign Bishop of Hereford, expelled the foreign sheriffs, stormed the castles, burnt the houses, and harried the lands of the foreigners along the western border. Town after town opened to them: no army could meet them in the field. They moved southward and eastward, gathering fresh plunder, and receiving adherents as they marched. At length they treated with the capital. Parties were divided there; but the baronial interest prevailed, and the city received them with flag and bell, while Henry was trembling in the Tower. There was no hope of resistance, and Henry, with a reluctant hand, subscribed once more to

\* There is extant a royal proclamation, dated October 18, 1261, denouncing those who had presumed to expel the royal sheriffs, and to assume the keeping of the counties (Rot. Pat. 45 Hen. III. m. 3).



the Provisions of Oxford, with the saving clause, however, that they should be revised in the coming Parliament. On the 9th of September, accordingly, Parliament was assembled, and the Provisions, with some trifling modifications, were solemnly confirmed by the King, by Prince Edward, and by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the realm. The triumph was but momentary. Montfort found, as so many in like case have found, that the hour of victory was the hour of dispersion. What mischief his overbearing temper may have made; what jealousies may have arisen; what dissensions may have been sown by the glitter of royal promises, we know but very little. The effect alone is clear; for before the autumn closed in Henry was at the head of a powerful army, recruited from the very ranks of those who had fought under Montfort in the spring. Parties were once again more evenly balanced; but there were as many, doubtless, on one side as on the other, who were but half-hearted; many also whose earnest desire was at any cost for peace.

The king and the barons agreed to submit their differences to the arbitration of Louis of France. With all the reverence which was felt then, as it is felt now, for the personal character of Louis, it must be confessed that the choice sounds strange to our ears. Louis IX. had done more than any one king of France to enlarge the royal prerogative; and Louis was the brother-in-law of Henry. His award, given at Amiens on the 23rd of January, 1264, was, as we should have expected, absolutely in favour of the king. The whole Provisions of Oxford were, in his view, an invasion of the royal power. The king might appoint his own officers, summon the parliament as he pleased, call whom he pleased to his council, place what governors he pleased, native or foreign, in his castles. The barons were astounded. They had been by accident inadequately represented at Amiens; and certainly the document they had signed, committing the arbitration to Louis, empowered him absolutely and without reservation to decide upon every question to which the Provisions of Oxford had given rise. But when they received his award, they at once said that the question of the employment of aliens was never meant to be included. There had been, on previous occasions, several attempts at arbitration, of which in these pages we have not been able to take notice. At one time, or at another, almost every single question which had arisen between the Crown and the barons had been submitted to the judgment of others; but the exclusion of aliens they had always regarded as a fundamental principle. They had never submitted it to arbitration before; they had never intended to submit it now. They refused to admit that it was a question  
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which arose out of the Oxford Provisions. On every other point they were willing to bow to the adverse decision of Louis, but on that they were inflexible. In March they met the king at Brackley, and attempted to adjust their difficulties. Unhappily, before anything could be settled, the Londoners rose in anger, and destroyed the palaces of Henry and of his brother, the king of the Romans. Henry, indignant, broke off the negotiations, and the appeal was made once again to the sword.

Success for a moment inclined to the royal side, but it was only for a moment; and on the memorable field of Lewes the genius of Leicester prevailed. Into the military details of that great battle, so admirably given by Mr. Blaauw, we do not propose to enter; but the victory affected the whole political horizon. With the two kings of England and of the Romans prisoners in his hands, Montfort dictated the terms of the so-called Mise of Lewes. It took strong precautions to prevent the renewal of the war; but otherwise, it is remarkable chiefly for its moderation. Subject to the approval of Parliament, all differences were to be submitted once more to French arbitration. Meantime the king was in effect a prisoner in the hands of Leicester, who removed him at pleasure to Battle, to Rochester, to London. On the 23rd of June the Parliament met. It was no longer a Great Council, after the fashion of previous assemblies; it included four knights, elected by each English county. This Parliament gave such sanction as it was able to the exceptional authority of Montfort, and ordered that until the proposed arbitration could be carried out, the King's council should consist of nine persons, to be named by the Bishop of Chichester, and the Earls of Gloucester and Leicester. The effect was to give Simon for the time despotic power. Meantime the arbitration was to be proceeded with at once. Louis, it was understood, would not condescend to review his former decision, and it was necessary to agree upon some other names. Henry of Almaine, although a hostage for his father, was sent to France upon the subject; and it was at length agreed that all questions whatever, the employment of aliens alone excepted, should be referred to the Bishop of London, the justiciar Hugh le Despenser, Charles of Anjou, and the Abbot of Bec. If on any point they could not agree, the Archbishop of Rouen was to act as referee, and his decision was to be final. Both parties acquiesced, with how free a will, at least on the side of the king, we may very fairly question; but at least the consent was had, when the Pope suddenly interfered, prevented the arbitration from going forward, and excommunicated the barons.

It is evident, as we watch the current of events, how surely  
Montfort

Montfort was being drifted away from the strength of his original position. The common sense of mankind re-echoed the sentiments of Urban, and denounced as a mockery all attempts at negotiation between a subject and his prisoner-king. Until the king was at liberty, there could be no valid treaty; yet to release the king was to give the signal for war, and for a war of no doubtful an issue, that it was impossible to dare the venture. A power unknown to the constitution, a power which would be sure to move the jealousy of his own equals in rank, and to excite just apprehension even in unbiassed minds, had become, chiefly through the one false step of making the king his prisoner, an unhappy necessity to Montfort. He had begun to feel this; he evidently knew his difficulty; but he knew also where he was strong. In the days of the Great Charter, the firmest supports of the popular cause had been the clergy and the city of London, and they were again the firmest supporters of Montfort. Nothing is more remarkable in his career than the enthusiastic confidence which he felt, and which he inspired in the most eminent churchmen of his day. He was, as we have seen, the intimate friend of Grosseteste and Adam de Marisco. With Grosseteste he habitually advised, and to him he committed in his own absence the care of his children. The loss of the learned, though less celebrated, Archdeacon of Leicester, John of Basingstoke, he is said to have felt as one of the heaviest sorrows of his life; and in his last parliament of 1265, when his influence was paramount, and his ambition, whatever it may have been, most transparent to the world, there was chosen as chancellor Thomas Cantilupe, the last Englishman who has attained to a place in the Roman calendar. The clerical poetry of the day compares him with the most popular of all English saints.

‘Comme ly martyr de Canterbyr, finist sa vie;  
Ne voleit pas li bon Thomas que perist sainte Eglise,  
Ly Cuens auxi se combati, e morust sauntz feyntise.’

His own language, his life, the eulogy of his friends, concur to show that he regarded himself, and was regarded by others, as pre-eminently the champion of the Church. And we know enough of his career to understand at least the main outline of his policy. It was essentially the policy of a statesman as opposed to a king. The temptation which no holder of the crown found himself altogether able to resist, was to make common cause with the Pope at the expense of the Church at home. The abuse of provisions, superseding the rights of the capitular electors, as well as of private patrons, was the subject of continual remonstrance. The Crown was obliged to present to the Pope  
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the petitions which were forced upon itself; but it was never thoroughly in earnest, and the chapters were compelled to accept the Papal nominee of to-day, with the understanding that they should be equally obliged to receive the royal nominee of to-morrow. So also in the matter of taxation. The English Church appealed to the Crown to protect it against Roman exaction; but the Crown found it ever more profitable to acquiesce and to share in the spoliation. Montfort would have confided to the Church a full freedom in her elections; he would have protected her firmly against foreign encroachments on her privileges and on her revenues; and he would have trusted by so doing to make her intensely national in feeling—the strongest, because the most intelligent supporter of the Crown. In precisely the same spirit he would have dealt with the rising importance of the towns. The towns had been hitherto regarded as almost a sort of royal chattel. They derived their corporate existence from the simple fiat of the Crown, which had obtained in return, and in spite of the Great Charter had continued to exercise, the power of imposing tallages, dues, and customs almost at absolute discretion. They were consequently, of course, in a state of chronic disaffection. Montfort would have dealt with them, as with the national Church, in a freer and more confiding spirit. He would have liberated their commerce, confirmed their self-government, and trusted to them to uphold the Government whose supporting hand they felt. His feeling was well known; he had in at least one notable instance interfered or pleaded with the Crown on behalf of the City of London; he had led the citizens very early to make his cause their own, and he found them true to the end.

It was, therefore, not simply the expedient of a revolutionary chief in difficulties, but the expression of a settled and matured policy, when, in December 1264, he issued in the King's name the ever-memorable writs which summoned the first complete Parliament which ever met in England. The earls, barons, and bishops received their summons as of course; and with them the deans of cathedral churches, an unprecedented number of abbots and priors, two knights from every shire, and two citizens or burgesses from every city or borough in England. Of their proceedings we know but little; but they appear to have appointed Simon de Montfort to the office of Justiciar of England, and to have thus made him in rank, what he had before been in power, the first subject in the realm.

It is a curious matter for speculation whether the early acquaintance with the institutions of Arragon which Montfort, through his father, must almost certainly have possessed, sug-  
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gested to his mind the model on which he proposed to popularise the institutions of England. In Arragon the towns had early obtained an important place in the great council of the nation; in Arragon also the justiciar was the most powerful of all subjects, and less an officer of the Crown than a servant of the nation at large, controlling with an almost tribunician power the proceedings of the King himself.

Montfort, at all events, had now gone so far, he had exercised such extraordinary powers, he had done so many things which could never really be pardoned, that perhaps his only chance of safety lay in the possession of some such office as this. It is certain, moreover, that something which passed in this Parliament, or almost exactly at the time of its meeting, did cause deep offence to a considerable section of the barons. The young Earl of Gloucester, the successor to his father's politics and influence, withdrew himself, not alone, from Montfort. Difficulties were visibly gathering thicker around him, and he was evidently conscious that disaffection was spreading fast; the Welsh and Scotch borders were far from quiet; the French threatened to co-operate by sea with the disaffected royalists in the north; and so exceptional a state of things was fraught with imminent peril. Negotiations went forward, not very smoothly, for the release of Prince Edward. They were terminated in May by his escape. It was the signal for a royalist rising. Edward took the command of the Welsh border; before the middle of June he had made the border his own. On the 29th Gloucester opened its gates to him. He had many secret friends. He pushed fearlessly eastward, and surprised the garrison of Kenilworth, commanded by Simon, the Earl's second son.

The Earl himself lay at Evesham, awaiting the troops which his son was to bring up from Kenilworth, when the approach of a considerable force was announced. To his joy he saw familiar banners flying, for the unexplained delay of which he had already been uneasy. He mounted the convent tower, that he might see them better. He saw them but too well. The banners were his son's, but they were flying in the van of an enemy. His first words revealed a soldier's pride. 'By the arm of St. James, they come on well; they learnt that order from me.' His next told that he had measured the forces, and knew that the event was hopeless. 'May God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are Prince Edward's.' On the fatal field of Evesham, fighting side by side to the last, fell the Earl himself, his eldest son Henry, Despenser the late Justiciar, Lord Basset of Drayton, one of his firmest friends, and a host of minor name. With them, to all appearance, fell the cause for which they had fought.

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The remainder of the reign of Henry is passed in the monotony of a feeble despotism. But the victor of Evesham was the true pupil of the vanquished: and the statesmanship of Montfort is interwoven, warp and woof, into the government of Edward I.

The posthumous fame of rebels is generally measured by their success; but to the memory of the great Earl his countrymen were more than just—they awarded to him the honours not of a statesman, but of a saint and martyr. There are extant forms of prayer which were said in his honour, and the story of miracles which he was believed to have wrought. No Englishman but St. Thomas of Canterbury ever received from the popular voice an adoration so ardent, so entirely exceeding the bounds of loving and respectful admiration. The legendary halo which surrounded him diffused its light even beyond himself, it shed its lustre over his unworthy sons: and one of the most graceful of English ballads records that Henry de Montfort, apparently slain at Evesham, survived in blindness and obscurity to carry down to one more generation the inheritance of so illustrious a name.

The sober voice of a late posterity, while admitting to the full the faults of an ungoverned temper, and an imperious impatience of the infinite littleness by which Leicester was mistrusted and confined; while granting that, at any rate in his later years, he was borne on by the pressure of circumstances into acts of ambition and self-aggrandisement, which may be palliated, but not defended, will yet be slow to draw darkly the shadows of a great character. And when the full survey is taken, we shall not forget what is due to the statesman who first struck the key-note of constitutional government, and showed that there was more both of wisdom and of strength in a confiding appeal to a free people, than in the coercive despotism of the first Plantagenets. We shall remember, too, that he applied his principle with a breadth of view and an evenness of hand too rare in later times to the Church as well as to the State, and that almost alone of feudal statesmen he perceived that the just privileges of a national clergy might become not the chronic difficulty of the State, but her surest and least perishable safeguard. Lastly, we shall bear in mind that, over the coarse ignorance and impure rudeness of the old feudal manners; he bore himself in calm, gentle superiority, cultivated, refined, and unsullied, the very model of an English gentleman: so English in heart, so true to the land of his adoption, that we almost forget, as we think of him, the parentage that is implied in the name of Simon de Montfort.

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ART. III.—*Enoch Arden, etc.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L.,  
Poet Laureate. London, 1864.

**B**UT few years have elapsed since we devoted an article to the Poetry of the Laureate; and a fresh poem of his has already become famous. Scarcely indeed has any work of his issued from the press when it is found in almost every drawing-room in England, and as fast as steam can carry it, it is borne in thousands to every market where the English tongue is spoken; so eager are all to read. Maidens bend their faces over the page, and sinking slowly down where they stood, are lost in the story of Elaine or of Arden; and fathers, in the quiet evening, will trust to the poet's care those tenderer thoughts which love to dwell in secret. It is strange, to one who thinks of it, this vast and silent power which the modern poet wields. Our bards stand no more in the midst of the people, speaking to them burning words, or bowing before the acclaim of a myriad tongues. They pass no more from side to side of the market-place, or from street to country ways, gathering around them young and old in little wondering circles. The power of the older singers was more directly reflected in action, but yet bears no comparison with the power of him who now can weave in secret a magic web of waving lines, and by the infinite multiplication of the press can gather at once kingdoms and continents under his spell. The printing-press, perfect as it now seems to be, is a means to Mr. Tennyson of a power at once wider and more immediate than ever fell to the lot of poet. Perhaps since its invention no poet has, during his lifetime, obtained so extensive an audience. The several poems of Lord Byron were greedily bought up as they appeared, but the reading circles at home were then very much narrower, and the poems of Lord Byron had not the same command of large colonial societies. Moreover they obtained notoriety rather than favour, and were often read for their worse qualities—for that kind of sentiment which gives a flash of life to our so-called 'sensation' novels. But we shall return to the question of Mr. Tennyson's popularity after a review of that last volume of his whose title now stands at the head of our page.

In this book we have many pieces collected; pieces of various degrees of merit, and of various pretension. The poem of *Enoch Arden*, placed first, and giving its name to the volume, is at once the longest and most important, and also bears evident marks of being a cherished work, perfected by untiring and affectionate care. In point of execution it ranks with *Elaine* and *Guinevere*, and in point of story it ranks with those domestic idylls for  
which

which Mr. Tennyson is so justly celebrated, and the subjects of which seem so well fitted to his genius. The poem of Tithonus, also contained in this volume, is a work of transcendent merit; it is, however, very much shorter than *Enoch Arden*, and on that ground we defer the consideration of it. We need not apologise to our readers for taking them once more over the now well-known story of *Enoch Arden*. To read once or twice only a work so careful and so beautiful, is an actual wrong to the author, the very perfection of whose art lies in the chastened reserve and elusive delicacy of his touches. The opening scene of the poem is laid in a fishing village, a quaint, self-contained little port, whose counterpart may be found in many a bay on the eastward coast of England. The first lines, which set this scene before us, are so simple, the effect of them is so complete, and the separate touches so firm, that condensation is impossible:—

‘Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a moulder’d church; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower’d mill;  
And high in Heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cup-like hollow of the down.’

We ask attention here, not to the direct purpose of the description alone, but also to the fine craft by which these opening lines are made to serve the unity of the piece. Out of the chord thus struck, every future change will flow, and no unmeaning note is found within it. Ever in our minds will be the sea and its power, with the life of work and the life of rest upon the limit of it. There will be also the church with its memories, its giving in marriage, and its gathering of the dead together in hope; and there again the mill, and high in heaven behind the gray and breezy down, which with the sea gave strength and breadth to the hearts of those who lived upon them, and whose hazelwood, in its cup-like hollow, resounded to their childish mirth, and was the kindly shelter of the passions of their stronger years. Here a hundred years ago three children of three houses, —pretty Annie Lee; Philip Ray, the miller’s son; and Enoch Arden, ‘a rough sailor lad, made orphan by a winter shipwreck’ —played upon the shore; and here with exquisite feeling the poet makes them playing out day by day the mimic symbols of their future life—castles of sand dissolving in the tide, strings of  
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little footprints daily washed away; and the housekeeping in the cave, when each in turn would marry Annie Lee, with their strivings for her, her little sorrows in their strife, and her promise to 'be little wife to both.' Thus grew up their loves. Enoch's that of a strong and self-reliant man, who, 'where he fixed his heart, there set his hand to do the thing he willed, and bear it thro'; Philip's a silent devotion which had in it rather the heroism of sacrifice than of self-will. Annie seemed kinder to Philip, but loved Enoch, 'though she knew it not, and would, if asked, deny it.' Enoch, full of his set purpose, and trained to fighting his own way, worked and hoarded, prospered in wealth as a bold and lucky fisherman, and in fame as the bravest in danger. And thus, one nutting time, in the mellowness of the year—

'On a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
(His father lying sick and needing him)  
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
His large grey eyes and weather-beaten face  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;  
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,  
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart.'

And those two were merrily wed, and merrily ran their happy years of health, of love, of competence. Then Enoch, ever bent upon his purposes, saved all his earnings to the uttermost, that his children might have 'a better bringing up than his had been or her's.' But as he toiled, there came a change. Clambering on a mast, he fell and broke a limb; and, as he lay recovering, his wife bore him another and a sickly son. 'Another hand, too, crept across his trade,' and on him fell, 'although a grave and staid God-fearing man, yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.' While thus lying sick in heart and body came the master of a ship wanting a boatswain for a China voyage, and Enoch, seeing  
hope

hope again, assented. Not for his own self caring, but for Annie—for Annie and her children, he let her plead in vain, and 'grieving held his will and bore it thro'.' So Enoch sold his boat with many a sigh, fitted up the little house with goods and stores, set Annie forth in trade with all that seamen needed or their wives, and brightly and boldly faced the morning of farewell, speaking hopefully, and as she heard him speak,

'She almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.'

We would pause here for a moment to point out the skill and judgment which Mr. Tennyson has shown in giving intensity and sinew to the passion of his tale by the slight leaven of a Puritan faith. The want of moral grandeur in modern life is one of the chief difficulties with which a modern poet has to deal; nor can he any longer fill this want by use of those supernatural systems which are now fitly called 'machineries.' This difficulty the Laureate has successfully evaded by laying the scene of his action in a secluded fishing port, where a stern creed had grown up under the changeful northern sky, and the mysterious perils of the sea; and where the traditional superstitions of a sailor life were woven in with an intense and living belief handed down from a Puritan ancestry. The occasional use of supernatural means, such as Annie's dream, so falls evenly upon the reader's mind, and certain superstitious observances are justified; while a moral sublimity is also gained which gives depth and unity to the tone of the poem. Enoch, as the hour of parting came, cast all their cares on God, and threw his 'arms about his drooping wife, and kissed his wonder-stricken little ones,' all except the sickly babe, who slept; and Enoch would not wake him, but kissed him in his cot, taking from his forehead one tiny curl. Let us note the subtle beauty of this passage as connected with the after part. The father passing away for ever from the faces of his own, and the little child so soon to die, and whose sleep is now the symbol of his death, seeming to go with him and needing no farewell. Many a long year after, when dying, neglected, and unknown, Enoch remembered this, and thought that there was one of his who would embrace him in the world to come; then only yielding up that treasured braid of hair, he loosed

loosed the visible bond in hope of the invisible, and that one little child

'Said not good-night; but in some brighter clime  
Bid him good-morrow.'\*

So Enoch went, and with him all healthy life and vigorous thrift. Annie, too gentle to thrive in petty trade, so 'failed and sadden'd' as she knew it; and then the sickly child,

'After a lingering—ere she was aware,  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul fitted away.'

Wonderful as are many of Mr. Tennyson's descriptive rhythms, perhaps none have shown such marvellous and subtle skill as these three lines, which, catching the reader 'ere he is aware' by their quickened flight and the sudden hurry of their cadence, leave him with parted lips. In the depths of sorrow is found relief. As Annie sat sorrowing and all broken with grief and care, Philip came falteringly, and with a noble tenderness and generous tact, begged for Enoch's sake—'for had not Annie chosen the best among us'—to put the babes to school, and Enoch should repay him when he came. This was the favour that he sought. Then she turned—

'She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,  
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
Then calling down a blessing on his head  
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
And past into the little garth beyond.  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.'

And Philip put the boy and girl to school and made himself theirs, 'tho' for Annie's sake, Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, He oft denied his heart his dearest wish, And seldom crost her threshold.' Dearly the children came to love him as the years went on. 'Lords of his house and of his mill were they.' But Enoch seemed to them

'Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the far end of an avenue,  
Going we know not where.'

So fled ten years, and all their nutting times; and then it chanced one evening 'Annie's children longed to go with others nutting to the wood,' and she went with them; and as they passed they found 'Father Philip' 'like the working bee in

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\* Sonnet by A. L. Barbauld, *vide* Palgrave's 'Treasury,' p. 165.

blossom dust, Blanched with his mill ;' and him they plucked along. Soon weary, Annie rested,

'Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow'—

rested there again ; but now the merry voices in the wood made her 'feel so solitary.' And as she sat so solitary, Philip spoke :

'O, Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living ; well then—let me speak :

\* \* \* \* \*  
'And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of his creatures.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then Annie answered, tenderly remembering Enoch, and begging for one more year ; in a year she would be wiser, and would wed him if Enoch came not in the year.

'Then all descended to the port, and there  
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,  
Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,  
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
I am always bound to you, but you are free."  
Then Annie weeping answer'd, "I am bound."'

Soon slipped another autumn round, and Enoch came not ; 'and yet she held him on delayingly.' And so another trial had begun. Gossips with their eyes and tongues, all busy, some malignant, broke in upon her peace. Her children pressed their wish, and Philip's 'rosy face'—rosy while simple duty bore him up—now in doubt and fear, 'contracting, grew careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her sharp as reproach.' Then, in the frenzy of her doubt and trial, she sprang one dark night from her bed, and, after the Puritan way, throwing the Bible open, set her finger on a text. There she read, 'under a palm-tree ;' and then dreaming, saw Enoch sitting under a palm-tree, and over him the sun. 'He is gone,' she thought ; 'he is happy ;' and sending hurriedly to Philip, they two were wed ; and merrily once more rang the bells,

'But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,  
She knew not whence ;'

\* \* \* \* \*

'but

'but when her child was born,  
Then the new mother came about her heart,  
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.'

And what of Enoch? Prosperously passed his ship into its oriental haven; and Enoch traded there, and bought a gilded dragon for the babes; but on his homeward voyage suddenly there came a cry, 'Breakers,'—the crash of ruin, and the loss of all but Enoch and two others. These were cast away on a rich and lonely isle, and as the months went by two died, and Enoch lived alone. There in the beauteous hateful isle he built himself a hut, high in a seaward-gazing mountain gorge, wistfully looking o'er the barren deep, as Annie looked from her 'nest-like home, half-way up the narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill,' each yearning for the other.

ἤματα δ' ἐν πέτρῃσι καὶ ἡόνεσσι καθίζων,  
δάκρυσι καὶ στοναχῇσι καὶ ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ἐρέχθων,  
πόντον ἐπ' ἀπρύγετον δερκέσκετο δάκρυα λείβων.\*

*Odys. E. 209.*

As she saw him sitting under the palm-tree, and thought him in glory, so, often as he watched, would haunting things, things 'known, Far in a darker isle beyond the line' before him move.

'Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle  
Returned upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being everywhere,  
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude.'

How well is the unity of interest kept up by this simple infusion of a supernatural sympathy—a sympathy used by other modern imaginative writers with similar success, as by Hawthorne in 'Transformation,' and by Miss Brontë in 'Jane Eyre.' †

\* He sat weeping sore  
Hard by the breakings of the barren wave,  
Where he did oft afflict his soul before,  
And through the floods unfruitful evermore  
Yearned a set gaze with many a tear and groan,  
Heart-broken captive on a hated shore.'

*Mr. Worsley's Translation.*

† 'Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul  
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?'

*Aylmer's Field.*

We

We can scarcely pass this topic, however, without allusion to that which seems to us the most vulnerable point in the poem. Arden, all due allowance made, must have passed at least full seven years of solitary life upon his isle; and it is a serious question whether any human being, much more a man of his intensity of nature, could have passed through this ordeal and kept his wits. The awful consequences of much shorter periods of utter solitude are well known, although we admit, on the other hand, that in the present state of psychology, it is difficult to pronounce either way with certainty. We have little science to guide us, but against the imaginative insight of Mr. Tennyson we have the declaration of Wordsworth that

‘the innocent sufferer often sees  
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs  
To realise the vision, with intense  
And over-constant yearning;—there—there lies  
The excess by which the balance is destroyed.’

*Excursion, Book iv.*

A ship's crew at length touch upon the isle, seeking for water, and amazed and melted, all listen to the strange tale of the long-bearded solitary, who, mumbling idiot-like at first, slowly shook his isolation from him, and told them all his woes. Kindly they took the lonely man, and after long delays, they land him even in that harbour whence he sailed before. Speaking no word to any, ‘thro’ the dripping haze,’ and under ‘the nigh-naked tree,’ where ‘the robin piped disconsolate,’ he sought his home, foreshadowing all calamity, and found nor light nor murmur there. So thinking, ‘dead or dead to me,’ he crept to a tavern on the wharf, where was a bed for wandering men. There Enoch rested many days, and in the run of gossip heard the story of his house. And he, yearning to see her face again, and know that she was happy, so in a dull November twilight clambered up the hill; and

‘By-and-by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.’

For in the warmth he saw his wife and children gathered on that hearth—the babe that was not his, yet hers, ‘and him, that other reigning in his place.’ Staggering out upon the waste, headlong he fell; and digging his fingers into the wet earth, he

prayed. And as he rose, 'he beat it in upon his weary brain,'  
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.' Yet

'He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the will,  
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul.'

Thus, as once in action, now in sacrifice, he 'bore his purpose thro,' till, as the year rolled round, a languor came upon him, and, as about to die, he told his tale in secret; left his blessing on his wife, his children, and even on them all; and sent as his token the cherished little curl from the brow of that one babe whom now he would once more embrace, finding home at last in the world of bliss.

'For sure, no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
See through the grey skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.'

The third night after, there came a calling of the sea, and crying out, 'A sail, a sail!' he fell back and spoke no more. Long had he watched upon the weary isle; and thus, watching again, his deserted heart once more was saved, passing away 'to where beyond these voices there is peace.'\*

We have reviewed this poem at some length, because we look upon it as among the best of the poet's works. Taking all its merits into consideration, we think that no other of his poems can reach above it. It has length enough to show sustained effort; the story is dramatic, and told with a simple and complete effect; and the parts are, first of all, in perfect subordination to the whole and to one another; secondly, are beautiful in themselves. We might add many examples to those which we have already pointed out: for instance, the description of natural objects just in so far as they interpret the dominant human feeling; and, by way of brilliant contrast to this, the elaborate and masterly painting of the desert isle, whose oppressive beauty is forced upon the reader, as it beat itself in upon the eyes and heart of Enoch in the weary days of his captivity. The clear drawing also of the objects on the shore, where those three children played, fixes them in the reader's mind during all the

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\* 'Idylls of the King'—Guinevere.

after scenes, as the old familiar things of childish years live onward in our memories.

One more beauty, too, there is which must not pass unseen—that is, the dramatic unity which the author (whose men and women, as we have said in previous articles, are too often vague,) here gains by contrast of his characters. As he has avoided all prolix sentiment in his situations, so has he kept his canvass free from all the accidental personages who would have broken up the leading masses of his groups. With a statuesque beauty, Annie, the third, forms a link which binds in, opposition Enoch and Philip, two characters of finely contrasted temper, which contrast is marvellously worked out as each passes into the fortune of the other. Enoch, early thrown upon his own resources, intense in feeling, resolute and disdainful of gentler men; Philip, well-to-do, not driven to energy by want, beginning life in gentle care for others, losing his holiday in nutting-time—his father being sick and needing him—and yielding still a higher sacrifice of all, his hope in love: Enoch, brought then to live as Philip did, reft of his love and bound to inactivity, and lastly yielding all in a noble self-repulsé, which a nature so intense as his could only have achieved; Philip, meanwhile drawn slowly into action by the strength of others' needs, and bringing into light his tender forethought, kindly constancy, and delicate reserve. With Philip's sacrifice the scenes begin; with Enoch's sacrifice they end. We are sorry to be unable to leave 'Enoch Arden' without an explicit declaration of its sound morality. A cry which must have arisen among those 'in whom all evil fancies cling like serpent eggs together,' has proclaimed that 'Enoch Arden' is immoral. The readers of the 'Quarterly Review' know well that we never have been seduced by broken lights, however picturesque, from allegiance to the chastened radiance of moral purity; but need we longer stay to show that all this poem has its very being in self-forgetfulness and tender purity of hope and will? We think no generous reader will say otherwise; but we ourselves are anxious here to say it, as Mr. Tennyson is of that chosen few who have held the proud honour of never uttering one single line which an English mother once would wish unwritten, or an English girl would wish unread; and in those (we hope) far-distant days, when many memories begin to gather round his heart, this will be the dearest of them all.

After 'Enoch Arden' there follows a poem, 'Aylmer's Field,' almost equal to it in length, but far from equal to it in merit. In nearly all those points upon which 'Enoch Arden' claims admiration and distinction, 'Aylmer's Field' is wanting. Full



of wonderful beauty in places, and written throughout as Mr. Tennyson alone can write, we must, by the standard of his former work, pronounce it a comparative failure. The story does not bear the marks of such careful thought in its design, nor in the grouping of its parts. After the simple and clear effect of 'Enoch Arden,' 'Aylmer's Field' gives an uncertain impression, and wants a like repose. Nor is there the same continuous unfolding of probabilities in the action, nor the same pure and noble feeling in the persons. The story, indeed (though possibly of earlier date), seems to have lain a far less time in the poet's shaping mind. Sir Aylmer Aylmer is of the English landed gentry, his wife a faded beauty of the Bath; Edith is their lovely daughter, Averill the rector, and Leolin his brother. Leolin and Edith, as children, play together and grow up in love to their maturer years, Sir Aylmer being all unconscious of the bent of things. Suddenly his eyes open, Leolin is violently driven from his doors, and Edith is kept close home. Edith and Leolin then organise a clandestine correspondence; but wiles are set to wiles, their letters are detained, and they are put about the house, and Edith, caught in a passing fever, dies. Leolin forthwith stabs himself with a dagger, Edith a gift; and on the following Sunday morning Averill, as Christian minister to afflicted souls, hurls from his pulpit at the family a wild and terrible doom—'Their house shall be left unto thee desolate!' Crushed in heart and stricken in their life, the wretched parents stagger from the church, while those who gathered there to pray now turn and scorn them in their woe. Scarcely a few months have past when they are taken to their own, the great house is broken down, and all its honour scattered to the winds. It is needless for us to say that Mr. Tennyson has showered beauty in profusion on this tale. Sir Aylmer, however, is drawn with no kindly insight; he is a stupid ruffian, and being so is no type of an English gentleman. His wife is a mere shadow upon the page, and the author writes throughout more in the spirit of a radical pamphleteer than of the poet laureate. Moreover the principal moments of the action are open to much objection. Suicide, which had a grandeur of its own in days of blind and narrow impulse, is now in days of complex thoughts and motives the act of weakness or of lunacy. We feel how strong might be the spell of that subtle gleaming blade laid always in his bosom, the pledge of Edith's love, and fascinating as the serpent's eye when the coils have wound themselves about; but none knows better than the laureate knows how many a smiling face has hidden the bitter strife and manlier sorrow of a blighted love.

No

Nor can we bear this fearful harvest of death gathered upon death. As we have said before in this Review,\* Christian sufferings are not fit for tragedy; the Christian character is not adorned with such bravery as the world has loved. Still less can we bear it when the ruin is ordained by the deliberate doom of man, and that man a chosen minister of Christ. But we gain little by denunciation of the bad, while we gain much by dwelling on the good. Leaving, then, 'Aylmer's Field,' we pass to another poem in the book, 'Sea Dreams,' a poem which has appeared before in a monthly magazine.

Often has the Laureate shown his gentle thought for those who dwell in need, degraded by the sordid life of cities and hustled in the strife of handicraft; and these thoughts we gladly see in many modern writers. We do not speak of busy philanthropy, nor do we mean the self-seeking, clamorous policy which comes of spiritual unrest, or seeks to bargain with the populace for the draperies of vanity. All such promises are, like medlars, rotten ere they yet be ripe. That which we see gladly is a kindly imagination for the cares and sorrows of the poor, and for the real needs of all conditions of men; which sympathies are genuinely expressed in the poem now before us. A clerk, half-ruined by Peruvian Bonds; his wife, who drooped in sympathy; and their street-bred child, whose life was one long sickness,

'Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:  
For which his gains were docked, however small.'

**E**re they had well drawn its freshness into their blood, she all depressed in courage, and he standing in fear upon the brink of bankruptcy and hating him who lured him there, 'pious variers from the church,' so find their way

'To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,†  
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
Announced the coming doom.'

When 'the wordy storm had ended, forth they came and paced the shore,' and with the evening homeward and to bed. There—

'she who kept a tender Christian hope  
Haunting a holy text, and still to that  
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"

\* 'Quarterly Review,' No. lxx. p. 331.

† *Revolind*. 'O most gentle pulpiter! what a tedious homily of love have you varied your parishioners withal,' &c.—*As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. ii.

Said, "Love forgive him:" but he did not speak;  
 And silenced by that silence lay the wife,  
 Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,  
 And musing on the little lives of men,  
 And how they mar this little by their feuds.'

And as they slept they dreamed, the ocean mingling in the dreams. He saw a strong and giant woman, earthy, and with pickaxe in her hand, pacing through the caverns of the world and she knew nothing of his mining shares, but brought him where he saw the sea. Upon it as he gazed he saw a fleet of glass, 'that seemed a fleet of jewels under him,' and right across its track there lay a long reef of seeming gold. Heedless warning, that fragile fleet there sailing on, so neared, 'Touch' clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd.' And then he woke and cried aloud—

'Now I see  
 My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;  
 And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
 Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold.'\*

But yet he could not find forgiveness for the supple, canting rascal who had ruined him; for many indeed will say 'forgive and find

'A sort of absolution in the sound  
 To hate a little longer.'

The wife then told her dream: for she had one 'that altogether went to music.' From the central fullness of that music and fell a wave of overwhelming might: and in its tide passed beyond that central harmony, and, gathering itself high, burst, mixed with awful light, upon a world, shattering great monumental emblems of its faith and sweeping down men and women, who ran forth and cried against the fall thereof. Yet, as it passed again within the luminous belt of sound, crash and many wailings seemed to flow strangely into that sweet note.† And thus, she thought, ruin and wreck even the discordant cries of men, mingle in some mysterious mony at last. Would he, then, not forgive! Her heart

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\* 'πελάγει δ' ἐν πολυχρύσου πλοίου  
 πάντες ἴσα νέμεν ψευδῇ πρὸς ἄκταν.'

*Pind.* 'Frag. Incert.' Heyne, ed. Gott. 1798, vol.

† 'And music from her respiration spread  
 Like light—all other sounds were penetrated  
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound.'

*Shelley*, 'Epipsy:

on his forgiving! We must forgive the dead; and he, that knave who had wronged them so, was now among the dead. One coming later from their town had said that he had dropped suddenly dead of heart disease. While they talked the baby woke, and she, reaching to its cradle, sang a gentle lullaby until the baby slept again, and they too, letting all evil sleep, forgave, and found the sweeter slumber for it. If these thoughts seem beautiful and rich beyond the thoughts of city clerks, it will be borne in mind that he was 'gently born and bred; his wife an unknown artist's orphan child.' Moreover, as even kings do not actually speak in the pomp of metaphor and verse, we grant the poet leave to realise the fullness of their words and thoughts, and purging them of accident to set them forth in purest form. For this the poet lives, to be the interpreter of the hearts of men. The grace of this poem is, as we have said, equalled by the winning kindliness of it: it contains also two episodes which cannot be well passed by. One is a passage of very bitter and effective satire, a new feature which must have made Mr. Tennyson's admirers rub their eyes in pleasant surprise; the other is the exquisite lullaby, a song which all mothers may learn, for it is what household songs should be, tender, simple, graceful, and picturesque. If we have a fault to find it is with the mother's dream. This dream is vague and something too ponderous for the piece. It labours under the double obscurity of being both dream and allegory, and it remains with us a doubt to this day whether we have hit upon the true meaning of it, or whether the poet will rise up in judgment against our interpretation. We had almost said with Bottom that it is 'past the wit of man to say what dream it was.' Not that this is all a fault, for, as the husband tells her, Boanerges the pulpiteer and the unfamiliar ocean roar were likely parents of such a fantasy.

There remain two more poems in the first part of the volume, 'The Grandmother' and the 'Northern Farmer.' The second of these has become notorious for its earnest purpose, and for the strangeness of the tongue in which it is written; but our limits forbid our speaking of it at any length. We will only say that it brings upon us a most painful feeling; whether a more painful feeling, or a pain of a different order than that which the poet intended, we can scarcely say. We are obliged to take Mr. Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer' on trust; and if his description be true, a sadder state of man can hardly be conceived. An unreasoning slave to custom in all lesser matters, and full of reverence for 'squire' and the 'quality,' he betrays at the same time a most ugly scepticism in greater things. He doubts the  
doctor's

doctor's skill in caring for his body, and almost scoffs at the parson's interest in his soul. We had hoped that northern farmers, stupidly ignorant as they might be of God's ways with men, were still possessed with an equally strong conviction that what the parson spoke above their heads was full of something good, and of unquestioned need, though they themselves might not make so bold as to try to understand it. If it be true that these men are full of stubborn prejudice in all matters where scepticism might be valuable, and are dead to all reverence in those where unbelief is most pernicious, we can only deeply regret so unlovely and so lamentable a state. 'The Grandmother' is a very perfect and taking little piece. It gives an old woman's quiet, dreamy talk o'er the memories of long spent days, and the natural current of her thoughts, and the pathos of her childish inability to distinguish the ever-present pictures in her mind from the facts of the life around her, would be very touching were she a little less conscious of her own condition. The poem is written in the measure of the 'May Queen,' and well may rank beside it for plaintive tenderness of cadence and delicate sympathy with homely ways. The second part of the book contains many lesser poems, all pretty; and some, as 'The Voyage,' very graceful, having both attractiveness in detail and elegance in measure. But the crowning beauty of this part of the book is the poem of 'Tithonus,' a poem which had previously appeared, and which is, we think, finer than any passage of equal length in all the Laureate's works. He has in this, as in other places, taken what is called a 'classical' subject, and has wrought it out in English verse. To say, as many critics have thoughtlessly said, that the poet has accurately reproduced the 'classical' feeling in this and in other similar pieces, is, like all indiscriminate praise, idle as a compliment and false as a judgment. Though certain common excellences may make a plausible resemblance, yet in truth no contrast is greater than that between the jewelled beauty of Mr. Tennyson's style and the crystalline effulgence—the 'non imitabile fulgur'—of the great ancients. Mr. Tennyson's purity of style is as distinct in the romance of 'Godiva' as in 'Ænone' and 'Tithonus;' and he is too fine a genius to reproduce the manner of any other writers or of any other times. Living in a rich and complex state of society, and heir to a far greater wealth of human experience, his style is pregnant with a luxuriance of imagery and of reflection which would become oppressive, were it not successfully restrained by severity of culture. That transparent radiance and singleness of effect which we so much admire in the ancients, matchless as it is, owes much of its virtue to the simplicity of the conditions

conditions under which it was produced. Homer and Pindar, in giving free rein to their imaginations, ran little risk of a surfeit, while the chastened reserve of 'Enoch Arden' can only have been attained by pitiless defalcation and vigilant self-restraint. If our readers will take the trouble to compare with the original the fine 'experiment' in translation of Homer contained in the third part of this volume, they will quickly understand our meaning. The Poet-Laureate is then our own poet, and inditing of our own matters; nor do we wish to see him other than he is. Like Shakspeare and Goethe, he has taken motives from classical legend; but also, like them, he has made the subjects his own, so that 'Tithonus' and 'Ulysses' are as unlike Homeric poetry as the 'Ancient Mariner' is unlike an early English ballad. The story of Tithonus, as the delicate sense of Mr. Tennyson has doubtless perceived, has, in truth, a deeper meaning for us than it had for an earlier time. The earth may robe herself again with light; man may rise and go forth in the morning, clothed anew with strength; in the spring-time, year after year, bridal garments are woven for a maiden world; but ever, as the days are springing, and the merry months returning, one dim shadow paces slowly by our side, growing older and more weary with the endless hours. Nay, more; can it be that the poet means now in this nineteenth century, when many are crying, as so many have cried in years gone by, that a golden time is coming; that now, when men are running o'er the patient earth with the heedlessness and eagerness of youth, and when even nations seem as if rising again from sleep? Can it be that these feverish visions, these hurrying to and fro, are but restless efforts to escape the haunting presence of that whitening shadow which will not be shaken off, but whispers ever in our ears, wearily and more wearily? This he cannot mean; for shall he not surely prophesy good concerning us continually!

We have spoken somewhat pointedly of Mr. Tennyson's self-culture, because we would have it more generally seen that imaginative writers of the present time, if they are to rise to high literary rank, must have knowledge as well as genius. The lives and works of those poets who in the present century have had great influence upon thoughtful men—those of Goethe and of Wordsworth, for example—show clearly that such success is achieved, not by natural powers alone, but also by deep study and thought. Those works which in our own day have a living meaning and an interest for us were not brought forth as mothers bring forth beautiful children, but were self-conscious efforts, the equal products of passion and of reflection. Of living poets, Mr. Tennyson in this manner has perfected his powers by reverent study

study of the greatest of his forerunners; and Mr. Browning has made himself master of all that is best and most profound in contemporary thought. Those poets, on the other hand, however great their genius, who have endeavoured in or near our own time to force their way into greatness without this laborious culture, have left behind them a sorrowful tale of fierce discontent, of wasted energies, and of lives that were lost. A glorious genius and vast personal experience won for Byron an undying fame; but even his life was embittered, and much of his transcendent power was wasted, for want of that calm and broad philosophical cultivation which carried Goethe beyond him.\*

The growing strength of criticism in society must be met by the continuous adequation of a like reflective strength in the individual; or the latter, however brilliant his faculties, will only dash himself ineffectually against judgments which he cannot understand, and like the bird of passage, erroneous and bewildered, will 'beat out his weary life.' The rapid growth of self-consciousness is not only invaluable to the creative artist in enabling him, in the midst of a rich and elaborate social system, to know the good from the evil, but also is his friend, and in no way his enemy, when seen in the form of national criticism. The earnest study and comparison of the works of great authors, and the application of the results to particular examples, will slowly establish a body of opinion, founded no more on transient petulance or prejudice, but on permanent principles; and artists will speak to a public more and more trained to generous sympathies and to quick recognition of the excellent in all the variety of its forms. Hence it seems likely that a fame no longer posthumous but contemporary will be the great reward of those who have the power and the patient care to win it: a fame which will warm the living heart, and which will become less and less dangerous as the public taste is purified. At the same time we cannot forget that until the creative and the reflective faculties are again happily blended, we shall see some feebleness or irregularity in our art, whatever it may be. There will be much bowing and figuring before a mutual confidence and a unison of impulse can be brought about. Reason, like a blundering nurse, will often stifle or deform the sweet simplicity of nascent feeling and the creative faculties, unaccustomed to a challenge within

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\* After this article was completed we met with a passage in an essay by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, which resembles some part of that which we have written above. As we had not read that essay before it appeared in the lately published volume, we have chosen simply to declare our independence of it, and to retain the pleasure of seeing that we have thought, for a few lines at least, with Mr. Arnold.

the camp, will become awkward or diffident. There will be a want of that strong wing which should carry the poet through lofty periods, and we shall often be offended by the mannerisms of complacency or of feigned indifference. It is difficult to conceal the consciousness of having done all after the best models; and this was no doubt the meaning of an accomplished lady, who remarked how much more she should enjoy Mr. Tennyson's poetry could he but lay aside the poet.\* The petulant impatience of ceremony in authors like Mr. Browning, though a kindred fault, is sometimes a relief from its opposite.

Are we, then, to pronounce Mr. Tennyson a poet of the very highest order? The praise which we have given to his works is well known, but he no longer needs praise as an earnest of fame; and, while avoiding the fault of dictating to genius, we may now do well to declare all our thoughts. If Mr. Tennyson's poetry comes short of the highest standard, it is because the conditions under which he works are those which we have just indicated. We find in him, as a consequence of those conditions, a limited perfection, a distrust of the excursive faculties, and a devotion of effort rather to purification and enrichment, within the bounds of well-tried fancy, than to adventurous flights. He gives us symmetry rather than grandeur of workmanship, and his exploring temper is more often exercised in completing the web of delicate sensibilities within the range of experience than in pressing beyond the veil. In some fine alcaic stanzas at the end of the present volume, Mr. Tennyson contrasts his own genius with that of Milton, and we fully accept the distinction which he draws. Like still waters richly embowered, he reflects, with exquisite delicacy and truth, 'the bloom profuse and cedar arches' which spread themselves above him; but his passion is the swaying of the shadows as the wind blows, or sometimes lashes the placid surface into foam; it is not the uprising of a power within, like that which spreads forth the tides of the sea and gathers its waves in array. It cannot be without interest to our readers if we endeavour, in the short

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\* The deliberate use of artifice is well seen in the repetitions of which Mr. Tennyson, like the late Lord Macaulay, too often makes use for the sake of emphasis. A bare repetition is almost as great an insult to the reader as the practice of printing a leading word in italic letter; but a repetition is always welcome which accomplishes the end of emphasis, and at the same time justifies itself to the reader's mind by some new involution or accumulation of meaning, as in the following exquisite lines from 'Aylmer's Field':

'The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,  
Tears and the careless rain of heaven, mixt  
Upon their faces.'



space which remains to us, to state a few points upon which the Laureate's poetry may be compared with that of his greatest forerunners; and if we are obliged to note a shortcoming, we do so in no spirit of detraction, but rather that he, by his great merits, has claimed at our hands a comparison from which smaller men must shrink away abashed. Let us look first at the Laureate's descriptive writing. Pictures of sweet homely scenes, and of Nature in its repose, in its softness, or in its luxuriance, are rarely to be found more perfect and more lovely than those which abound in his works. The picture of the Gardener's Daughter, of Lady Godiva's ride, or the vision of Elaine standing in the dawn at the castle gate, are memories which never leave us; nor do we ever forget the almost majestic repose of the water and of the heavens in the *Morte d'Arthur*, or the luscious painting of the Land of the Lotus-eaters; yet we would sometimes exchange this for a flash of that superb energy which we find, for example, in such descriptive poetry as that of Byron. In the highest kinds of descriptive poetry there are, too, certain subtleties of expression which by their rare fitness bring the thought home to the reader, or which show a singular power of original observation in the poet. Such subtleties abound in Wordsworth's poems, and we may show our meaning by a reference to that expression of his which describes distant waterfalls to seem as if frozen into stillness; while Mr. Tennyson expresses, in the happiest of words, the commoner thought of 'silent waters slipping from the hills.'\* This is, of course, an illustration of our meaning rather than a special instance of inferiority on the part of the Laureate; still we believe it will be found that the choicest touches of this kind in his poetry are, generally speaking, the result rather of a high and delicate culture than of that rarest insight which we see in a very few poets. Sometimes, indeed, the sources of this culture are sufficiently plain, as in the beautiful line from 'Tithonus':—

'When Ilion like a mist rose into towers;'

which suggests to us Milton's—

'the fabrick huge  
Rose like an exhalation.'

And again, in that well-known passage from 'Enid,'—

'She found no rest, and ever failed  
To draw the quiet night into her blood;'

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\* The too frequent use of the word 'to slip' is one of the few verbal blemishes in Mr. Tennyson's writing.

which

which is a happy rendering of Virgil's

‘neque unquam  
Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem  
Accipit.’ \*

After the descriptive beauty of the Laureate's verse, perhaps no quality of it is more highly praised than its measure; and truly the purity and delicacy of its movement is almost beyond praise. When we judge it by the highest standard, however, it still seems to lack that lofty and ringing flight, and those unforeseen vivacities of cadence, which we find in the greatest masters. Let our readers turn to a chorus of Sophocles, or to any book of the ‘Paradise Lost,’ and there they will find rhythm in regal freedom giving a law to itself, rising swiftly as harmony is piled upon harmony in orderly sequence, towering and pausing at its zenith ere it gathers itself to rest like the evening clouds. The periods of Milton are, like the fugal music of Handel and Bach, stately and irresistible. The genius of Mr. Tennyson, like that of Mendelssohn, shrinking from the possible ruggedness which often consists with magnificence, rather seeks its expression in rich and varied orchestration and in a succession of passing beauties. Nor is this true of the longer flights alone. We miss, perhaps, in Mr. Tennyson—as we may miss in Ovid—those occasional audacities in rhythm which, in the verse of a few poets, come with so wonderful an effect upon the ear. As an example of our meaning, let any four lines of Ovid be taken and compared with the four following from Catullus (*Inferiæ ad tumulum Fratri*):—

‘Multas per gentes et multa per æquora vectus ?  
Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias;  
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
Et mutam nequicquam alloquerer cinerem.’

Far less smooth and less melodious as these may seem to many readers, yet there are some for whom such lines are priceless. Apart, however, from these singular excellences, Mr. Tennyson's verses are perfect. They almost err on the side of smoothness and elaboration of structure, and his imitative rhythms are perhaps more wonderful than those of any other poet. Leaving the Laureate's dramatic faculty, of which we have spoken elsewhere, let us turn now to the amount of thought contained in his poems. In ‘Maud’ we certainly find passionate insight of a high order (for, in some senses, this is the most powerful of his works); but Mr. Tennyson does not often rejoice us with any sudden irradia-

\* *Æneid* iv. 530-1.

tion of the darker chambers of the mind ; he treats for the most part thoughts already familiar to educated men with a well-known richness and delicate variety of language. We would willingly accept a few more thoughts like this—

‘how many will say “forgive” and find  
A sort of absolution in the sound  
To hate a little longer.’

And here we note a remarkable contrast with Mr. Browning, whose great originality is as marked as the imperfection of his workmanship.

Mr. Tennyson's poetry is then the work of a highly sensitive and fastidious artist, keenly alive to the criticism of his own cultivated mind, and choosing rather to limit the range of his imagination than to run any risk of its breaking a wing ; but we are obliged, at the same time, to admit that a want of this freedom of inspiration is, even within these limits, some drawback upon its charm. With the power of presenting ideas, before unknown to men, comes also a magic skill of weaving in the unseen with the seen, even in the most familiar things ; and a strange lustre is thereby given to the work, a lustre often overlooked, but precious as the fragrance of the choicest wines to those who know how to prize it. In many ways the Laureate's work reminds us of that of our very best modern Gothic architects. The edifice is faultless, every detail shows a delicate taste, and a love and understanding of the best works of the past, while the structure as a whole shows, if not grandeur, at least beauty in its proportions, and simplicity in its effects ; yet there lacks after all the indescribable freshness and vigour which are more often indeed attributes of times and peoples than of individuals. In one particular, however, Mr. Tennyson may claim an equality with any other poet—namely, in the singular charm and propriety of his similes ; and this merit is one of a very high order. It is not right to look upon these as mere embellishments set upon the text as gems upon a chalice. Even a single word dropped into an attentive mind, like a stone into still water, propagates an impulse in all directions, causing infinite radiations of thought, and stirring up diverse ideas along the many ways of association. Hence the more sensitive the mind, the more complete will be the resulting circles of thought, and responsive chords will be awakened in them by delicate vibrations which in coarser minds are lost. Thus it is with Mr. Tennyson : impressions upon his mind and senses call up associated ideas and memories in an infinite number of directions, and those are chosen which, by fitness or contrast, may arouse in the reader  
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the required combinations of thought, and assimilate his state of feeling to that of the poet. Similes of the best kind then are not mere illustrations, but are, as it were, beautiful views opened up in the paths of our thought, intensifying our moods by contrast, or enlarging them by sympathy. When Wordsworth, seeing an infant's grave sheltered behind that of its mother, compares it to a lamb screened by its dam from the winds of March, he not only points out the relation of the tombs, and of mother to child; but also, in these few words, death is contrasted with youth and spring, and we are reminded of the bitter influences which bring them together. When, again, Mr. Tennyson compares Enoch Arden's fatal attraction to the light about the hearth of Philip Ray, with the dash of the weary bird of passage against the beacon-blaze, the solitude of Arden is consciously or unconsciously made the more intense to us, as birds of passage, in their appointed courses, fly not singly but in flocks. Thus was Enoch; lonely, and cut off from the guidance and the fellowship of men. How could the high devotion of Enoch's love be brought more strikingly before us than in these few words—

[his] 'face  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire  
That burned as on an altar;'

or how many words could better strike the key of final rest and peace in God than these?

'Haunting a holy text and still to that  
Returning as the bird returns at night.'

Figures of equal beauty, and opening out great spaces for our imagination, may be found in every page, and are, as we have said, the natural expression of a genius remarkable more for breadth and continuity, within a certain orbit, than for altitude or isolated intensities. A rich and meditative poetry, full of sweet combinations and of gentle and honourable sympathies, is the art of Mr. Tennyson; and, being such, is singularly fitted for that kind of poetry in which he delights, and in which he is so eminently successful—we mean the domestic lyric. All critics have taken pleasure in dwelling upon the exceeding loveliness of these poems; and it has no doubt been felt, though not very clearly pointed out, that the 'Idylls of the King' are heroic in name only, and are in truth pictures of the joys and sorrows, the passions and the courtesies of the world about us, purified and ennobled by a beautiful idealism. If King Arthur is come again, it is 'as a modern gentleman of stateliest port.'\* For the

\* The 'Morte d'Arthur.'

purification of our domestic manners, and for the refinement & elevation of modern society, Mr. Tennyson's poetry has accomplished much, and will yet accomplish more; and those poems his, such as the 'May Queen,' 'Lady Godiva' (which is a modern in its meaning), and others of the like great excellence being perhaps the most perfect of their kind, will never be forgotten. This leads us, in conclusion, to consider again the great popularity of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, and to inquire anxiously whether this popularity is an argument against the permanence of his fame. If we have shown that it is a popularity based upon true sympathy with the noblest, the gentlest, and the most beautiful tendencies of modern life, and never without any of its flashy impulses, then we may not only congratulate Mr. Tennyson upon this reward of his patient labour, but also the English people upon their choice of a laureate, who, if he seldom soars beyond the limits of their gaze, has never, on the other hand, descended to any unworthy artifice or turned away from the ignoble or impure.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Port Royal*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, Vols. I. to V. Paris, 1840 to 1859.  
 2. *Causeries du Lundi*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Vols. I. to XV. Paris, 1851 to 1862.  
 3. *Nouveaux Lundis*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Vols. I. to IV. Paris, 1863 to 1865.  
 4. *Portraits Littéraires*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. 4 vols. Nouvelle édition. Paris, 1864.  
 5. *Portraits Contemporains et Divers*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve de l'Académie Française. 3 vols. Nouvelle édition. Paris, 1860.  
 6. *Tableau Historique et Critique de la Poésie Française 16<sup>ème</sup> Siècle*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris, 1843.  
 7. *Poésies Complètes de Sainte-Beuve*. Édition revue et augmentée. Paris, 1845.  
 8. *Étude sur Virgile, suivie d'une étude sur Quintus de Smyrne*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1848.  
 9. *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire sous l'Empire. Ce qu'il a professé à Liège en 1848-1849*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1861.  
 10. *Volupté*. Par Sainte-Beuve. 2 vols. Brussels, 1834.

**M.** SAINT-BEUVE is an exceedingly able man—the first, if not indeed the very first, of contemporary French critics. He has been a writer now for very nearly forty years.

years. His own country has not been slow to set the seal of its approval on his talents; he has been a Member of the Academy since 1845, and has, within the last few months, been appointed to a seat in the Senate—a distinction but rarely awarded to one whose titles are so exclusively literary. His works are numerous, and embrace topics, not indeed so likely to attract the attention of English as of French readers, but which yet have no slight importance in the estimation of all educated men. Probably no living author has been on intimate terms with so many of his notable contemporaries. How is it then, that such a man should be so little known in England?

The first essential qualification for success beyond the limits of an author's native land, is power, or at any rate some strong, distinctive feature in thought or style. Of the graceful and delicate in either, it is always difficult for the foreigner to obtain a correct appreciation. He cannot generally enter into those niceties, those subtle shades and gradations, that exquisite finish of literary workmanship which a native will value so highly. We should scarcely expect a Frenchman or German to entertain feelings of very enthusiastic admiration for Charles Lamb, for instance, or Mr. Tennyson. The more striking beauties of Byron or Macaulay would probably produce a far stronger and readier impression on his mind. Now the style of M. Sainte-Beuve is neither oratorical nor ambitious, and he has not made himself the consistent advocate of any doctrine or system. He is the very reverse of a dogmatic thinker—the peculiarity of his intellect consists in its power of assimilating the thoughts of others—its pliancy is its strength. He is not a smart or showy writer. Indeed, we could scarcely find in all his works a brilliant or a glowing page, or one that would not lose all charm by being detached from its context. Hence it comes that he has made little impression upon English readers in general, although he is well known (as will appear before the close of this article) to some of our ablest critics.

The character of M. Sainte-Beuve's writings will be best understood if we regard them in connexion with the author's personal career, which they for the most part faithfully reflect. It was on the 23rd of December, 1804—scarcely more than a year after Boulogne had been the scene of Napoleon's gigantic preparations for the invasion of England—that Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve first saw the light in that town. Even before his birth a grievous misfortune had fallen upon the child. He was born into a home of mourning; no father's love was destined to shine upon his youthful path. The care of his education thus devolved upon Madame Sainte-Beuve, a lady in whose veins flowed

English blood, and who early, it is said, initiated her son into the mysteries of our language and literature. When the boy had reached the age of from fourteen to fifteen years, he went to Paris and pursued his studies in one of the large metropolitan schools. Here he met with considerable schoolboy success, carried off more than the ordinary number of prizes, and made among his professors at least one acquaintance, destined to exercise an influence on his future career. In the mean while, medicine was the profession he adopted, and for some time he devoted himself zealously to the study of the healing art.

We know how dangerous it is to take a work of fiction or semi-fiction, and endeavour to select those passages in which the author has given glimpses into his own life and character. Nevertheless, it is impossible to avoid remarking the numerous coincidences between the career of the imaginary person on whom M. Sainte-Beuve fathered his first volume of poems, and the early life of M. Sainte-Beuve himself. Equally impossible is it to avoid the conclusion, that if these marked coincidences exist in matters of which every one may judge, there must also exist others of a more subtle character. Like the author of his literary being, 'Joseph Delorme is born towards the beginning of this century,' is 'an only son, who has lost his father at an early age,' is brought up with great care by his mother, comes to Paris when about fourteen years of age to finish his education, and embraces the medical profession. Like M. Sainte-Beuve, also, Joseph Delorme has at this stage of his existence abandoned the religious principles he had learned at his mother's knee, and professed himself a disciple of the godless eighteenth century. Nor are these the only points of similarity; but we think they are enough, even if sundry passages in his writings did not warrant the same conclusion, to justify us in considering that in the *Life*, *Poems*, and *Thoughts* of the melancholy and suicidal Joseph Delorme, M. Sainte-Beuve intended us to see a poetised version of his own experiences. We may especially regard the book as a true account of the struggles which had taken place in the author's breast between the claims of medicine and science on the one hand, and of literature and the muses on the other. This conflict was a sharp and anxious one. Every motive of prudence probably impelled the young man to remain in a profession in which he had already won golden opinions, and in which success seemed pretty nearly certain. Literature, as Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of saying, is a good crutch, but a bad leg; and notwithstanding the fervour of his *Wertherism*, the probability is that M. Sainte-Beuve was aware of the fact. Even admirers of the 'literature  
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of despair' generally know the value of the material realities of existence. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that with all its uncertainties, the world of letters seemed a far more enchanting sphere to the youth's ardent vision than the world of medicine and dry facts. The dull prosaic character of his duties weighed upon his soaring spirit, and he gradually formed the resolution to make a new start into more congenial paths.

The times, be it remembered, were entirely in favour of such a resolution. Even to the most superficial, nay, to the most hostile observer, it could not but be apparent that a literary revolution was impending. Amid much that might be exaggerated and extravagant, there was in the rising generation of writers an energy of healthy life and originality that augured well for the future. The new French literature of the nineteenth century, which Chateaubriand had heralded in such mighty tones, was starting into life on all sides. In history, Guizot, Augustin Thierry, Thiers, and Mignet; in philosophy, Cousin; in criticism, M. Villemain and a host of younger men; in prose, Balzac; in poetry, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny—all were giving daily evidence of the vigour and activity of French genius.

M. Sainte-Beuve was soon in the thick of the movement. In 1824, through the kindness of his old professor, M. Dubois, whose lessons he had attended at the Collège Charlemagne, he obtained a footing on the 'Globe' newspaper. This periodical was the organ of the *Doctrinaires*, and among the editors and contributors were Guizot, Jouffroy, Cousin, De Broglie, Dubois himself, and other notabilities of the Constitutional party. Though taunted with moderatism by the more extreme spirits of the romantic school, it was itself in a certain measure the representative of the new movement, and, as such, had attracted the serious attention of Goethe. The old sage of Weimar, ever watchful of all the signs of the times, and curious of new things, was much interested in the paper. 'The editors,' said he, on the 1st of June, 1826, in an interview with Eckermann, his more respectable Boswell, 'the editors are men of the world, lively, clear-spirited, and bold to the very highest degree. They have a manner of expressing disapprobation which is fine and courteous. Our German savants, on the contrary, always think it necessary immediately to hate a person if they don't happen to agree with him. I rank the "Globe" among the most interesting newspapers, and could not now do without it.' Though M. Sainte-Beuve was at this time, as he said himself, merely learning his profession, it would seem that he had soon obtained sufficient promise of real success to



warrant his relying entirely on literature for a livelihood,—for towards 1826 he finally abandoned the study and practice of medicine. It was in the same year that he made the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, then in the heyday of his youth and genius, battling brilliantly for fame. The manner in which this acquaintance was first formed has been described in book \* said to be the production of the exiled poet's wife, and which, to our thinking, bears ample traces of his own revising hand. Before giving our extract, we must premise that when the interview took place the 'Globe' had just, by the pen of M. Dubois, spoken more enthusiastically than was its wont of one of the rising poet's odes.

'M. Victor Hugo never kept his doors closed, even during mealtime. One morning when he was sitting at breakfast, the servant announced M. Sainte-Beuve. She showed in a young man who introduced himself as being a neighbour, and a contributor to a friend's newspaper. He lived in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, and wrote for the "Globe." The directors of that periodical did not intend to confine themselves to a single article on Cromwell; he himself would undertake to write the others. He had asked to be allowed to do so, fearing a change in the sentiments of M. Dubois, who was not always in so admiring a humour as he had shown himself on a recent occasion, and who would probably soon go back to his pedagogue's habits. The interview was a very agreeable one on both sides, and promises of a renewal of intercourse were exchanged. This was the more easy, inasmuch as M. Victor Hugo was going to live yet nearer to his critic, and take apartments in the same street of Notre-Dame des Champs.'

The acquaintance commenced under those happy auspices soon ripened into close friendship. Victor Hugo, as the ablest and most fearless of those who thought that it was time for poets to disregard the pedantic rules of the 17th and 18th centuries, and to try untrodden paths to the hearts of men, had collected round him a small band of fellow-workers and disciples. Among these were the brothers Antony and Emile Deschamps, Alfred de Musset, still a boy in years, but showing signs of the genius which has placed his name second to none in the muster-roll of contemporary French poets. To the same set belonged also Alfred de Vigny, the officer and poet, who had already published the most original of his poems, and 'Cinq Mars,' the best known of his novels. These innovators used frequently to meet for the purpose of discussing the prospects of their reciting their new verses, and cheering one another amid the storm of adverse criticism by which they were assailed.

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\* 'Victor Hugo, raconté par un témoin de sa vie.'

It was while under the influence of Victor Hugo and his school—the only influence, as we shall see, which M. Sainte-Beuve acknowledges to have really felt—that our author wrote his first book. It is entitled ‘An Historical and Critical Picture of French Poetry and of the French Drama in the sixteenth century.’ The origin of the work was this: In August, 1826, the Academy proposed, as the subject for the *prix d'éloquence* of the ensuing year, a ‘Discourse on the History of the French Language and Literature from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the year 1610.’ The subject tempted M. Sainte-Beuve, and an older literary friend and compatriot, M. Daunou, promised him help in the undertaking. He set to work therefore; but before he had fully studied even the poetry of the period, he discovered such ample materials for thought and description, that he abandoned all idea of composing an academical essay, and determined to write a book, in order that he might treat his subject fully, and also that he might express freely, without the dread of the timid and backward criticism of the Academy, certain convictions which he then entertained with an earnestness which has not characterised his later years. His book on the French poetry of the sixteenth century was the result.

It must not be inferred, however, that the author took advantage of his freedom to be particularly eager and aggressive. Enthusiasm of any sort is foreign to his nature, and it seems strange to any one who knows under what influences the book was written, to find how calm and judicial it is. The purpose of the book—so far as any chief purpose can be discovered in the work of one who is so emphatically a critic of detail—seems to be to rescue from unmerited oblivion the names and productions of the poets of the sixteenth century. He wished to show—what, indeed, was almost ignored in 1828—that the poets of the reign of Louis XIV., Corneille, Racine, and Boileau, and their successors of the eighteenth century, did not represent the whole sum of French poetry; that there existed, eclipsed, it is true, by the greater and nearer glory of the *Grand Siècle*, several anterior generations of singers, who had not altogether lived in vain. By well selected extracts, and a running commentary of criticism, he endeavoured to prove that Marot, Du Bellay, Ronsard, and Regnier had produced much that was worth remembering, and specially that the verse of many of these elder men was characterised by a freedom which French poetry had lost to its very great disadvantage. So much for the substance of the book.\* As regards the manner

\* In later editions several essays on kindred subjects have been added.

in which it is executed, we think there are, especially in the earlier portions, many traces of literary inexperience.

In the ensuing year, M. Sainte-Beuve published his first volume of verse, under the title of 'Life, Poems, and Thoughts of Joseph Delorme.' Of the imaginary career of this melancholy young gentleman we have already spoken. The same spirit of misery breathes in his poems. Now though Chateaubriand had done much to propagate the worship of weariness and satiety among his contemporaries, yet the French are too sprightly a race ever to take unanimous pleasure in being unhappy. It therefore happened that when poor imaginary deceased Joseph unbosomed his sorrows to the world, a great portion of the world regarded them with scorn rather than sympathy. Epigrams were not spared. M. Guizot, who exercised perhaps in those days a greater literary influence than he does now, described the youth as a *Werther carabin*,—*carabin* being a cant name for a medical student—and the epithet took immensely. It took, because it conveyed within the fewest possible number of words a tolerably correct though not kindly view of Joseph Delorme's life and character; for, on the one hand, there could be no doubt that he belonged to the same family as Goethe's suicidal hero; and on the other, that he was a medical student—a 'saw-bones'—was unquestionable. Nor was he, like the personages Lord Byron used to evolve from his own moral consciousness, a member of the aristocracy of misery—a man in connexion with whom as undignified epithet such as *carabin* would sound utterly out of place. M. Sainte-Beuve had specially shunned the sublime. It was not his walk in poetry. As he explains in a poem published several years after 'Joseph Delorme,'\* when the thought of writing in verse first presented itself to him, this walk had already been appropriated by his seniors, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Vigny. If he wished, therefore, to be perfectly original, it was necessary that he should turn his step elsewhere. Nor was he long in finding a sphere better suited to his talents and temperament. A 'cool, sequestered vale' of poetry lay stretched before him, and into that he entered. He made it his duty to discover and unveil the poetry of everyday nature, of the common incidents of life, and to follow and analyse the hidden feelings of the heart. Such a bent, it will readily be understood, creates a certain affinity between M. Sainte-Beuve and Wordsworth—an affinity which M. Sainte-Beuve seems to have recognised, for he has at various times translate

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\* The excellent critique on his own poems, addressed 'à M. Villemain,' and forming part of the 'Pensées d'Août.'

or imitated several of the poems of that great writer. There is a further affinity in the characteristic which also proclaimed our author an ardent member of the romantic school, viz., his dislike for conventional poetic diction. But while in Wordsworth this dislike showed itself by a studied simplicity of expression, that often hid—though this may sound like a paradox—the depth of the thought, in M. Sainte-Beuve it manifested itself in a constant endeavour to make the expression follow the thought in its most intricate windings. The French language is not naturally plastic, but he moulded it like clay to take the impression of all the niceties of his subtle feelings. A very laudable effort doubtless, but one in which clearness and simplicity were necessarily jeopardised.

If, however, there is a certain analogy between the psychological ‘subjective’ manner in which Wordsworth and M. Sainte-Beuve regarded men and things, and between their theories of the language of poetry, there is certainly no analogy between the spirit of ‘Joseph Delorme’ and that of England’s late Laureate. Health—the health that springs from constant communion with Nature and Nature’s God—is our countryman’s characteristic. Living a quiet home life amidst the beauties of his native hills, far from the turmoil and mental dissipation of great cities, ever deeming his ‘Reason’ fixed upon a firm basis of religion and philosophy, never through bad report and through good report losing trust in his own great powers; surely we may say of him, as he said of the skylark, that he is a

‘Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.’

And, as was meet, the pure beauty by which he lived surrounded is reflected in his verse. But when we come to ‘Joseph Delorme,’—that *moi défunt*, as M. Sainte-Beuve has called him—we find that the objects which habitually inspire his Muse are very different. He, too, translates his emotions into music, and does so with great skill; but of what are these emotions the offspring? Of the yellow, town-tinted rays of sunshine that shed their jaundiced light into his room; of a midnight watch beside a corpse, which the poet takes much pains to make repulsively uninteresting; of a ball-room meeting with an unfortunate woman whom he had known in happier days; of sensual, unhallowed love. If he dreams, it is of the disenchantment of life; if he sees a valley thickly shaded with waving trees, it is only to look upon it as a suitable place for suicide; if the image of a happy home, lightened by a wife’s smile, and merry with children’s voices, presents itself to him,

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his only reflection is, that affection is short lived, and happiness will tarnish. Thus throughout the whole book there is a taint of melancholy, an exhalation, as it were, of death, that speaks not of health, but of disease.

Though, however, this is the prevailing spirit of Joseph Delorme's writings, yet there are times when he seems to forget that it is his self-appointed mission

‘To weep away a life of care ;’

times when his young heart, not altogether frozen, warms with belief in something, be it love, poetry, or religion. These better sentiments, of which the germs are thus to be found in *M. Sainte-Beuve's* earlier work, burst into full leaf and blossom in the ‘*Consolations*’ which he published a year afterwards. The title itself is a prognostication of better things—an augury which the long dedicatory epistle to Victor Hugo realises and confirms. No longer does the author sit at the feet of Werther and yearn for death. He is comforted after the sorrows he has passed through, comforted both for this world and for the next. The sanctifying influence of his poet-friend has led him first to take an interest in the living world around, and then by a natural transition to find rest in the sublime truths of religion. He believes and is happy. Thus *M. Sainte-Beuve* ascribes the state of mind which produced the ‘*Consolations*’ entirely to Victor Hugo's influence, and four or five of the pieces composing the volume are dedicated either to him or to Madame Hugo. But the poems themselves, both in the language and the line of thought, have, as it seems to us, much greater analogy with those of Lamartine. Not that *M. Sainte-Beuve*, in passing into other fields of art, had left behind his peculiar turn of thought. Though the common everyday occurrences of life now suggested very different thoughts to what they had done previously, yet they still formed the ground-work of his songs. But from the deep though vague religious tone that pervades the various pieces, from the readiness with which any subject becomes a text for praise and prayer, from the frequent allusions to Cherubim and Seraphim and the glories of the sanctuary—from all this, as also from the more equable and harmonious flow of the verse, it seems to us that *M. Sainte-Beuve*, in writing the ‘*Consolations*,’ had courted the influence of Lamartine rather than Victor Hugo.

A critic of great ability, *M. Planche*, has expressed a very decided preference for the ‘*Consolations*’ over the volumes of verse by which it was preceded and followed.\* Nevertheless,

\* See the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*’ for the 1st of September, 1851.

we are not sure that, regarded merely as pieces of artistic workmanship, the more religious poems are as a rule the best. They are clearer and more direct in aim; but then they are less subtle and original. But that the 'Consolations' is in every sense better than the 'Pensées d'Août,' by which it was succeeded after an interval of seven years, is a point respecting which we entertain no doubt at all. The 'Pensées' are characterised by a hazy indistinctness, a certain prosaic frigidity, an evident disenchantment. The writer has now plucked the fruit and tasted it, but finds it crumble to ashes between his teeth. Truth he is discovering to be a phantom; religion, a broken reed; friendship, an empty name; 'most loving,' as Shakespeare said, 'mere folly;' success, the meed of the undeserving, and worth very little when won. In short, as in the poems of Joseph Delorme we might trace the dawn of the 'Consolations,' so in the 'Pensées' we enter into the twilight of M. Sainte-Beuve's present opinions. We advance towards the time when he will be ready to cry with the monarch of disenchanted sages, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' \*

To sum up generally the character of M. Sainte-Beuve's poetry,—all that skill can give the writer he has. He is ingenious, delicate, thoughtful: every portion of his productions shows evidences of the most careful workmanship. But that mysterious something which tells the reader, if he be ever so slightly attentive to such things, that he is in the presence of one whom God and not man has made a poet, is, so far as we can trust our own impressions, wanting. There is scarcely any one who, on careful inspection, would not admit that there were beauties in the 'Poésies Complètes de Sainte-Beuve;' there are few whom those beauties would carry away. And now let us go back to 1829.

In that year our author began what he has called a 'literary campaign' in the 'Revue de Paris.' He had given up writing for the 'Globe' some two years previously, apparently on enrolling himself among Victor Hugo's disciples; and now that this new periodical was started, he was free to become a contributor. Indeed, he took the place of honour in the infant undertaking, for the first article of the first number (April, 1829) came from his pen. The subject (Boileau) is typical of those which he generally treated for this review, just as the article itself is a fair

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\* See especially the poem addressed to the Abbé Eustache B. Though the 'Pensées d'Août' were first published in 1837, yet several additions have been made in subsequent editions. In these additions the tendency we have indicated is, as might be expected, even more marked than in the poems that originally formed part of the book.

specimen of the 'literary portrait'—the combination of biography and criticism—in which he excels. But of that more anon. Now, though M. Sainte-Beuve speaks of this 'campaign' of the '*Revue de Paris*' as being *toute romantique*, and seems to consider that he went a great deal too far in his critical remarks on Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, and the other demigods whom the classical party delighted to honour, yet on the whole he was really very moderate. Indeed these earlier essays contain much sound sense and good criticism, besides being written in a purer and less elaborate style than their successors of the next few years. How long he continued to contribute to this periodical we do not precisely know; but in 1830 his mind opened to other influences besides those of romanticism, and he went back to the '*Globe*,' which had adopted an entirely new 'platform.' The success of its *doctrinaire* principles by the revolution of July had dispersed its contributors and editorial staff as effectually as the most disastrous of defeats. They had for the greater part relinquished journalism for government, and the paper had changed hands, and become the organ of the Saint-Simonians. This economical, religious, and political sect, the monstrous offspring of a period of social disintegration, was then in the zenith of its ephemeral prosperity, and had many respectable as well as clever disciples, not a few of whom have since won well-merited fame as writers and thinkers. Nor had Père Enfantin, the great high priest of the religion, yet begun to alienate them, and disgrace the movement, by preaching what two of his indignant adherents stigmatised as 'organised adultery' and 'vice reduced to a system.' In short, Saint-Simonianism was still an imposing and even a growing edifice, when M. Sainte-Beuve, ever greedy of new intellectual pasture, and never satisfied with what he had already obtained, joined the 'moon-struck' sect. For a brief season he appears to have felt some of the zeal of a neophyte, speaking the speech and talking the vague nonsense of his new friends. But soon his native good sense seems to have perceived that the whole thing was only the fevered dream of a diseased age, a most undesirable Utopia.

From the root and branch radicalism of the Saint-Simonians M. Sainte-Beuve is said to have passed to the more reasonable radicalism of Armand Carrel.\* This must have been towards

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\* The fact of M. Sainte-Beuve's connexion with the '*National*,' a fact asserted by some of his biographers, is difficult to verify. He himself makes, so far as we can discover, no allusion to it; and a reference to the '*National*' itself would scarcely help us, as at that date French newspaper articles did not, as now, bear their authors' signatures.

1831, when that haughty and combative journalist was gradually entering on the course of systematic opposition to Louis Philippe's government, which he pursued to the day of his death. It was a foolish and suicidal policy. But, fortunately for himself and for his fame, Carrel did not live to see the evils which his factiousness had contributed to produce. He did not live to be taught by the bitter experiences of 1848, 1849, and 1851, how unfit his countrymen were for the republic of which he dreamed. M. Sainte-Beuve was, it appears, for a short time carried away by the new stream upon which he had launched; attended liberal demonstrations, and penned liberalism, and, we have seen it stated, more than liberalism, for the 'National.' This, however, cannot have lasted long. Our author has always been too much of a *littérateur* to take any very prominent part in politics. And besides, his literary views were entirely at variance with those of Carrel. For, by an interesting contrast, the latter, though revolutionary in all that pertained to matters of government, was a staunch conservative in the world of letters.

It was also in 1831 that M. Sainte-Beuve began to write for the nascent 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' He was one among the many brilliant recruits whose services had been secured by that most successful of editors, M. Buloz. Accordingly we find that, from the first, our author wrote much and wrote frequently for the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' This he continued to do for some seventeen years; and even now he occasionally revisits the scene of his earlier labours; as witness the article on Alfred de Vigny's posthumous volume of poems, which he wrote for the 'Revue' in the earlier part of last year. Most of these contributions have been republished in the 'Portraits Contemporains' and 'Portraits Littéraires,' where they form seven volumes of varied, able, and generally very indulgent criticism. These seven volumes constitute, as it were, the introduction to the 'Causeries du Lundi,' of which we shall have further occasion to speak.

Notwithstanding the variety of phases through which M. Sainte-Beuve's mind had already passed, it had not yet reached that more philosophical phase where it could exist unsupported by external influence. He still required some master-soul on which to lean, some hero to be the object of his temporary worship; and this time his choice fell upon La Mennais. Such a selection—and the remark in a modified degree applies equally to his previous *cultus* of Victor Hugo—can only have been made on the rule of contraries. The democratic priest's most  
salient



salient mental characteristic was his singular narrowness of view. He believed in the absolute truth of his own opinions so intensely that he could not help regarding all who differed from himself as either great fools or gross knaves. There is certainly no such peculiarity in M. Sainte-Beuve's mind; and probably he was attracted towards La Mennais by that fiery earnestness of conviction of which he felt himself to be incapable. The period when this attraction took place was, as our author has explained in a passage of great beauty,\* one of the most decisive in the history of the illustrious Abbé. It was when he had just returned from Rome, to find his dearest hopes of instituting an alliance between Romanism and democracy shattered. It was when the deadly struggle between submission to Papal infallibility on the one hand, and consciousness of right on the other, was beginning to wage in his breast. As yet, however, the former still maintained the upper hand. The old Ultramontane principles, which he had been the most powerful champion, still kept their shaken hold upon his mind and heart. It therefore happened that when M. Sainte-Beuve, who had recently been sojourning among the Saint-Simonians and the republicans of the 'National,' entered into the little world of La Mennais, he entered into what was comparatively a very Catholic world. And this Catholicism, as there is abundant evidence to show, produced a strong and tolerably lasting impression on his mind—an impression in which the mingled, doubtless, recent reminiscences of the spirit that had prompted the 'Consolations.' Nor did M. Sainte-Beuve's faith yield entirely to the storm that tore his master's up by the root and scattered it abroad. Though the echoes of that tempest may be discovered by an attentive ear in the 'Pensées d'Août,'† yet in the two first volumes of 'Port Royal' there is, as we shall have occasion to see, a prevailing tone of religious asceticism which belongs essentially to the Church of Rome. This is the most surprising, as the writer had been a very near spectator of La Mennais's struggles, doubts, and ultimate apostasy. When the latter, after many days and weeks of gloomy and anxious meditation, had at last determined to raise the standard of revolt, M. Sainte-Beuve was one of the first whom he took into his confidence. To him was entrusted the task of finding an Editor for the 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' and seeing it through the press—the 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' that extraordinary pamphlet which ac-

\* Article on Maurice de Guérin in the 12th vol. of the 'Causeries du Lundi.'

† As for instance where the author says:—

'Si le Christ m'attendrit, Rome au moins m'embarrasse.'

firebrand even before its birth,\* and was deemed by the worthy of a special encyclical letter of condemnation. While still in close friendship with La Mennais that Sainte-Beuve wrote 'Volupté.' This is an extraordinary, but a very interesting book. It purports to be the autobiography of a certain priest named Amaury, written during the hours of a passage to the New World for the edification of his friend in France. This Amaury is a man of sensual, dissipated temperament, much given to pondering over his own feelings. He has during the short period of his worldly life the affection of three women, and to all three he has nothing but sorrow. The novel has scarcely any incident which consists mainly in the dissection of the feelings of the hero and the three heroines. Our readers may readily imagine that a story of this kind put in the mouth of a priest is likely to be a strange clever compound of mysticism and impurity. It produces on us the effect of a kind of showman first pointing out his moral ulcers, and then descanting upon them in a religious language. Indeed he sermonizes to an extent that completely mars the artistic beauty of the book as a work of fiction. A novel so heavily weighted ever could carry its reader. Lively interest is not to be excited by such means. To M. Sainte-Beuve would probably answer that in writing 'Volupté' he had no desire to pander to the vile modern taste for the sensational. Possibly; but M. Sainte-Beuve, whose practice is to give such truth as he does find in the middle way, would know that there is a medium in these things. We must now mention an influence which was not without importance in moulding M. Sainte-Beuve's mind, and which was the production of his greatest work. In the summer of 1842 he travelled into Switzerland, and one of the results of his journey was, that he undertook to deliver a course of lectures at Lausanne during the ensuing winter. These lectures formed the occasion of his really great book on Port Royal. Lausanne is a Protestant town, the seat of a Protestant university; and his prolonged sojourn there gave him an opportunity of entering a new phase of religious life. It enabled him personally to form the personal acquaintance of Vinet, a greater and more sincere writer than any other whom Swiss or indeed Protestantism has produced in the present century. Even

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excitement which this little work produced among the composers who were writing it up was so great, that the printer refused to append his name to the book. See an article on La Mennais's correspondence in the 1st vol. of Sainte-Beuve's 'Nouveaux Lundis,' where the whole transaction is very well

during his shorter summer trip, M. Sainte-Beuve had learned to appreciate this remarkable man's intellectual and moral worth. With a true critic's pleasure in finding some new thing to admire, he had rejoiced in the discovery. On his return he had hastened to make known to the literary world of Paris, ever sublimely ignorant of anything external to itself, how it was partially and yet justly its doings were being judged by the foreign critic. The article had appeared in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' of the 15th of September, 1837. Vinet was modest himself. When the article reached him he wrote a letter to the author—whom as yet he did not know personally—expressing the feeling 'of terror which he had experienced at finding himself thus taken out of the twilight which suited him so well, and placed in so bright and unexpected a light.' He also spoke of the pleasure he anticipated from hearing the proposed course of lectures on Port Royal. This naturally served as an introduction. M. Sainte-Beuve was not the man to allow such an acquaintance to drop. And if he had reason to be pleased with his new friend, Vinet, on his side, appears to have been equally satisfied, as is proved by the very able review of the first volume of '*Port Royal*,' which has been reprinted among his works.\*

Of that volume, and of the four others by which it was followed at irregular intervals during the next nineteen years we find it difficult to speak with fitting brevity. The moral grandeur of the personages concerned imparts a never-fading interest to all that we understand by the general name of Port Royal.†

In the two first volumes of M. Sainte-Beuve's book, published respectively in 1840 and 1842, a marked contrast may be observed to the spirit breathed in subsequent volumes. The author has inoculated himself with Jansenism, that he writes almost as if he were one of those Puritans of Catholicism whom Louis XIV used all his power to silence and disperse. He regards the thing of this world and of the next, not in the large and equable spirit of Christianity, but in the somewhat narrow spirit of Port Royal. The distinction between 'Nature' and 'Grace,' which stood at the root of all Saint Cyran's theology, seems to him necessary and even inevitable. He is so weighed down by his recent studies that he cannot rise to the conception that both the one and the other are in different measures revelations of the same God—no

\* '*Études sur la Littérature Française au dix-neuvième siècle.*' Par A. Vinet 3rd vol.

† The first three volumes of M. Sainte-Beuve's history have already been analysed at length in these pages. See the '*Quarterly Review*' for September 1856, No. 198.

conflicting, but complementary. The possibility of such being the case never crosses his mind. No; this world is to be hated and despised; its beauties are but so many snares, its blessings but so many curses. The Christian's duty is to keep his eyes fixed on the eternal goal, utterly careless of all that lies to the right and to the left. Everything but that is delusion and vanity. The ties of family and of blood are nothing.\* The ordinary duties of life and of society are not duties, but cunningly-levised temptations. The work of carrying on the world's affairs, however righteously undertaken and carried out, is but the devil's work. Every draught of what is usually considered innocent enjoyment is a draught of poison. Thus thought Port Royal, and thus for a brief season thought, or rather wrote, M. Sainte-Beuve. Comparing an ideal funeral of Montaigne (which he crowds with an absurd assembly of the literati of later ages) with the real funeral of De Saci, the learned translator of the Port Royal Bible, M. Sainte-Beuve speaks thus:—

'But M. de Saci, how does he die? You know it, for through the frost and the snow we have followed his coffin from Pomponne to Paris, from Saint-Jacques-du-Haut-Pas to Port-Royal-des-Champs. We have opened the coffin with Fontaine and looked once more upon the unaltered countenance; a hundred nuns, whose charity shone brighter than the tapers they bore in their hands, have looked through their tears at that paternal face; the chief among them have kissed him with holy kisses as they lowered his body into the grave, and all have chanted to the end that prayer that asks for mercy even for the most blameless. And then, in the course of the next few days, of a month, of a year, they begin to die one by one, and the gentlemen† also; they die one after the other, stricken down by M. de Saci's death, glad to follow after him, certain of meeting him again—certain through the humble trembling hope of the Christian—and willingly repeating with ardent yearning faith the words that he had spoken: *O blessed Purgatory!* And the survivors feel that his memory awakens in their hearts feelings of twofold charity towards men, of twofold love for God.

'Now, if there be any truth, if all be not vanity (even in which case M. de Saci's life may well bear comparison with many others), if there be any basis of morals, and if life have a consummation, whether of these two men has done most, and sown his earthly furrow with surer seed? In the hour when all is weighed which shall be found lighter in the balance?'

But in the third volume of the book published in 1948,

\* One pious but misguided Port Royalist, Du Guet, regretted bitterly that he was not a foundling, because then he would have had no one to care for him. See p. 376, vol. v. of 'Port Royal.'

† *Ces Messieurs*, the term usually applied to the male Port Royalists.

and in the two last published in 1859, M. Sainte-Beuve does not by any means hold the same language. Though one of those who can scarcely frequent the society of any great man, or set of men, without imbibing their spirit, yet he is too fickle, or rather too universally sympathetic, ever to retain that spirit long. Thus it happened that, when he wrote these three last volumes, he had shaken himself entirely free from Port Royalist influences, and indeed entered into his present state of general scepticism. The result of this emancipation was, that he no longer so entirely subordinated the 'World' to the 'kingdom of Grace.' Nay, he was now disposed unduly to exalt the former at the expense of the latter. If he had had to write another parallel between the obsequies of Montaigne and De Saci, we are not sure but that the worldling would have obtained the advantage. Though he entered into the thoughts and appreciated the actions of his old friends with as much penetration as ever, he by no means did so as tenderly and lovingly. His unbiassed eyes were now able to discover defects where they had previously seen nothing but beauties. Thus he could now perceive that the nuns employed in the Port Royal Schools made it their too constant endeavour to induce the pupils to adopt a religious life. He could give way to a feeling of impatience at their obstinacy in refusing to sign the formulary condemning the errors of Jansenism. The Port Royal miracles struck him 'especially' as humiliating for the human mind. He noted that the Port Royalists were too morose in their views of religion, and extremely narrow in their judgments on their adversaries. Above all, in a parallel between Demosthenes and Pascal, he placed the former above the latter, because he appealed more to what is immutable in man's nature, and less to what, like religious sentiment, is liable to change—because the great heathen 'acted in healthier and more natural human conditions' than the Christian philosopher. Certainly when it comes to this Montaigne is avenged.

We have not placed these sentiments—which might be multiplied to any extent—in juxtaposition with our previous extract for the purpose of bringing a foolish charge of inconsistency against M. Sainte-Beuve. Such charges generally mean nothing. A man's mind is like a tree: when it has ceased to possess the faculty of organic growth it is generally very near decay. And though M. Sainte-Beuve's intellect does not always seem to us to follow the laws of healthy development, yet we have certainly no intention of finding fault with him for mere changes of opinion. We wish rather to show that neither in his later nor his earlier volumes had he obtained a complete grasp of his subject. Perfectly admirable in matters of detail, the book does not furnish

evidence that the author has been able sufficiently to himself from his subject to regard it as a whole. We all use specimens of præ-Raphaelite art in which every part studied with equally minute care. They are very clever ; oneness of intention which with all its profusion ofarks one of Turner's pictures for instance, is wanting. st has seen a number of beauties successively ; he has not n in their proper relation. It is so, in our opinion, with e-Beuve's 'Port Royal.' Whether from inability or from e never appears to have thought out his subject in all its . In the two first volumes where he writes almost as a yalist, and in the three last where he writes altogether as ; he still omits to make the proper distinction between yalism and Christianity. Now this, as it seems to us, spensable. Port Royal was a development of Christianity ; it derives its main interest from that fact ; but few ve imagine, will now be found to maintain that it was a r development. And the first duty of the historian, friendly or hostile, was to put it in its proper place, to : to its right dimensions, and to determine how far its ceeded, or did not exceed, those of Christianity. A bservation might be made respecting M. Sainte-Beuve's t of Port Royal, considered as a philosophical pheno- considered as a phase of that system which under the Fate, Predestination, and 'Natural Laws,' has so long ron hand on the human will.

is a passage in his next book—the one on Chateaubriand admirably describes the author's love of detail and the for generalisation to which we have adverted. He has en us, within the compass of a few lines, his ideal of ticism should be—an ideal, be it said, which he himself ially reaches :—

r nation,' says he, 'if left to itself and to the guidance of its us, produces a congenial style of literary criticism. France lmy days has had her own style, which bears no resemblance that of Germany or of any of the surrounding nations ; a e superficial, I shall be told ; I think not ; but livelier, less with erudition, less theoretical and systematic, more confident mediate decisions of taste. *A little of all and nothing of the r the French manner* ;\* such was Montaigne's motto, and such e motto of French criticism. We are not *synthetical*, as the would say, and indeed the word itself is not a French one. satisfied with having an imagination for details. . . . I my weakness ; we have become infinitely more skilful in

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'Un peu de chaque chose et rien de l'ensemble, à la Française.'

learned dissertation than we used to be, but I shall never cease to regret that freer literary method which gave the rein to the imagination and allowed full scope for the mind's play—forming a healthy and pleasant atmosphere in which talent could move and breathe as it listed: that atmosphere I can no longer find, and the loss excites my regret.'

A word, however, respecting the circumstances which led to the production of the work from which this extract is taken. In 1840, M. Sainte-Beuve had been appointed by M. Thiers, one of the *Conservateurs* of the Mazarin Library. In October, 1847, it so happened that the chimney of the room which he occupied by virtue of his office, smoked. An application was therefore made in the proper official quarter; the defect was remedied at an expense to the government of about 100 francs, and the occupant of the apartment thought no more about the matter. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out a few months afterwards, what was M. Sainte-Beuve's surprise and indignation to find that he was accused of having received secret service money from the late government! Rumour, as usual in such cases, magnified the amount of the sums that had been paid to him, and a literary enemy took care that not one of rumour's hundred mouths should be stopped. In vain did M. Sainte-Beuve, conscious of his own perfect integrity, strive to fathom the mystery. He was utterly unable to discover on what semblance of foundation the calumny rested. His memory did not help him in the least. Naturally disgusted at such a charge, and anxious that his public position should not expose him to be molested on the same subject again, he resigned his librarianship. This step does honour to his delicacy of feeling, for it cost him a settled means of existence. He was once more compelled to look to literature for a living; and as the engrossing interest of politics during that eventful year made France a very unpromising literary field, he thankfully accepted a professorship at the University of Liège. It was there that he delivered, during the last few months of 1848 and the earlier part of 1849, the course of lectures that constitute his book on Chateaubriand. In the mean time, however, a ray of light had illumined his mind on the subject of the calumnies propagated concerning him. In the thirty-first number of the '*Revue Rétrospective*' appeared one of the lists of the venal recipients of Louis Philippe's bounty. M. Sainte-Beuve's name figured on this list. 'Every man has his price' was Walpole's well-known maxim, and M. Sainte-Beuve's presumed price was just 100 francs, or four pounds. When this sum greeted his eyes the scales fell from them at once. He remembered the smoky chimney, and took comfort. It struck him as more than probable  
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expense had been incurred too late in the year to be to its proper account, and had therefore been defrayed out of the secret service fund. Verily there had been 'much ado about nothing.'

regards the book whose composition was the result of the last accusation which drove M. Sainte-Beuve to lecture at Paris we can only say that we do not like it. The time when a man has just gone to his rest is not the most suitable for airing of his foibles and inconsistencies. Neither is a friend the most fitting for the task. M. Sainte-Beuve had written somewhat about Chateaubriand—with whom he believed, on terms of considerable personal intimacy—always written most admiringly. The very '*Mémoires de Chateaubriand*,' which he here analyses with almost spiteful exactness, had been in former years the theme of his undying eulogy. It is true that then his vanity was flattered by inclusion into the select circle in which these still unpublished *Mémoires* were read aloud. He had been proud to enter with the chosen

Madame Récamier's salon. But now all was changed. Beauty whose charms time had been able to alter, but scarcely to destroy, was sinking into the grave. The *salon*, which she had turned into a temple for the worship of Chateaubriand—herself being high-priestess—was becoming, if it had not already become, a thing of the past. The object of her love and devotion was gone. He had died full of years and honour a few months before. And this was the period which Sainte-Beuve selected to throw stones at his former idol. In certain extent, however, he had his reward. He delivered a clever course of lectures, which now forms a very clever, unfinished, book. He unquestionably displayed much sagacity in the discovery of defects, inconsistencies, and evidences of inconsistency. Nor have we any wish to dispute the accuracy of his criticisms, though others are apparently the result of mere desire of disparagement. And he who dealt so harshly with the alleged inconsistencies and insincerities of Chateaubriand has not hesitated to lay before the public the following autobiographical passage, in which he reviews the history of his mental experiences. For, be it remembered, when he here makes light of all his previous convictions, yet, if the passage means anything, he had certainly professed to hold them with considerable firmness.

'I am one of the persons most broken in to changes and metamorphoses of every kind. I began by frankly and boldly accepting the advanced teaching of the eighteenth century—of Tracy, Daunou, and the physiologists: this is the true ground-work of my



mind. Thence I passed through the *Doctrinaire* and psychological school of the *Globe*; but not without making my own reservations. Nor did I remain there long. Thence I passed again into the poetical romantic school, into the world of Victor Hugo, where I seemed for a time to be engulfed. I travelled next through Saint-Simonianism, or rather I should say that I coasted along its shores; and then almost immediately I entered the world of La Mennais, which was still very Catholic. At Lausanne, in 1837, I skirted the confines of Calvinism and Methodism, and had to use my best efforts to be interesting. In all these journeyings I have never given up the possession of my own judgment or of my own will (save for a moment in Victor Hugo's world, and then only by the effect of a charm); *I have never pledged my belief (engagé ma croyance)*; but I understood men and things so well that I always gave great hopes to the believers who sincerely desired my conversion and already regarded me as a disciple. Curiosity, a wish to see everything, to examine all minutely, the extreme delight I have always taken in discovering the relative truth of everything and of every organisation, drew me on to make this series of experiments which to me have been nothing more or less than a long course of moral physiology.\*

Such is M. Sainte-Beuve's account of his own mental history, such were the varied experiences he had garnered, when in the latter part of 1849 he began his next literary undertaking. In the September of that year he had returned to Paris from Liège, and was casting about in his mind what he should do. While in this state of uncertainty, M. Véron, the manager of the 'Constitutionnel,' proposed that he should write a series of weekly papers on literary subjects for that periodical. The proposal was both flattering and advantageous, and after a little hesitation M. Sainte-Beuve accepted it. Nor has he yet wearied of the task. The series of articles commenced in the 'Constitutionnel' on the 1st of October, 1849, has been continued, with but slight intermissions, either in that paper or in the 'Moniteur,' up to the present time. It forms, under the title of 'Causeries du Lundi,' and 'Nouveaux Lundis,' nineteen volumes, with more to follow, of rich and varied criticism—nineteen volumes that constitute such a monument of ability, industry, and versatile power as no professional critic can do aught but regard with wonder and admiration.

For let the reader think what an expenditure of thought and information is implied in the successful prosecution of such an undertaking. To produce from twenty to thirty pages a week of gossip, or literary twaddle, may be easy enough. When once the habit has been formed, there is no reason why it should not

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\* 'Portraits Littéraires,' vol. iii. p. 345.

be indulged in for years. The 'weak, washy, everlasting flood' need know no stint or limit. But to produce an equal quantity of sterling stuff, to write a long weekly article that shall nearly always be worthy of republication, to treat of the most varied subjects with unvarying precision and knowledge, to avoid all repetition, to give constant evidence of care and thought, to write, not as a mere hack, but as a man who cares that his ideas should be clothed in the most appropriate language—to do all this, and do it for some fourteen or fifteen years consecutively, *hoc opus, hic labor est*. Even if we consider only the immense variety of the topics embraced in these nineteen volumes of 'Lundis,' we shall see cause for no inconsiderable degree of surprise. Nothing that is in any way connected with French literature seems to escape the writer's scrutiny. He is equally at home with people of the most opposite schools—with Bossuet and Voltaire, with Louis XIV. and Béranger. He is on intimate terms with Lamartine, but does not therefore withhold his friendship from La Fontaine. His admiration for the classic regularity of Racine, does not imply anything but a very mild distaste for Michelet's erratic writings. He can appreciate the somewhat frigid beauties of M. de Laprade's verse, and the fiery fervour of Alfred de Musset's poems. Persons who, if they had met in actual life, would have gathered up the skirts of their garments for fear of contamination, meet amicably enough on the neutral ground of the 'Lundis.' M. Sainte-Beuve seems to delight in the juxtaposition of incongruous personages. He takes a natural pride in showing, within the compass of a week or two, how wide is the range of his sympathies, and how extended his powers of comprehension. Indeed, nothing seems high or low enough to escape his grasp. Any person who has at any time wielded a pen, whether man, woman, historian, poet, orator, philosopher, soldier, politician, theologian, Roman Catholic, Protestant, freethinker—to all in turn does he devote his attention, with all in turn does he hold communion that is generally friendly. And, as if the world of French biography, criticism, and history did not afford sufficient scope for his energies, he does not fear to make an occasional, but always successful excursion into foreign territory. Of this let the articles on Franklin, Gibbon, Goethe, Frederic the Great, Dante, and three papers of graceful and delicate criticism on poor Cowper, be taken as instances.

His style was comparatively simple in early years, but had in the writings of his middle age (such as *Volupté*) become so flowery and laboured as to give some shadow of excuse to Balzac's

Balzac's saying that our author wrote, not French, but rather new language, which might properly be called *Sainte-Beuve*. When, however, he began the 'Causeries du Lundi,' his manner of expression underwent a notable change. De Quincey, in one of those articles of his which, together with stronger qualities possess all the exquisite delicacy of silver filigree, has explained how necessary is leisure to the production of rhetoric. In order to drape itself to the best advantage, the thought must have time to linger over its own adornment. Burke could never have 'gone on refining' if he had been as some of his contemporaries were—

'In haste to finish and to dine.'

He would have taken a short cut to his conclusions. So also M. Sainte-Beuve, when he had to write between twenty and thirty pages a week, on subjects that often required a considerable amount of reflection and research, insensibly altered his manner. And in his case the change was—what in Burke's case it would not have been—an improvement. He retained all the good qualities that had formerly distinguished his style—his fertility of illustration, his faculty for expressing his thoughts even when most recondite, his felicitous choice of epithet—but these good qualities were no longer carried to a point where they became defects. Having too much of the artist spirit even to suffer his diction to grow slovenly, he really found the necessity of pressing forward a beneficial taskmaster.

M. Sainte-Beuve is frequently rhetorical; he is seldom, however, eloquent. For to be eloquent requires an earnestness either of passion or conviction, which is not in his nature. He never seems to feel strongly, and does not, therefore, attempt powerful writing. He can, indeed, admire, but his admiration is that of the critic; it never carries him away. He can be angry, but his anger takes the form of sarcastic banter or neat epigrammatic reproof, not of honest indignation. This lighter mode of warfare is most effective in literary quarrels; it is certainly true. M. Sainte-Beuve has furnished a proof of the fact—if any such proof were needed—in his very clever article on M. de Pontmartin, in the third volume of the 'Nouveau Lundi.' No sledge-hammer critique, well weighted with names, could have dealt that gentleman so shrewd a blow. But as Dr. Johnson liked a good hater, so we confess that we should like to find in M. Sainte-Beuve's writings some passage that proved him capable of real downright scorn and anger. There is, however, another reason besides lack of earnestness, that makes it difficult for him to be eloquent, even if he wished to be so, of which the

there is no evidence; \* his habits of mind are too entirely critical, he is too fond of analysing, of seeking for the hidden reasons of things, of discovering delicate shades of difference and affinity. For eloquence delights in large masses of light and shadow, in striking contrasts, in great thoughts and unchecked emotions. It specially abhors those complex feelings and slight frail threads of thought which M. Sainte-Beuve takes pleasure in unravelling.

We might with pleasure linger awhile in M. Sainte-Beuve's long portrait gallery. But this would be comparatively a useless task, and we prefer to examine for a moment the artist's method and processes. Of this method he has himself given an account in one of his more recent volumes.† It is to this effect: In all his critical inquiries, before studying the author, he first thoroughly studies the man, for, in his view of the case, 'as the tree is, so will be the fruit.' He therefore collects every information he can find respecting his subject, being of opinion—

'That so long as you have not asked yourself a certain number of questions and answered them satisfactorily—if only for your own private benefit and *sotto voce*—you cannot be sure of thoroughly understanding your model, and that even though these questions may seem to be quite foreign to the nature of his writings. For instance, what were his religious views? how did the sight of nature affect him? what was he in his dealings with women, and in his feelings respecting money? was he rich, was he poor? what was his regimen? what his daily manner of life? &c. Finally, to what vice was he addicted, or to what weakness subject? for no man is entirely free from such. There is not one of the answers to these questions that is without its value in judging the author of a book, or even the book itself, if it be, not a treatise on pure mathematics, but a literary work into the composition of which some of the writer's whole nature has perforce entered.'

All this is in its way excellent. If M. Sainte-Beuve puts himself through this severe catechism every time he criticises a man's works—and we see no reason to doubt that he does—we cease to feel astonished at the unrivalled powers of penetration and insight which he displays. Yet there is one danger to which this critical process is exposed, viz., that of attaching too much importance to merely external and accidental influences. A human being is not exactly a chemical compound; and there will always be something in every writer of originality and genius that will

\* It should be understood that if eloquence be not one of the beauties of M. Sainte-Beuve's writing, yet that his writing has a great compensating merit. It never degenerates into what the French call *phrases*—wordy grandiloquent sentences that come to very little—*vox et præterea nihil*.

† Art. on Chateaubriand, vol. iii. of the 'Nouveaux Lundis.'

escape the most rigid analysis of this kind. It may happen that his education, the society in which he moved, and the thousand little incidents of his daily life, left scarcely any impress on his writings. But apart from such considerations, what we are more concerned in showing is, that M. Sainte-Beuve seems to think he has done enough when he has instituted these searching inquiries. Now, to us it appears that he has only performed half his work. He has indeed *understood*—that is the critic's first duty—but he has not *judged*, which is a duty equally imperative. For the sake of comparison, let us take an article by a distinguished English writer who is as much in the habit of looking at all sides of a question as M. Sainte-Beuve, but who, unlike him, does so for the purpose of arriving at a correct and definite conclusion. Mr. John Stuart Mill's review of Coleridge's works in the 'Dissertations and Discussions,' is, to our thinking, a model of what such a review should be. The power of comprehension and insight there displayed is certainly equal to that of which the French critic makes such frequent proof. It is admirable, if we consider how essentially Mr. Mill's intellectual mould differs from that of the great poet-philosopher. But when he has given a candid and masterly statement of Coleridge's views and philosophical system, he does not stop there. He proceeds to explain wherein he thinks those views inaccurate and that system faulty; in other words, to show that he has properly considered the case and decided it, at any rate to his own satisfaction. Now, the question whether Mill or Coleridge be right is not here *the* question. All that we wish to do is to point to a critical method larger and more perfect than that of M. Sainte-Beuve. We want to show that in order to acquire his freedom from prejudice it is not necessary to copy his indecision; that in order to really criticise a man's views it is essential that the critic should have made up his mind respecting their truth or falsehood.

This, however, is a view which would very possibly call for a earnest protest from a writer whose graceful but perfectly unsatisfactory essays have latterly been attracting considerable attention. In his article on the 'functions of Criticism at the present time,' Mr. Matthew Arnold labours strenuously to prove that criticism should be a 'disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.' Practical results he considers to be specially abhorrent to the true critic-nature, things which *Philistines* alone—whoever they may happen to be—can deem worthy of serious attention. Definite, or at any rate

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\* 'Essays in Criticism,' by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan and Co. 1865.  
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exclusive conclusions, he would probably regard with equal disfavour. These conditions M. Sainte-Beuve fulfils very completely. His life, as we have seen, has been a continual effort to enter into the minds of the ablest men of his own and past times, and to unveil their modes of thought: the most prominent tendency of his works is certainly to produce that atmosphere of highly-cultivated intellectual urbanity, bordering on indifference, which Mr. Arnold thinks so desirable. That our countryman, the most French of the English writers of the present day, should therefore entertain feelings of very high admiration for the foreign critic, is but natural. In many things he may even be called his disciple; and indeed it would form the object of a very interesting process of critical dissection to determine to what extent he is mentally indebted to M. Sainte-Beuve. Another critic has, however, recently called Mr. Arnold to task on this subject, and endeavoured to prove a contradiction between his belief in the exalted functions of criticism and his veneration for the versatile Frenchman. In his very clever '*Gay Science*'\* Mr. Dallas speaks thus:—

'Mr. Arnold tells us that the main intellectual effort of Europe has for many years past been a critical one; and what Europe most desires now is criticism. What he means by this it is not easy to make out. For on the one hand he assures us that Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, are to be regarded as critics, and that everything done in literature is at root criticism; from which it would appear that there can be nothing specially critical in the intellectual movement which is now in progress. On the other hand, we stumble once and again upon the statement that the first of living critics is M. Sainte-Beuve. Now, we know M. Sainte-Beuve as an indefatigable, a clever and well-informed writer—a man of good judgment, and in France of great literary influence. But when we are told in succession that the great intellectual movement of our age is critical, and that the first of living critics—therefore, the leader of this intellectual movement—is M. Sainte-Beuve, who is not greatly puzzled to know what so dainty a writer as Mr. Arnold can possibly mean? Is it a proof of our English want of insight that with all the vivacity of his Monday chats, we on this side of the water fail to see in M. Sainte-Beuve the prophet of the age, a great leader of thinking—the enlightener of Europe? He is a brilliant essayist; a man of great knowledge; his taste is unimpeachable; and he dashes off historic sketches with wonderful neatness. But for criticism in the highest sense of the word—for criticism in the sense in which Mr. Arnold seems to understand it—for criticism as the mastery of dominant ideas and the way to modern thought—as the one thing which Europe most desires—we should scarcely go to the feuilletons of M. Sainte-Beuve.'

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\* The '*Gay Science*,' by E. S. Dallas. 2 vols. London, 1866.

This is scarcely perhaps quite fair to Mr. Matthew Arnold but that is not *our* business; it is truth unexaggerated as regards M. Sainte-Beuve, and this is so far praiseworthy that, as the object of Mr. Dallas's book is to determine fixed and immutable principles, he would not be naturally inclined to speak favourably of one so inconclusive as M. Sainte-Beuve. For while the latter in all his criticism, whether of poets or prose-writers, shuns generalisation and acknowledges scarcely any law but the immediate dictates of his own taste, the former writes an interesting treatise to show that there is a definite science of criticism, with laws as determinable as those of any other science. His argument is something like the following: All the arts, including that term poetry, music, painting, sculpture, &c., have pleasure for their object. The science of criticism, therefore, 'must necessarily be the science of the laws of pleasure, the joy science the Gay Science;' and thus the somewhat enigmatical title of the book is explained. But the pleasure thus spoken of, is it the mere natural enjoyment of the senses and the epicureanism of the intellect? Not so; it is something far nobler and higher. We all of us live two intellectual lives. Of one of these we are conscious, of the other unconscious. That the latter exists as it is a great fact of our being is proved by many things, and more prominently, if not most conclusively, by the various phenomena of sleep. And the pleasure which all art gives us is by the glimpses of the unconscious life—of the 'hidden soul' which reveals to the present and conscious soul; for art, it must be understood, is itself the offspring of the 'hidden soul,' imagination, the chief agent in the production of art, being nothing but the 'automatic action' of the mind, the play of faculties whose existence we ignore. Such is the thesis expounded by Mr. Dallas, and it is but justice to him to say that much of the fancifulness that seems inherent to it, when thus reduced to a dry epitome, disappears under his treatment. He argues his case with great ingenuity and with remarkable clearness, if we consider the native obscurity of the subject; nay, such is his fertility of illustration,—the result apparently of a most varied range of reading,—and the sprightliness of his style, that the book is not only interesting, but in parts positively amusing. That we have been convinced by his main argument we will not assert. From some of his positions we take leave to dissent, at least until they have been more fully defined. For instance, he declares himself a kind of Benthamite in art, and says that its object is to give the greatest amount of pleasure to the greatest number. The he deduces that all true art appeals equally to the multitude and to the educated. There is a great deal of truth in this, certain-

Is it altogether true, however, when stated in this sweeping way? Mr. Dallas professes an unbounded admiration for Beethoven. Does the multitude derive as much enjoyment from one of his sonatas or symphonies of 'the third manner,' as from the more tuneful of the nigger melodies, for instance? This, however, is but a point of detail. Mr. Dallas has constructed an elaborate system, and as a system it should be judged.

And now a word concerning M. Sainte-Beuve's political attitude during the last few years. After what we have already said, it will not perhaps seem strange that ever since the *coup d'état* of 1851 he has declared himself a strong admirer of Imperialism, and has found favour with the Imperial Government. Independently of certain professorial appointments—which have unquestionably not been conferred upon him *in spite* of his political opinions—he has recently been made a Senator. For the honour and emoluments belonging to this high office, it is stated that he is greatly indebted to the zealous manner in which his claims have been advocated by Prince Napoleon, the Emperor's unruly cousin.

The literary sketch of the mental history of a living man must almost necessarily be incomplete. The fulness of detail which time alone can place at the biographer's disposal is still wanting. He is often compelled to grope where his successors will walk in full sunlight. It is probable, therefore, that our sketch of M. Sainte-Beuve's life and writings is somewhat shadowy; it is possible that it may even be partially inaccurate. Looking back, however, at what we have written, and endeavouring to bring the scattered features of our portrait into more complete focus, we see a writer who has at various times come forward as a poet, a novelist, an historian, and a critic; most prominently as a critic. Indeed, as Lord Macaulay, the speaker and historian, was still the essayist, so M. Sainte-Beuve, in whatever character he may appear, is still the critic. His poems, as we have seen, are those of a man who has thought much and deeply on the poetical art, rather than of one who sings because nature has filled his soul with music to overflowing. His one novel is a clever analysis of the character of its hero, and of the three or four persons with whom he is brought into contact, not the spontaneous creation of a little world of living beings. His admirable history of Port Royal is emphatically a critical history, aiming less at narration and description than at the unveiling of the hidden spirit of the Jansenists, and the examination of their literary works. Thus in all his works M. Sainte-Beuve



Beuve is 'nothing if not critical.' But whereas that expression, as applied by Iago to himself, denoted a mind especially on the alert to discover weak points in everything, it means something essentially different as applied to the French academician. The peculiarity and excellence of his criticism is its disinterestedness, its singular power of appreciating whatever may be good in the most opposite schools, and its wonderful faculty for penetrating into the secrets of the most strangely different natures. And now if we turn from the man's works to the man himself, we see great natural power, a mind originally pliable, subtle, and comprehensive to the very highest degree, curious and penetrative, impartial to a fault. That mind has besides had such an education as those of few living men can have enjoyed. M. Sainte-Beuve has from an early age taken an active part in a great literary movement. He has been on terms of close intimacy with able writers and thinkers innumerable. The intellectual life of Paris during the last forty years has been his life. Nor is it merely in the brilliant *salons* of the French capital that he has gained his knowledge of men and books. He has been an earnest student, and devoured a mass of reading that might appal the most omnivorous of Germans. And now, after all, what is the result of these natural gifts, of this intercourse with the great and wise, of this life of toil and study—we mean, the result so far as M. Sainte-Beuve himself is concerned? That result is sufficiently apparent in the career we have sketched—the career of one who has kept a large mind open to every variety of influence; who has passed through a most instructive course of experiences, and sipped honey from system after system; who has in the general conflict of opinions made it his constant practice to follow the arguments on every side so far as fully to understand them, but no further; who has on all occasions made light of consistency, and been the most brilliant of literary chameleons; who has scarcely one single fixed opinion on any problem, literary, political, philosophical or religious—in short, of one who has spent his life in fitting his mind to be an elaborate receptacle for well-arranged doubts.

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ART. V.—*Plato and the other Companions of Socrates.* By George Grote, F.R.S. 3 vols. London, 1865.

**M**R. GROTE clings with noble fidelity to his great subject: 'The History, Speculative as well as Active, of the Hellenic Race;' and there is reason to hope that he will finish the task which he proposed to himself in his first Preface twenty years ago.

ago. To have completed on so large a scale the survey of that period of intellectual bloom, during which the stream of Greek life and thought flowed in native purity, will be an achievement, of which the author's countrymen may be glad and proud. For the extent of the undertaking has in no way lessened the thoroughness of the performance. The comprehensiveness of the treatment helps to bring every detail into the fullest light. Poetry lends a grace to history, and both contribute to the illustration of philosophy.

The charm of the present volumes is heightened when they are thus viewed as a moiety of the promised sequel to the history of Greece. But they also claim the attention which is due to the most considerable work on ancient philosophy which this century has yet produced in England. They contain an entirely original account of Plato, given, as Mr. Grote candidly reminds us, 'from his own point of view,' by one who was already known to be an accomplished student of philosophy, learned in the history of opinion, as in all history, and possessed of very distinct philosophical opinions of his own. It is an account which differs in important respects from any that has hitherto appeared. The author has read the rich Platonic literature of Germany most carefully, but seldom with approbation; and the few isolated efforts of English scholars, although courteously noticed by him, have contributed little to the substance of his book. He has formed his own judgment independently on every point. And he is at least as much concerned to discuss the soundness as to explain the meaning of the arguments which he unfolds, and thus to apply the Socratic 'Elenchus' to Plato himself. His exposition and his strictures, even when not convincing, are invariably interesting and instructive.

We would not, however, be understood to accept the present work as the last word of English scholarship on Plato. Such homage is certainly not desired by Mr. Grote, who claims no exemption from that conflict with competing views, which he declares to be the condition of progress in all science. But even those English students who differ from him must feel that he has done great service by giving a determinate shape and direction to inquiries, which have been in danger of becoming aimless, for want of such a clear and forcible statement as is here given us of the impression which a thorough study of Plato has produced on one of the most powerful of contemporary English minds. Topics argued with Mr. Grote will have a living interest. Those of our home scholars who are so bold as to encounter him will not have to complain that they are fighting with the ghosts of defunct theories, or with the hardly  
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less shadowy fancies of some foreign writer. This publication, from the very fact that the author is not a Platonist, ought to give a remarkable impulse to Platonic study. Mr. Grote has written a full, elaborate, and candid account of Plato, 'from his own point of view.' It remains for those whose point of view is nearer to Plato's own, to vindicate him where they think that he is misunderstood or wrongly censured by Mr. Grote, and to bring into prominence those elements of Platonic thought which this new mode of criticism may have left obscure.

We shall attempt little more in the present article than to point out what is distinctive in Mr. Grote's conception of Plato, and to indicate the measure of our own adherence and dissent.

Almost all writers on this subject in the present century have thought it necessary to determine the connexion and order of Plato's Dialogues. The theory of Schleiermacher, who imagined a central purpose and systematic unity pervading this body of writings from the beginning, has been generally abandoned. But the problem which he thus suggested has never been relinquished. Even Ast, who exclaimed against binding the freedom of Plato in a system, arranged the Dialogues in three periods, and in our own day C. F. Hermann has endeavoured to exhibit them in the order in which they must have been composed, as expressing successive phases of Plato's mind: while Dr. Edward Munk has found an artistic order, regulated by the age at which Socrates is represented in each Dialogue, and Ueberweg with more reason perceives in some, which he accounts to be later, a systematic intention, not apparent in others, which he therefore concludes to have been written earlier.

Mr. Grote regards this problem as insoluble, and there is much acute and sound criticism in his remarks on each of the proposed solutions.\* But he goes farther, and distinctly asserts that no unity can be discovered in the writings of Plato. 'There is not a personal Plato for us, any more than there is a personal Shakspeare.' Plato, in Mr. Grote's view, to apply to him the language of Greek philosophy, is many, and not one. No limit can be set to the variety either of his style and method, or of his philosophical opinions. This variation is accounted for partly by the dramatic form of his compositions, partly by the value which for the greater part of his career he attached to investigation and discussion, independently of results, and partly also by the changes which an imaginative and speculative mind at a period of transition in philosophy underwent in the course of fifty years. And of these changes Mr. Grote regards as the most certain one with

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\* Vol. i. pp. 186-194.

he himself has little sympathy, or, rather, which he may be said to deplore, the change from an extremely sceptical to an extremely dogmatic spirit, from the career of Socrates to that of Lycurgus, from the tone of the 'Parmenides' to that of the 'Laws.' Such observations are of great value, because they point to the true principle of interpretation, that the whole of any man's writings can only be known through the parts, and that the study of each part should not be influenced by preconceptions respecting the nature of the whole. If the knowledge thus obtained is fragmentary, we must be contented with fragmentary results. And the separate appreciation of each part, without introducing supplemental meanings from the rest, and seeking to force a harmony, is a necessary step in scientific criticism, which, in spite of marked tendencies in this direction, has been seriously retarded by the form of inquiry to which the scheme of Schleiermacher had given rise.

Further study will, however, probably set limits to the variety of results. It seems absolutely boundless to Mr. Grote, and may perhaps be regarded as a process of development where he sees only change.

He says that 'it is scarcely possible to find any one predicate applicable to all of Plato's works,' and that 'every predication is probably true in regard to some of them: none in regard to all' (vol. i. p. 212), he does not exaggerate his own impression, which reappears continually throughout these volumes. But we must not think that he does exaggerate the fact.

It is partly on this ground (on the indefinite variousness of the human mind) that our author bases his entire disregard of internal evidence as a means of disproving the genuineness of any work. There is, however, another ground for this procedure, which, though not strictly in order, may be briefly considered, viz., the strength of the external evidence for most of them. This evidence is clearly stated in the chapter 'On the Platonic Canon as recognised by Thrasyllus.' Plato was the first philosopher who left behind him an organised school, under the presidency, for the first thirty-three years, of intimate friends of his who must have known his writings, and doubtless treasured them. They seem to have had a better fate than the Aristotelian MSS., which Theophrastus is said to have bequeathed to the Lyceum. They would be 'preserved, *along with the treatises or dialogues which each successive Scholarch had composed*;' \* from which, however, Mr. Grote assumes they would be carefully separated. That even unfinished positions were kept after Plato's death appears from

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\* Vol. i. p. 135. The italics are ours.

the publication of such fragments as the 'Clitophon' and 'Critias.' Hence the preservation of these MSS. in their purity for many years, at least, may be considered certain, unless Plato's immediate successors played him false. Further, they must have reached the Library at Alexandria without harm, or Demetrius Phalereus was to blame. Though a Peripatetic, he was a friend of Xenocrates, who succeeded Plato's nephew, Speusippus, in the Academy; and he was probably the adviser and auxiliary of Ptolemy Soter in establishing the Alexandrian Library, the general arrangement of which, with museum and lecture-room, Mr. Grote thinks must have been copied from the Academy. The works of Plato were probably amongst the first included in the collection of books, though of this there is no record. It follows that they must have been obtained from Athens, through most advantageous influence, at a time when the Scholarch could still probably attest their genuineness. Towards the end of the first century after Plato's death, the librarian Callimachus (better known as the Alexandrian poet), composed, in 120 books, 'Tables' of the persons who had distinguished themselves in every branch of instruction. These *must* have included a list of Plato's writings. But 'the earliest event of which a record is preserved is the fact stated by Diogenes, that some persons, among whom is the grammarian Aristophanes, distributed the Dialogues of Plato in trilogies, placing as the first trilogy—1. Republic, Timæus, Kritias. 2. Sophistes, Politicus, Cratylus. 3. Leges, Minos, Epinomis. 4. Theætetus, Euthyphron, Apology. 5. Kriton, Phædon, Epistolæ. The other Dialogues they place one by one without regular grouping.' Aristophanes was the last librarian of the Alexandrian Library, and his appointment dated less than a century from that of Zenodotus, who was the first. This brings us to about the middle of the third century B.C. About the beginning of the Christian era, Thrasyllus, a Rhetor, who was at one time the travelling companion of the Emperor Augustus, made a classification of the Dialogues in tetralogies, which Diogenes reports at full length, adding the names of ten (of which five remain\*), which he says were excluded from the canon of Thrasyllus, and had been declared spurious by every competent judge. And Mr. Grote thinks that in rejecting these, and authenticating the rest, Thrasyllus and others were guided simply by the authority of the Alexandrian School.

It is obvious that in every step of the above argument there is an element of conjecture; and Diogenes cannot always be

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\* Eryxias, Sisyphus, Demodocus, Hælyon, Axiochus.

and even to quote correctly.\* But it has perhaps been sufficiently made out that the Platonic writings have been fortunately beyond the reach of some of the more ordinary sources of error. The Scholarchs of the old Academy can hardly have imposed upon while they retained the custody of Plato's

And it is highly improbable, under the circumstances, the Alexandrian librarians should have been subject to

But those who dwell on the internal evidence have disputed the antiquity, or the Attic purity, or even the ~~the~~ colouring, of such writings as the 'Erastæ' or 'Theages.' Platonic authorship only is in question. And Mr. Grote's ~~text~~ still leaves room for doubting whether enough is known of the successors of Xenocrates and Speusippus, or even of themselves, to preclude the possibility of some composition of the arch, or of a distinguished scholar, or of some other 'Socratic' being handed down to posterity amongst those of the master. The Greeks do not generally seem to have had very strict notions of the care of MSS. Mr. Grote's theory further implies an entire want of faith in the judgment and honesty, not only of the Academy, but of all the chief members of the Alexandrian

Whatever may be thought of the value of the Thrasylllean

the present instance it is not certain that he has quoted Aristophanes. All that distinctly says is that Aristophanes was one of those who arranged the dialogues in trilogies, and that those who adopted this arrangement, distributed them in the order which he quotes. He may have taken the list from any of the editions of the trilogy as a basis of arrangement. And there is no reason for supposing that these all followed Aristophanes in the mode of applying the letters which they held in common with him. This has been pointed out by Mr. Grote in his recent work on the Epistles of Plato, published at Utrecht in 1864. He does not forbear from applying to ourselves the words in which this continental scholar expresses his hesitation in differing from so illustrious a scholar as Aristophanes. 'Non est meum pugnare contra viros doctrinæ aequè ac judicii laudes, tales præsertim, quos benevolos potius iudices quam adversarios mihi habeo.'—p. 9.

For instance the 'Epinomis' is thought by some (though Mr. Grote questions the authority for this) to be the work of Philippus the Opuntian, who published it about 340 B.C.

Mr. Grote has given some strong reasons in defence of the 'Clitophon.' Most scholars will agree with him about several dialogues which have been questioned, such as the 'Charmides,' 'Sophistes,' 'Politicus,' 'Parmenides,' and 'Leges.' But Mr. Grote professes himself unconvinced respecting the 'Hipparchus,' 'Minos,' 'Theages,' 'Erastæ,' and 'Epinomis.' Against the last mentioned writing there is at least the improbability of Plato's having composed an appendix to an unfinished dialogue. When M. Beekh complains that the 'Hipparchus' and 'Minos' are destitute of the 'fiores et dulcissimas Veneres,' which Plato is accustomed to spread through his dialogues, Mr. Grote replies, 'where are the "dulcissimæ Veneres" in the 'Parmenides,' 'Sophistes,' 'Politicus,' 'Leges,' 'Timæus,' 'Kritias'? I find none.' He refers to us that in the last mentioned dialogues, not to speak of the vast difference between them and the former in speculative import, there is much of the characteristic beauty of Plato's style.

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canon, Mr. Grote,\* in rejecting other theories, seems to press his own theory to an extreme, when he says that the 'Axiochus,' 'Eryxias,' 'Sisyphus,' 'Demodokos,' and 'Halcyon' are condemned by external evidence only; for that if judged by the standard of intrinsic merit, they are at least worthy of the author of the 'Leges.' Even when his low estimate of the last-named work is taken into the account, this assertion gives a curious proof of the absoluteness with which our author is ready to carry out his principle—that there is no limit to the differences, either of matter and manner, or of merit,† in Plato. This flexible rule has no commonly been applied to the most various of dramatic writers. Would Mr. Grote deny that there are passages in 'Titus Andronicus' and 'Henry VI.' which may be judged from internal evidence not to have been written by Shakespeare? Or, if even the strongest internal evidence, especially when taken against the genuineness of a writing, is an uncertain text, can it be said that even the strongest external testimony amounts to certainty? Must it not be acknowledged that the external evidence is really inseparable from the internal, and that the value of either is equally a matter of degree?

We are compelled for want of space to waive the application of this remark to the so-called Epistles of Plato,‡ and to return at once to our author's theory, or rather abnegation of theory, respecting the harmony of Plato's writings, and the possibility of discovering an order or sequence either in the expression or in the development of his thoughts. The only classification of the Dialogues which Mr. Grote admits, is that made by Thrasyllus, who divided them into those of Search or Invention, and of Exposition. And the fact mentioned by Plutarch, that the *Leges* was the work of Plato's old age—confirmed by the book itself containing allusion to an event which happened 356 B.C.—is allowed to warrant the inference that the expository Dialogues were, as might be expected, on the whole the later. In Mr. Grote's view nothing can be more opposite than the spirit and method of the more typical of the compositions of either class. In the dialogues of Investigation the 'negative arm' of philosophy has free play. The cross-questioning, refuting method of Socrates is continued in them, and is enlivened with a great exuberance of dramatic power. They are for the most part simply destructive, and in many places contradic-

\* Vol. i. p. 168.

† 'Who can determine what changes may have taken place in Plato's opinions or points of view, or intellectual powers?'—Vol. iii. p. 463.

‡ See for the 'counter-proposition' to Mr. Grote's view of this question the 'Commentatio' of M. Karsten, published at Utrecht in 1864.

each other. The utmost freedom of inquiry and debate is assumed throughout them. But when he wrote the positive or constructive Dialogues, Plato had passed, says Mr. Grote, from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches. He is now himself in the throne of 'King Nomos,'\* and enforces conformity on his imaginary citizens with an amount of systematic rigour not equalled in any Grecian city. He forbids the exercise of Dialectic before the age of thirty—the very limit which the tyrant Critias prescribed to Socrates.† He is led by mere emotional impulse to make assertions, which he could not have defended against his own Elenchus. He occupies the position of Meletus and Anytus, and upholds one of the many varieties of positive law and custom, each of which claims a local infallibility. 'Plato in his old age has not maintained consistency with his youth, as Socrates did, but has passed round from the negative to the affirmative pole of philosophy.' He is an example before the Christian era of that intolerance (which has such a 'deep root in the human bosom') which would apply legal penalties against individual dissenters and competitors. Such a 'soul's tragedy' does Mr. Grote find in the intellectual career of Plato. Further, even what is expository is seen to be by no means consistent. Pleasure is at one time identified with, at another time opposed to, good: the relative theory of knowledge is now discredited, and now upheld: an absolute ideal standard appears alternately with the individual judgment as the criterion of truth. There are other matters, perhaps of less importance, on which Plato hardly expresses himself twice in the same way.

Such, as a general description, is the kind and degree of variety which Mr. Grote attributes to the writings of Plato. We now proceed to examine his position more closely.

First, what is the nature of the distinction which he has sanctioned between the dialogues of Search and of Exposition? Some dialogues are admitted to belong partially to either class. The Republic, for instance, in the first book, is a dialogue of Search, in the remaining books chiefly one of Exposition. Again, in one sense, all are dialogues of Search, for the form of inquiry and dialogue is retained throughout, even where the sole object is to propound a theory. But the distinction meant is that

\* 'Nomos (Law and Custom), king of all (to borrow the phrase which Herodotus cites from Pindar), exercises plenary power, spiritual as well as temporal, over individual minds.'—Vol. i. p. 251.

† In the 'Leges' the criticism of Home Institutions is confined to a still narrower circle of matured intellects.



between the negative and the positive, the destructive and a constructive element in Plato. Mr. Grote thinks that the elements do not combine: that 'the two currents of his speculation, the affirmative and negative, are distinct and independent each other;\*' 'that Plato's affirmative philosophy is not fitted on his negative philosophy, but grows out of other mental impulses distinct and apart.'† 'Socrates and Plato had each of the affirmative doctrines and convictions, though not both the same. But the affirmative vein with both of them runs in a channel completely distinct from the negative. The affirmative theory has its roots *aliunde*, and is neither generated nor adapted with a view to reconcile the contradictions, or elucidate the obscurities, which the negative Elenchus has exposed.'‡

Few chapters in the history of philosophy have been more ably written than Mr. Grote's account of the nature and value of this negative Elenchus, which he justly compares with the Baconian exclusive instances and the elimination of successive hypotheses in modern physical science.§ Most instructive also is his account of the application of this process by an original mind to the 'aggregate of beliefs and predispositions to believe ethical, religious, æsthetical, social, respecting what is true or false, probable or improbable, just or unjust, holy or unholy, honourable or base, respectable or contemptible, pure or impure, beautiful or ugly, decent or indecent, obligatory to do or obligatory to avoid:¶ though he appears to value the antagonism to such beliefs simply for its own sake, as a progress, not '*in melius*,' but '*in aliud*:' a mind not 'of amendment and proficience,' but merely 'of change and difference.' And it is undeniable that 'the stimulating and suggesting influence exercised by Plato—the variety of new roads pointed out to the free inquiring mind—are in themselves sufficiently valuable, whatever we may think of the positive results in which he himself acquiesced.'¶ But when it is added that there is no connexion between Plato's negative philosophy and his positive, that in affirming he is in no way affected by his own previous difficulties and denials—to this proposition we are not equally prepared to assent. It may be true that Plato is more ingenious in suggesting logical difficulties than in solving them. And it is a remarkable fact that objections raised by him in one dialogue are silently passed by in others, even when these are written

\* Vol. i. p. 270.

† Vol. i. p. 272.

‡ Vol. i. p. 292.

§ See a very striking passage on the scientific use of the Elenchus in vol. ii p. 258.

¶ Vol. i. p. 249.

¶ Vol. i. p. 277.

expressly

expressly in continuation of the former.\* Nor is the student always justified in expecting to find a positive result. The 'thornbush' is not to be called a 'rose.' †

But, first, the negative dialectic, even of Socrates, had a positive aim. He convinced men of ignorance to awaken in them the desire of knowledge, and not of knowledge simply, but of the knowledge of the universal in morals. This he sought by self-questioning; this he taught men to seek by questioning them. His attitude was not that of a mere sceptic, but of a rational inquirer. The question, what is true or good? implies, when asked in the Socratic spirit, that there is something absolutely true and good for man, and that the attempt to find this is not a vain pursuit, though one should grow old in the endeavour. Belief in the existence of such an object is bound up with the dialectic process in every stage. That Plato fully shared in that belief is proved by the eagerness with which he commends inquiry. 'Our object at setting out,' he says in one of his most destructive dialogues, 'was not to discover what knowledge is not, but what knowledge is.' ‡ Further, it was through reflection on the Socratic process that Plato's leading positive conception, the ideal theory, and his favourite notion of a professional expert as the authority in moral as in other science, originated. His view of logical classification and division, § and of distinction as an essential mark of knowledge, || also his striking declaration that contradictory experiences are necessary as a stimulus for the evolution of thought, ¶ are based immediately on the negative aspect of the Socratic method. And the same origin may be ascribed to two other doctrines which may be regarded as positive, that of the contradictoriness of the objects of sense and opinion,\*\* and that of the rejection of hypotheses, through which the dialectician rises towards the Form of Good. ††

The words of Socrates to Theætetus at the end of their conversation suggest another way in which Plato's affirmative doctrines are connected with the negative. 'If you should hereafter conceive, you will be filled with better things in consequence of having been examined now.' The purifying influence of the Elenchus remains when the particular arguments are no longer

\* For instance, the doctrine of Ideas is repeated in the 'Republic' and 'Timæus,' without allusion to the difficulties urged in the 'Parmenides.' Those raised in the Theætetus about false opinion are scarcely referred to in the 'Sophistes,' where the same question recurs, and are ignored in the 'Philebus.'

† The Greek proverb, *Ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ῥόδον ἀλλὰ βάτον*, is applied by Mr. Grote to the 'Parmenides.'

‡ Theætetus, 187 a.

§ Theætetus, sub fin.

\*\* Rep. v. p. 429.

§ 'Sophistes,' 'Politicus,' 'Phædrus,' 'Philebus.'

¶ Rep. vii. p. 523.

†† Rep. vi. p. 511.

present to the mind.\* There is a silent inward dialectic, or a physical process, a deeper movement of the intelligence, of which these were but the indications, or the instruments. Mr. Grote himself suggests the thing we mean when he somewhere speaks of Plato as having 'passed into other points of view.' These different or even opposite stand-points are not wholly isolated from each other. Like young Socrates in the hands of the Eleatic Veterans or Charmides the Fair under the more encouraging treatment of Socrates in his prime,† Plato suggests a new hypothesis directly calculated to avoid the difficulties of the old. Take, for example, the relation, not unobserved by Mr. Grote, between the 'Parmenides,' 'Philebus,' and 'Sophistes.' In the first of these, some formidable objections are raised against what is commonly known as the Platonic doctrine of Ideas—the theory of an intelligible world, comprising an indefinite number of distinct unchanging forms, in partial relation to, and communication with, a world of sensible objects, each of which participates in one or more of these forms. These objections are enforced, with acuteness 'to which nothing is superior in all the Platonic writings' (ii. p. 275). They are not to be classed with the difficulties which Socrates puts before the boy Lysis, or Charmides, or Alcibiades. Plato is evidently deeply impressed by their importance. They are nowhere answered. But they are again briefly adverted to in the 'Philebus' (p. 15 b.). And in the 'Sophistes' we find a conception of the ideas in which Plato's theory of knowledge is so considerably modified, that the criticisms have been led to doubt the genuineness of the dialogue. That the argument by which this alteration is there justified has had a lasting effect on Plato, there is evidence in the 'Timæus' where the Demiurgus is seen binding together with difficulty the forms of Sameness and Difference, a feat in Cosmogony answering to that which in the 'Sophistes' had been effected by thought.

But not only has Plato's negative procedure a positive aim, but only are his positive opinions based on negative arguments, but otherwise affected by them; his negative results are due to the influence of positive ideas. The same may be observed of most of the negative results of inquiry. If the disengagement from authority of a few exceptional minds, who could

\* See the general allusions to previous difficulties in 'Theætetus,' 187 a, and 'Sophistes,' 239 b.

† See Plat. 'Charm.,' p. 160 a.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 281. 'Plato admits this essential relativity not merely here, but also in the *Sophistes*: in which latter dialogue he denies the Forms or Ideas absolute existences on the special ground that they are known.'

a right to investigate and judge for themselves, is the first condition of existence for philosophy, the intellectual force that is in such persons is chiefly declared through the growth of positive ideas which their individual reason brings into conflict with common opinion. Could Bacon have destroyed Scholasticism without his idea of the subtilty of Nature? Could Astronomy have been revolutionised without the growing belief in the universality of physical causes, (or may we add?) Psychology without the Law of Association? Or how is it that beliefs, once universal, such as the belief in witchcraft, have been displaced from the general consciousness of civilised Europe, except through the diffusion of positive conceptions, such as that of the operation of natural laws, with which the former were felt to be inconsistent. People do not simply ask, what is the evidence for and against a certain thing, but are led by the increasing force of a conviction to reject all which will not cohere with this in reasoning. When something is disproved, this really means that something else is proved.

To return to Plato. His positive beliefs are certainly sometimes prior to his arguments, although in no case are they without a root in previous efforts of his mind. But the negative results are often dependent on the affirmative, and his own convictions come into prominence through the refutation of the notions to which they are opposed.\* This order may not be consistent with a perfect method. Plato frequently complains of not attaining to dialectic purity (*πάσαι ἐσμέν ἀναπλέω τοῦ μὴ καθαρῶς διαλέγεσθαι*. 'Theæt.' 196 e.). But neither is it the order of a philosophy, whose parts have no coherence or correlation of growth. Something of this may be perceived even in the simpler dialogues,† where the Socratic ideal of knowledge, as that which is self-consistent and irrefragable, and of virtue as the direct outcome of true knowledge, is continually present, and is the motive which determines every step. So in the later and more systematic dialogues, such postulates as the priority of mind to matter ('Legg.' 889), and the goodness of the Divine Being ('Rep.' 380, 'Theæt.' 176), which are made the basis of negative arguments, receive support, although not demonstrated, from the experience of the life-long endeavour, clearly traceable to the impulse given by Socrates, to grasp and determine what is absolutely true and good.

\* See vol. i. p. 416. 'The Socratic notion of *good*, as what every one loves—*evil*, as what every one hates—also of evil-doing, as performed by every evil-doer only through ignorance or mistake—is brought out and applied to test the ethical phraseology of a common-place respondent.'

† Such as the 'Laches.'

Mr. Grote, in a passage already quoted, applies the phrase 'anticipating,' to the process exhibited in the dialogues. He has also spoken of the 'new roads pointed out by Plato. This 'mental initiative' is an affirmative element which he has elsewhere failed to take account of. In spite of his profession of ignorance (quite genuine with reference to the standard of absolute knowledge), it must have been obvious to the by-standers that Socrates knew more than his respondents of the subject of their talk. 'He did with men,' says Xenophon, 'whatever he chose.' He certainly often led them (sometimes by a questionable road) towards a provisional conclusion, which he had already formed before his own mind. If the mode of procedure in question is the 'half of science,'\* the questions of Socrates are the seeds of positive knowledge. To throw doubt on this of the attitude assumed in the 'Apology,' is to repeat the question of Meno: 'How will you investigate that which you do not know?' † The irony with which the forward impulse is concealed has a real import, as exemplifying the true method of communicating thought, by eliciting thought; but it is not to follow that the negative aspect of the question at issue was altogether absent from all with Plato. Mr. Grote's observation on some of the dialogues, that in them the conversation is a 'didactic lesson put into interrogatory form, and broken into fragments small enough for the listeners to swallow at once,' might be applied with a certain degree of truth to all the dialogues.

Lastly, positive tendencies may be found in writing which have no clear positive result. Thus Mr. Grote concludes his remarks on the 'Lysis' with the observation that although no positive conclusion can be found there, 'what is kept before the reader's mind more than anything else, though not embodied in any distinct formula, is the good and beautiful considered as the objects of love or attachment.' He also notices that the thesis which Socrates there announces as his own conclusion, and which he dismisses for want of proof, ‡ is developed into a positive result in the 'Symposium.' This might be cited to show that Plato sometimes neglects in a constructive passage objections which in the person of Socrates he has elsewhere enforced; but it is not an instance of connection of thought. The 'Protagoras,' again, yields no positive result, yet however real may be the perplexity which Socrates expresses at the close, it is not mere fancy to find in him a tendency towards the hypotheticalal conclusion:

\* 'Prudens questio dimidium scientiæ est.'

† Plato 'Meno,'

‡ 'That the subject of friendly or loving feeling is that which is neither evil nor good; the object of the feeling, good; and the cause of the feeling, the social presence of evil, which the subject desires to see removed.'—Vol.

he arrives in the 'Meno.'\* If virtue is one, it must be teachable. That virtue which Protagoras professes to teach is not one, and cannot be taught, but as he himself says, is caught by a kind of infection or inspiration of the popular sentiment respecting right and wrong. But were there a virtuous man who could teach the one virtue, he would be the substance of which the rest, such as Protagoras and Pericles, are shadows. Once more, each hypothesis put forth in the 'Theætetus' is set aside. Yet there is a sort of earnestness in the tone with which the doctrine is advanced, that there are objects which the mind contemplates by and for herself,† and that Being is the principal of these. And though the attempt to define knowledge fails, there is a real progress towards a psychological theory of sensation and thought.

It is of some importance that the spirit of inquiry which Plato derived from Socrates should be distinguished from the spirit of negation. He himself, at least in his maturity, seems to have felt this to be the mark of difference between his own life-work and much of what was called philosophy in his day. Mr. Grote, who never abrogates the judicial function except to defend injured reputations, has undertaken the cause of the Megarian or Eristic philosophers, in addition to that of the so-called Sophists, for whom he still pleads with chivalrous persistency. Much of what he urges in favour of Eubulides and his successors is undeniable. That they made essential contributions to the science of formal logic, as Protagoras did to the science of grammar—especially to the theory of fallacious reasoning, which they do not seem, however, to have viewed as fallacious—is undoubtedly true, and such help may have been indispensable, however mistrustful we may be of a philosophy whose chief foundation is on the formal side of thought. Nor can it be disputed that the term Eristic was more applicable in a certain sense to Socrates than to Protagoras or Prodicus. But while vindicating Plato's contemporaries from Plato's commentators, it was our author's business to explain what Plato himself has said; and Plato makes frequent and marked distinction between philosophy and controversy, between dialectic and oppositions of words, between the love of truth and the love of victory in argument.‡ We know too little of Euclides and his

\* See the 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1862, pp. 322-325.

† This detracts something from the force of Mr. Grote's observation: 'nor is any suggestion offered, showing in what quarter we are to look.'—Vol. ii. p. 387.

‡ If we could believe the story that Diodorus of Megara hanged himself because he could not solve a problem proposed by Stilpon in the presence of Ptolemy Soter, it would be incontestably proved (as Mr. Grote remarks, vol. iii. p. 502) that he was a person seriously anxious to solve logical difficulties, as well

his friends to say with confidence whether such hints are directed against them or not, or in how far they may have deserved them. It seems more probable that some less distinguished persons are sometimes meant, or rather that Plato is alluding to a common habit, against which he desired to warn his disciples. It is in any case natural that the dialectic of Socrates should have had a spurious as well as a real development; that the extraordinary mental activity of 'young Athens' should have sometimes taken an unprofitable turn. But the question for the Platonic interpreter is, what did Plato mean by this antithesis on which he lays such emphatic stress? To this question Mr. Grote has not provided an answer. He had a good opportunity for doing so in reviewing the 'Sophistes,' where negation is shown to be the Sophist's element; and he is represented as claiming for himself the privilege of using the purifying Elenchus, whereby he can confute and teach others to confute on every subject. It is clear that Plato intends to separate his own method (probably also that of Socrates) from that here indicated, but has intentionally and ironically made the exact line of demarcation obscure. Instead of clearing this obscurity, however, Mr. Grote only makes the characteristic remark: 'Here Plato draws a portrait not only strikingly resembling Socrates, but resembling no one else.\*' 'Socrates is a Sophist of the most genuine and noble stamp: others are Sophists, but of a more degenerate variety. Plato admits the analogy with reluctance'

as to propose them. But would it be equally proved that he was a sincere lover of truth?

\* He adds that the further definition of the Sophist as a false pretender to universal knowledge applies to no one better than to Plato and Aristotle. The continuation of the plea for the Sophists in these volumes gives a polemical tone to the interpretation and criticism of Plato, which interferes with the harmony and truth of the effect. The *argumentum ad hominem* is repeated almost to weariness. Plato is now represented as occupying the position of Meletus and Anytus, now as agreeing with the tyrant Critias in checking dialectic, now as relapsing into the Protagorean point of view, and again as adopting a line of argument more crooked than that of the rhetoricians whom he attacks. 'The critics do not like to see Socrates employing sophistry against the Sophists; that is, as they think, casting out devils by the help of Beelzebub.' The problems of Zeno are said to have been as acute and more intelligible than the long antinomies at the close of the 'Parmenides,' 'which occupy as much space, and contain nearly as much sophistry, as the speeches assigned to the two Sophists in the "Euthydemus."' But the unkindest cut of all, is to represent Plato, on the authority of the thirteenth Epistle (!), as receiving presents of money from rich pupils, although not teaching for pay.—Vol. i. p. 125, compare vol. i. p. 220, and vol. iii. p. 568, where the same imputation is implied: 'Xenophon being able to prosecute letters and philosophy in an independent way, did not, like Plato and Aristotle, open a school.' We have already recorded our sense of the value as well as of the originality of Mr. Grote's account of the teachers of the age of Socrates in their historical aspect; but we cannot agree with him in the sympathy which he appears to feel for their philosophical opinions.—'Quarterly Review' for October, 1862, p. 319.

[who compelled him?] 'and seeks to attenuate it.' 'Upon this definition Socrates is more truly a Sophist than either Protagoras or Prodicus, neither of whom, so far as we know, made it their business to drive the respondent to contradictions.' It has not occurred to Mr. Grote that Plato may have meant to represent the Sophist as a caricature both of himself and Socrates. There is a similar defect in Mr. Grote's comparison of Socrates and Zeno. He observes the resemblance between them as having been the first to use negative dialectic, but has not sufficiently pointed out the difference, in that the one assailed phenomena in order to establish, the other in order to search for, the idea of Absolute Being; and the latter had consequently a germ of progress not inherent in the former. Zeno, who fought to defend a thesis (like a mediæval schoolman), Socrates, who fought his way through distinctions towards the universal, and the Sceptic, whose hand was against every thesis, who despaired of all search, and with whom knowledge was merely an instrument of attack or defence, are classed together indiscriminately as 'negative dialecticians.'

To those ancient critics who regarded Plato as a sceptical philosopher, Mr. Grote replies that 'Plato is sceptical in some dialogues, dogmatical in others.' But neither term is ever exclusively applicable to his writings. The 'Parmenides' is intended to teach something, and the conviction of the absolute certainty of a speculative proposition is hardly to be found even in the 'Timæus' or 'Laws.' The 'Republic' is a dialogue of invention, and the 'Phædrus' one of exposition. There is a change perceptible, but one more gradual and less complete than is implied in Mr. Grote's formula. The edge of dialectic appears to be blunted with use; but to the last new paths are opened and previous theories are modified, although more slowly than before. In the latest writings less confidence is still shown in assertion than in denial.

Mr. Grote's view of Plato the dogmatist, stands in sharp contrast against that of Plato the sceptic. But the outlines of both pictures will bear to be considerably softened, and their colours would be nearer to the truth, if they could be somewhat harmonised. Plato, he thinks, was unlike Socrates, who, when seventy years old, would not desist from questioning himself and all men, and who, as he appears in the 'Phædo,' 'never more emphatically proclaimed the freedom of debate—the necessity of keeping up the force of individual reason by constant argumentative exercise—and the right of independent judgment for hearer as well as speaker'—never delighted more in intellectual discussion,



discussion, or was more fertile in dialectic invention, than in his last hours. The wheel of Plato's variableness 'comes full circle,' and passes from unlimited freedom to the absolute repression of inquiry.

There is certainly a striking difference between the liberty claimed in the 'Apology' and the restrictions advised in the 'Republic,' or those enforced by heavy penalties in the 'Laws.' And Democratic Athens was probably more favourable to the career of a dissenter like Socrates, than either Plato's Utopia, or his Magnetic colony would have been. There are many of Mr. Grote's observations on these subjects in which we heartily concur. But, first, the exercise of free inquiry in Socrates himself is known to have co-existed with the deepest respect for the institutions of his country, and especially for her religious institutions. He obeyed the laws while he cross-questioned them ('Crito,' 'Phædo'). Secondly, in propounding their imaginary Law of Uniformity, Plato and Aristotle, as Mr. Grote has observed, were practically carrying dissent to the extremest limit. Thirdly, allowance should be made for the ancient conception of law, which Plato and the Athenian democracy had in common. At a time when Ethics were not yet disengaged from Politics, the most natural form of the inquiry, what is right? or what is best? was this, what ought to be the Law? Hence the well-known *dictum*, 'whatever the Law does not enjoin it forbids.' Abstracting from this difference between the conditions of thought in ancient and modern times, we see behind the question, what is to be enacted? this further question, which to Plato must have been the primary one, 'What is for the best?' And Plato, when he wrote the 'Republic,' thought it best that Dialectic should be forbidden to all except a few natures, chosen and sifted by laborious training, and that these few, when they had been trained, should practise this highest study with unremitting and laborious endeavour. This is certainly a different view from that of Socrates; but it is not clear that Plato ever professed the contrary principle, and the opinion here expressed was founded in experience. He had observed the fact, which Mr. Grote also has noticed, that the power of investigating and judging independently on abstract questions is limited to a very few persons, and that those who think to make every 'cobbler' understand their theories are either shallow men, or are sure to be misunderstood ('Theæt.,' 180 d.). He had observed also that philosophical discussion, in the hands of the incapable or the half-educated, is certain to degenerate into logomachy. Hence he thought it desirable that these subjects should only be examined by minds fully prepared as well as naturally

naturally able to handle them. The inference, 'Therefore inquiry, instead of being sown broad-cast, ought to be regulated by Law,' though it is one which modern feeling and experience condemn, was to an ancient thinker almost inevitable. Had Plato reasoned otherwise, he might have merited admiration; but it is unfair to expect him to overstep the conditions of his age. Nor should it be forgotten, in reviewing the 'Leges,' that their author only professes to give what is second-best, still referring his readers to the 'Republic' for the image of a perfect state. He has elsewhere ('Polit.,' 288) compared Law in general to an obstinate imperious man, who exacts the performance of his behests to the very letter, and will not adapt his requirements to any alteration of circumstances. But in the absence of a living principle acting through a perfect will, Plato saw no other means of governing mankind. Even without any radical change in his individual sentiments, he may be supposed to have felt, when he came to legislate, political necessities of which he had not been conscious when engaged in abstract speculation. And this is not to be described as the renouncement of a principle of toleration which he had once held. Whether he would have legislated in all respects for an Ionic as he has done for his Cretan settlement, may admit of doubt. It is certain that he retained for himself full liberty of prophesying; though if he ever wished that 'all the people should be philosophers,' those days of youthful illusion had passed away. And he was to the last open to changes of opinion even in theology, if, as Mr. Grote assures us, on the authority of Theophrastus, he repented afterwards of having made so dull a god as Earth the centre of the visible universe. The Athenian stranger, though speaking with authority, as one who is nearer to the truth than when his search began, yet, like Socrates in the 'Phædo,' continually invites from his companions the expression of dissent. He dwells on the impossibility of withholding what he believes to be important and true, however contrary to received opinions (vol. vii., 821 *b.*); and remarks that every law-giver must lay his account with making many omissions (vol. vi., 769): and the method of his exposition, though 'rhetorical' (or sometimes rather *prophetic*), bears frequent traces of earlier dialectical struggles (pp. 630, 658, 700, 751, 866 *e*, 901 *b.*). The fact that Plato's latest writings are the most religious (though the religious feeling may be sometimes marred with Pythagorean fancies) has a significance not lightly to be put aside.

Mr. Grote does not love the 'Leges.' His political sympathies are repelled by the coercion of belief, and his intellectual requirements disappointed by the preponderance of assertion over proof. He gives vent to an antipathy amounting almost to hostility  
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against this labour of Plato's evening hour.\* 'Senility,' 'passionate asperity,' 'arrogant condescension,' 'ethical sermons and religious fulminations proclaimed by a dictatorial authority,' are a sample of the phrases in which this dislike is expressed.† This kind of criticism is not usual with Mr. Grote, and was by no means called for. Without detriment to his zeal for toleration and freedom of inquiry, he might, as we venture to think, have made less of the vehement appeals and compulsory enforcements of the law-giver, viewing them as part of the accidental framework of an ancient imaginative writing, and have fixed his attention on the grave wisdom, the enlarged experience, the deep reflection on life, of which the treatise is full, and which in great measure compensate for the decline of dialectical and speculative power. Some passages have a kind of impressiveness which is hardly to be found elsewhere in Greek. And the importance which is attached to the moral aspect of religion deserves to be set against the mystical tendency. Plato's 'heresy' that the Gods are not such as to be persuaded by prayer and sacrifices to overlook sins, though inconsistent with some poetical allusions, and, very possibly, with sayings of the real Socrates, is in full harmony with the complaint in the 'Republic' that the popular theology taught men to bring sacrifices from the profits of wrong-doing (*ἀδικοῦντες καὶ θυτέον ἀπὸ τῶν ἀδικημάτων*, 'Rep.' vol. ii., 365, e.). The doctrine of the priority of Mind, to which allusion has been already made, is surely a step of progress in Natural Theology. If in some respects Plato has fallen back within the circle of Hellenic association, his utter condemnation of Hellenic vices is the more noteworthy. Mr. Grote rightly endeavours to see Plato's opinions as they would appear to his contemporaries. But they have also a universal import, which he has overlooked.||

\* *Ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν δυσμαῖς τοῦ βίου*.—'Legg.' 770 a.

† P. 311, 'Homilies and comminations, sometimes of extreme prolixity and vehemence;' 330, 'Oracular and ethical character;' 365, 'Plato baits for the oligarchical sentiment;' 381, 'Plato proclaims how highly he is delighted with his own string of homilies;' 409-415, (heading) 'Intolerance of Plato;' 601, 'the pedagogic rod and the censorial muzzle.' Mr. Grote's depreciation of the 'Laws' may be illustrated by a comparison which is certainly not derogatory to his fame. The archægus of Homeric criticism in Germany, F. A. Wolf, speaks of the last six books of the 'Iliad' as decidedly inferior to the rest, and about the level of the Homeric Hymns, thus mercilessly obelizing such passages as 'The death of Hector,' and 'The interview of Priam with Achilles.' In like manner Mr. Grote is ready to include in his sweeping verdict of senility and arrogance, numberless passages in which the author's sad but calm realization of the 'tragedy and comed of human life' find apt expression.—See especially pp. 731, 766, 803, 817, 875, 881.

‡ 'For many centuries,' says a well-known writer in the 'Westminster Review' for 1865, p. 354, 'the God believed in was flexible by entreaty.' Plato's so-called Polytheism cannot be charged with this defect.

§ 'Natural Theology is not a progressive science.'—Lord Macanlay, quoted by Mr. Grote, at the close of his chapter on the 'Phædon,' vol. ii. p. 205.

|| There is not room here to discuss the curious passage in which Plato seems

Plato is less sceptical and less dogmatical than Mr. Grote would make him; and he contradicts himself less violently. This remark applies equally to the changes of which we have already spoken, and to discrepancies of positive theory. This will be seen presently, when some of Mr. Grote's criticisms of Plato's chief doctrines come under review, and could probably be made still more apparent if something more were known of the order in which the dialogues were written. For the differences between them must be in some way the result of changes in Plato's mental condition, and such changes must have obeyed some law. To reason as if he himself held the distinction between dialogues of search and exposition, and intentionally introduced into the one kind what could not have found place in the other, is to return to the fallacy of Schleiermacher by another road. Nor will the dramatic spirit of his writings account for everything, although this extends much deeper than to the mere style. It would be an unwarrantable paradox to say that we know no more of Plato's opinions than of Shakspeare's. The growth of his philosophy, although not regular, is a continuous growth. Enough can be seen to enable us to affirm that this would be found to be so if all were known. There are passages, especially in his later writings, which unmistakeably express his own conviction at the time when they were written, and there are elsewhere passages which bear relation, either of direct affinity, or partial resemblance, or analogy to these.\* The better he is known, the more easily is his own thought discerned, amidst the poetic colouring, or beneath the veil of irony. His variousness is not attributable merely to the liveliness of his imagination, but to the fact that he is not an isolated thinker, drawing a philosophy out of his own mind. His opinions are brought out by the attrition of contemporary ideas, none of which he was content wholly to set aside; while refuting the claims of each to be the whole truth, he strove to draw together diverse tendencies. But the result of his endeavour is not a mere farrago of contradictory impressions. While attracted several ways, and holding converse with various schools, he was never wholly passive, but moulded every element of thought which he approached. In the infancy of knowledge he had the strongest conviction of the unity of knowledge and of

to assert the uncreated existence of an evil soul. But the text does not seem to justify Mr. Grote in assuming that there is a multiplicity both of the good and evil.—'Legg.,' 897-9.

\* Eg. In the 'Charmides' τὰ αὐτοῦ πράττειν is rejected as a definition of *composures*, but is accepted in the 'Republic.' In the latter dialogue, however, the explanation of the phrase which had been given in the former, 'every man his own tailor,' &c., is distinctly guarded against by the division of labour.

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truth, a motive without which the purely negative still would have been far less keen. To find a raft that will him on his voyage of discovery over all the seas, if not a D and perfect vessel, then that of human building, which p most sea-worthy; to attain the comprehension of every n not in any partial aspect, but as a whole in relation to the of things; such is the completion to which his 'philos aspires.' Nor does this ideal exclude the minutest fragme real knowledge. 'To converse with every creature, and to what the experience of each contributes to the in-gatheri science,' were an employment (he thinks) worthy of the k of the golden age.\* But the particular results of science a little value, except in so far as they are brought into relatio concord. Each special study is to be prized in so far as r and thought are awakened; but the prelude to the free ex of reason is the connexion of the parts of knowledge. 'I whole *curriculum* is brought to the point where the comm and kindred of the several branches is perceived, and a g notion is formed of their relationship, we are brought nea the fulfilment of our wish; if otherwise, nothing has achieved.† Yet these are but the opening notes of the which our students ought to learn. They must be able to the highest reason for everything which they know, and not stop short till they have grasped, and can apply every rightly, the Idea of Good.' It was impossible that Plato s realise this conception; and he was far from thinking th had ever done so. But the fact, which Mr. Grote partly ad that this idea of knowledge not only grew with his philos but was present there from the very first, unites his v phases with strong bands 'in mutual piety.' His claim considered one is his belief in the unity of science. T present age the increase of knowledge has revealed a div greater than Plato saw. But the conviction is still powerf many minds, that truth cannot be irreconcilably at variance truth, and that the analogy between the departments of k ledge is more perfect than as yet appears. By a like l Plato's thoughts were animated. And, at least in the regi 'first philosophy,' to use the convenient terminology of

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\* 'Polit.' 272 c.

† Compare Bacon, 'Adv. of Learning.' 'And generally let this be a rul all partitions of knowledges be accepted rather for lines and veins, th sections and separations, and that the continuance and entireness of kno be preserved. For the contrary hereof hath made particular sciences to barren, shallow and erroneous; while they have not been nourished and main from the common fountain.' —Ellis's ed., vol. iii. p. 366.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 267, 277.

Bacon, the devious paths of his inquiry converge towards one result—the establishment of a true psychology. That wonderment respecting the working of human faculties, which gave rise to the hypothesis of recollection from a previous state,\* and the imaginative glow which lighted up the region ‘at the back of heaven,’† gave place afterwards to more tenable theories of cognition, for which they had also prepared the way. The spirit of Plato will appear less variable when it is remembered that he had to beat out his music through surrounding influences, Heraclitean, Eleatic, Pythagorean, Sceptical. To this day the exact nature and value of inductive and deductive reasoning, in their relation to each other, have not been finally determined. Far less has the world seen a comprehensive and consistent ‘body of reasoned truth.’ In her actual condition, human philosophy, like Plato, is many, and not one. And yet her votaries may feel a sort of immovable confidence that the object which she grasps partially would be known as one if the whole were seen; that there is a harmony of intelligence notwithstanding the diversities of subjective apprehension, and that the course of the human mind, however seemingly erratic, is subject to an overruling law. And they may find a support for this opinion in the history of the particular sciences, in all of which, however slowly, some approximation has been made to the agreement and certainty which have been almost perfectly attained in the case of astronomy. Could Plato, as he imagines the deceased Sophist to, ‘even now put his head above the ground,’‡ he would perhaps be less astonished by the great progress of the sciences, and by the little progress that has been made towards the fulfilment of his prophecy of one perfect science of True Being. But whatever way he might see cause to modify his conception of the human mind, we hold it certain that he would not acquiesce in the gloomy description of the advance of reason, which Mr. Grote has quoted from a French historian of philosophy.§

At this point the battle waxes hot between Mr. Grote and

The difference between them is not one of ages or latitudes but is deeply inherent in the original cast of either mind. Saying of Coleridge, that every man is born either an Aristotelian or a Platonist, has never been so well exemplified. Mr. Grote has great philosophical powers, acuteness and clearness of vision, a firm grasp of the most abstract logical distinctions, remarkable vigour as an expositor; but he has little appreciation of an ideal philosophy, and less when this is clothed in

\* ‘Phædrus.’

† ‘Theæt.’ 171 c.

‡ p. 49. From Degerando's ‘Histoire Comparée des Systèmes de

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an imaginative form. Ταῦτα δὲ ἐστὶ μεταφορὰς λέγειν ποιητικὰς ('this is poetry and not logic'), we think we hear him saying at every turn. He has, accordingly, placed a criticism from Aristotle upon his title-page. Τὸ μὲν οὖν περιττὸν ἔχουσι πάντες οἱ Σωκράτους λόγοι καὶ τὸ κομψὸν καὶ τὸ καινότομον, καὶ τὸ ζητητικὸν καλῶς δὲ πάντα ἴσως χαλεπὸν. 'All the dialogues show extraordinary subtilty, exquisite refinement, inventive originality, and an indefatigable spirit of inquiry; but it is too much to look for excellence in all things.' Plato is supposed to fail of complete excellence because he does not freely and consistently acknowledge the relativity of truth and good, to which, however, he is often compelled to yield. He has opposite tendencies, which prevail alternately in his mind. He 'is usually extolled by his admirers as the champion of the absolute—of unchangeable forms, immutable truth, objective necessity, cogent and binding on every one. He is praised for having refuted Protagoras, who can find no standard beyond the individual recognition and belief of his own mind, or that of some one else. There is no doubt that Plato often talks in that strain; but the method followed in his dialogues, and the general principles of method which he lays down, point to a directly opposite conclusion.'

The same oscillation between relative and absolute is detected in his moral theories. In the 'Protagoras' the greater pleasure is regarded as the ethical end. Not so in the 'Gorgias' and 'Philebus,' where the pleasant is emphatically severed from the good.

In passing, then, to Mr. Grote's estimate of Plato's leading tendencies, our remarks fall naturally under two headings, both familiar to the student of recent English philosophy:—I. The Relativity of Knowledge; II. Utility, as the ultimate Standard in Morals.

I. Knowledge is relative in two senses, not wholly unconnected with each other, which in ancient philosophy were not yet clearly distinguished. There is the relation of subject to object, and the relation of the universal to the particular. For the sake of clearness, these different aspects of the relativity of knowledge may be treated separately, although the study of either involves the consideration of both.

1. Knowledge is relative to the mind. But here also there is a distinction which must not be overlooked. For there is a general and a particular subjectivity. (a). There can be no knowledge apart from the mind which knows. An object of knowledge

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\* Vol. ii. p. 261.

subject is inconceivable. Or rather, knowledge cannot be derived except as the joint working of the mind and of that which is external to the mind. All knowledge is necessarily in this sense subjective. But this condition in no way really impairs the certainty or perfection of knowledge. Any theory of this sort is not inconsistent with the existence of Truth. (b). It is otherwise with the peculiar subjectivity of individual minds. These modify and render defective knowledge of particular men, 'who see and know but differently and have different prospects of the same thing according to different positions to it.'\* Yet even this partial knowledge, so far as it is *knowledge*, has an objective and universal

although it is mere nonsense to talk of eliminating the subjective element, if by object-without-subject is meant knowledge. If, however, by object is meant knowledge without mind, there is no such absurdity in supposing that knowledge, while remaining under the conditions of mind, may nevertheless perfect through being purified from the effect of bias. It is chimerical to hope that to this ideal an indefinite perfection may be made in the growth of science, in which the next forward step is the relinquishment of that which some might regard as aught, for that which all who understand the proofs must understand. This process is, in effect, the enlightenment or enfranchisement of individual minds. The aim of every scientific method is to come forth from the den and stand under the open sky, to correct the inequality of the mirror of a particular mind, to find a method valid for all minds; to shake off the idols of religion and theatre, and become the denizen and pupil of the world, and no longer of a country or of a sect only. Such images, borrowed from the old philosophy, in which Plato ascribed the progress of knowledge. Those who believe in the reality of inductive science will hardly maintain that they are wrong. And they point to an idea of knowledge as something wholly different from individual opinion; as containing a contradistinction to the particular subjective, may be called the subjective-universal.

Very parallel to this, if account be taken of the intellectual tendencies of the time, was the idea of knowledge which Plato derived from Socrates. He looked for a definition that would hold universally, an irrefragable hypothesis, an opinion which could not be shaken by examination. In other words, he looked for that which is true, not for the individual thinker but for all who think. He everywhere acknowledges,

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\* Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding,' § 3.



however, or rather insists, that general truths cannot be attained or imparted except through the awakening of individual minds. There is no vision until the eye is turned in the direction of the light. It is only the coarse Thrasymachus who imagines that he can take and thrust his notions bodily down his hearer's throat. And Socrates, in attempting to answer him, is unable to say anything but what he individually thinks. The Socratic dialogue represents the meeting-point of a particular consciousness with universal reason, and the process which results is an approximation on the part of two individuals to a universal truth. In none of the dialogues in which Socrates is the chief speaker is there any element of authority; but they are equally removed from sanctioning an arbitrary or capricious 'private judgment.' No testimony is admitted but that of the respondent's own mind; no persuasion or enforcement, except that of argument, is applied. The single duty recognised is that of obeying reason. But there is no dispensation from this duty. Except in passages which are clearly playful or ironical, mere verbal juggling and all opinionativeness are earnestly deprecated, and the speakers simply endeavour, by means of dialectic, to obtain and exhibit Truth. 'We must use our own faculties, such as they are, and say what we really think.'\* 'We must follow, at all risks, whithersoever reason guides.'† 'No logical puzzles can frighten us from pursuing the path of knowledge.'‡ 'We have to consider, not who said this, but whether that which is now said be true.'§ 'It is my way, Crito, to yield to no influence of those surrounding me, but to the reason, which, when I think, seems to me the best.'|| This is the reply of Socrates, when urged to escape from prison: and so in the same prison he advised his friends. 'Care not for Socrates, but care much rather for the truth.'¶ This position was contrasted by Plato with that of Protagoras, who asserted the subjectivity of all knowledge without distinguishing the universal from the particular subject. His formula was rude, but intelligible: 'Measure is the measure; that is to say, things are to me as they appear to me, and to you as they appear to you.' This Plato understood as the denial of that belief in a common measure or universal truth which was implied in the work of Socrates, and he joined issue with Protagoras accordingly. Mr. Grote has given freedom of life and interest to this ancient controversy by taking the part of Protagoras against Plato. Himself holding that while the subjective feeling of belief is universal, the object or matter of belief

\* 'Theæt.', 171 d.

† 'Rep.' iii. 394 d.

‡ 'Theæt.', 197 a.; 'Men.', 81 e.

§ 'Charm.', 160.

|| 'Crito', 46.

¶ 'Phæd.', 91 c; cf. 'Soph.' 246 d.

var. a c

in each particular case, and apparently thinking that this imperfection is incurable; not distinguishing, as it seems, between the propositions, 'My belief is my belief,' 'My belief depends wholly upon my individual peculiarities—or, at least, not recognising the difference between belief based on sufficient and insufficient reasons—he can imagine no alternative between a blind dogmatism and the entire relativity of truth. Either one individual opinion is the infallible standard to which all other opinions are to be judged, or else every opinion is alike valid, not indeed for those who question that opinion, but for the person holding it. But is not a third case possible? That which is different need not be wholly different; \* say there not be in all human experience, however diverse, one element? If belief is universal, so also is the process of reasoning. May not the exercise of this on the facts of experience bring men gradually to the acknowledgment of universal truth—not such as have been laid down by dogmatists, but such as is found, at least approximately, after long inquiry, when many ingenious hypotheses some have been verified beyond the possibility of doubt? It is not necessary that these should be dogmatically taught. Indeed, they cannot be imparted directly unless the learner is led to repeat the process of reasoning. His curiosity must be aroused and satisfied, his mind must be awakened to perceive and solve the difficulties attending each hypothesis. Otherwise, he may believe, but he does not know.

Grote accuses Plato of first misrepresenting Protagoras afterwards following him, and of misrepresenting him in turn: in identifying his doctrine with another and a different one, that knowledge is sensible perception, and in having added the characteristic addition 'to me,' 'to you,' as if Protagoras had said that relative truth was absolutely true.

The weight of the former charge depends on the intention of Plato in blending the two theories, and on the exact signification of the term which we translate Sensation or Perception. Now it should be observed that the word *Æsthesis* is expressly said to include, according to the theory, the feelings of pleasure, pain, and fear,† and apparently also the distinction between good and evil.‡ The common characteristic of these impressions and of knowledge, according to this theory, is that of attesting the experience of an individual at a particular moment (*τὸ παρὸν ἐκάστῳ πάθος*). Such present impressions are regarded as more certain than the fainter repetition of the

\* See 'Theæt.', 158 e.

† Ibid., 152 b.

‡ Ibid., 157 e.

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same in memory;\* and the active operation of the mind, in reviewing and reasoning over her impressions, is supposed to be left out of view.† Protagoras might possibly have exclaimed at this, and said that the individual was the measure to himself in thought as well as in sensation. But he seems to have drawn his examples from the facts of sense;‡ and Plato's object is to show that while the impressions of sense and feeling have in themselves only a momentary value, it is not so with the reasonings of the mind by which these are compared and generalised, and which are often justified not at the moment, but long afterwards in the actual experience of those who did not share them at the time.

This brings us to the other accusation, that Plato has suppressed the words ('to me,' 'to you,') which mark the essential relativity of Protagoras' 'Measure.' He has certainly not forgotten them, for he has been at some pains to illustrate this very point, where it is shown how the theory justifies the illusions of a sick palate;§ and, again, where it is observed that the opinion of the true prophet proves not less true for those who did not believe him. If Plato is unfair to Protagoras, it is in making an addition, which may or may not have been consciously implied in the formula, 'Each man is the measure of what is true to him.' To this Plato adds in effect, 'and there is no other standard of true being.' But this negative aspect of the doctrine necessarily becomes explicit, when the statement is viewed as having a controversial import. The assertion 'Man is the measure' is unmeaning, unless this measure is brought into competition with some other, such as the Eleatic Being. Now, if the formula is thus interpreted, there are two less exact modes of expressing the same thing. Either 'nothing is true' (*i.e.* absolutely), or

\* 'Theæt.', 166 a, compare Hume.

† The difference between ancient and modern philosophical language is repeatedly exemplified in this discussion; what Mr. Grote calls 'compared facts of sense,' e. g., weighing, measuring, &c. (ii. 364), Plato would probably have treated as the conclusions of the mind on reviewing her passive impressions.

‡ 'Theæt.', 152 b, ἐπακολουθήσωμεν οὖν αὐτῷ, κ.τ.λ.

§ They are true to the sick man during his sickness. Mr. Grote says (ii. 353) 'Socrates imputes it as a contradiction to Protagoras—"Your doctrine is pronounced to be false by many persons; but you admit that the belief of all persons is true; therefore your doctrine is false." Here also Plato omits the qualification annexed by Protagoras to his general principle—Every man's belief is true—that is, true to him. That a belief should be true to one man, and false to another, is not only no contradiction to the formula of Protagoras, but is the very state of things which his formula contemplates.' Plato is more wide awake than Mr. Grote imagines. He points to the fact that Protagoras did not hold the principle relativity to be only relatively true; otherwise he must have admitted that all the world, who differed from him, were not to themselves measures of truth, and that he himself in their judgment, that is in relation to them, was not a measure, that his principle was not applicable to them.

'everything'

'everything is alike true' (i. e. relatively). Either 'there is no absolute,' or 'the relative is the only absolute.' Both forms of expression are found in the 'Theætetus.'\* But it is not fair to infer from this that Plato has argued 'a dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter.' The same cavil would apply at least with equal force to the language of Protagoras himself, who called his treatise *Ἀλήθεια*, real (not phenomenal) truth.

'There can be no discussion without reference to a common ideal standard.' 'There can be no discussion without reference to individual belief.' Mr. Grote's whole argument proceeds on the implied assumption that these two propositions are irreconcilable. Hence he charges Plato with inconsistency in at one time appealing to an imaginary expert or wise man (the βασιλεὺς τεχνικός of the 'Politicus'), the personified ideal of knowledge, and at other times repudiating all authority except that of the consciousness of the respondent in the dialogue, and thus upholding what Mr. Grote characteristically styles the 'autonomy' of the individual reason. But the whole spirit of Plato's dialectic lies in bringing together the individual and the universal consciousness, and if cross-questioned on the point he would probably have said, as he has said of the kindred antithesis of the one and many, that this union is essentially inherent in the nature of thought, τῶν λόγων αὐτῶν ἀθάνατόν τι καὶ ἀγήρων πάθος.† Those beliefs, however, which are more particularly the respondent's own, which he derives from natural idiosyncrasy or from previous intercourse, are invariably shaken and removed by Socrates, and much also of what is evoked during the conversation by his suggestive art, is in turn criticised and cut away. That which is allowed to remain as the result of the discussion (though still open to further examination) is certainly the present belief of the respondent; but is different in kind from the belief with which he entered on the argument. He began with loose impressions gathered from hearsay or from his own half-reasoning; he ends with a conviction which has been evolved by an active exercise of the reason, in which reference has been made at every step to an ideal standard of knowledge. This result is not adequately described by saying that the beliefs and convictions of one person are modified by another. Plato appeals at once to the requirements of the argument, and to the consciousness of the individual reasoner, and, whether his position is tenable or not, he cannot be accused in this of alternating between oppo-

\* 'Theæt.' 152, 166, 167, cf. 179 b. The former expression, 'Nothing is true,' is however more frequently assigned to Gorgias.

† 'Phil.' 15 d.

site points of view. If the two appeals are mutually destructive, he makes them, not alternately, but together. The hope of Mr. Grote's dilemma pass harmlessly on either side of Plato. Even one who professed to have found absolute truth, might hold that this could only be communicated by awakening gradually the individual mind. But Plato in most of his dialogues professes to be still seeking for the truth in whose reality he believes and invites others to help him in the search. He views universal truth as neither hopelessly lost, nor actually found, but in continual process of discovery.\* He certainly does hold inquiry to be a real endeavour, and not a mere mental exercise, and believes (in spite of difficulties which he keenly appreciates) that distinction between truth and error has a value that is independent of human opinions. And it is here that he partakes in company with his English critic. Mr. Grote urges, in language nearly similar to that with which Socrates in the *Theætetus* affirms to defend Protagoras: † 'To say that a man is wise, is to say that he is wise in some one's estimation, your own, or that of some one else.' ‡ This is undeniable: but then every such estimate must be either true or false, nearer to or farther from the perfect estimate. Of this difference, indeed, no man is an infallible judge, though one man can judge more correctly than another, as experience proves. God, not man, is the measure, as Plato himself has said.§ But it is not less clear on this account that the degree of approximation is something real, and that he who judges more correctly of this is in reality the better judge. Mr. Grote admits that, in his own opinion, in matters involving future contingency most men judge *badly*: || only a few persons, possessed of sufficient skill and knowledge, judge *well*. He believes the distinction to be real and important, and allows that most other persons believe the same. He adds 'In acting on this distinction, I follow out my belief, and do thereby determine individual belief. Like all other causes of belief, it operates relatively to the individual mind.' (vol. ii. p. 355.) This is indisputable: but those who believe the distinction to be real and important, believe in a measure of truth, which they do not suppose to alter with the variations of belief. They

\* 'Phæd.' 75 e, δ καλοῦμεν μαθάνειν, οἰκείαν ἐπιστήμην ἀναλαμβάνειν ἂν εἴη.

† 'Theæt.' 166, 167.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 352.

§ 'Legg.' iv. 716

|| This language, like that in the defence of Protagoras ('Theæt.' 167) as to be adopted (unconsciously) to avoid the words true and false. But it is at least as arbitrary to withhold the terms true and false from judgments, as to apply them to pleasures, which Plato has been censured for doing in the 'Philebus.' See vol. ii. p. 351, where the question of degrees of mental force is substituted for the question of truth or reality.

lieve the distinction to be important for others as well as for themselves. 'When a man speaks of truth, he means what he himself (along with others, or singly, as the case may be) believes to be truth:' he does not mean only what is true to him. Once more, Mr. Grote says, 'You pronounce an opponent to be in error: but if you cannot support your opinion by evidence on authority which satisfies his senses or his reason, he remains unconvinced. Your individual opinion stands good to you, his opinion stands good to him. You think that he ought to believe as you do, and in certain cases you feel that he will be brought to that result by future experience; which of course must be relative to him and his appreciative powers. He entertains the like conviction in regard to you.' (vol. ii. p. 515.) This is freely admitted—and amounts to this, that each (either truly or falsely) believes his own opinion to be true. When Mr. Grote says he thinks the doctrine of Protagoras respecting pleasure 'nearer to the truth' than that of Gorgias, and that of the 'Republic' 'utterly at variance with the truth,' does he mean nearer to and at variance with what is true to him? No man ever held fast an opinion merely as his opinion, but as the truth. And this implies reference to a standard which is independent of individual judgments. But to confound mere individual belief with belief grounded on evidence, or rather not to admit the difference between them, would take us back to Pyrrho and the ancient sceptics. Nor is there any modern theory of knowledge, whether that of Locke or Kant or any other, on which such a doctrine, which is really the denial of knowledge, is tenable. The same misunderstanding may be made apparent by analysing a favorite expression of Mr. Grote's, viz. 'individual reason.' Granted, that nothing is true for me but what I in my own person believe—that it is impossible, even were it desirable, to force conviction—that when I yield to an authority, I exercise my private judgment in pronouncing the authority sufficient, still the question may be asked, wherein differs the assent of the individual *reason* from impressions of sense or creations of fancy? And it would be difficult to find any distinguishing note, except the consciousness that the object of assent cannot be otherwise, and claims the belief of all who think. Mr. Grote will say that this consciousness often proves delusive, and that the case of sensation is exactly parallel.\* Those whose minds are constituted alike have similar thoughts, as those whose organs are alike have similar perceptions.† To this Plato would answer that but for the hope

\* Vol. ii. p. 361, *note*.

† See a curious note in vol. ii. p. 285, where it is said that the controversy between

hope which lay at the root of the endeavour of Socrates, that differing minds may be brought by dialectic nearer to one another, by being brought nearer to unchanging principles of truth; and that the eye of reason may be thus purged to see the light. If philosophy would be an idle pursuit, the turning of an oyster's shell, or a scytalè, a cycle without the hope of progress, an endless process never moving on, a 'purpose' not 'increasing' through the ages, but terminating in failure and despair.\*

How far Plato ever viewed universals as wholly objective is a question which cannot be determined without taking into account the differences of ancient and modern thought. The distinction between the mind and external objects had not yet been clearly made. Both poles (the objective and subjective) were absorbed in the antithesis of Being and Phenomena, which the Eleatics had placed far asunder, leaving their reconciliation as the greatest problem of the succeeding age. The tendency of the early speculation had been to give to psychological problems what in modern language must be called an objective treatment, in saying which we ought not to forget that we are applying a distinction which was then unknown.† Parmenides and Heraclitus were unconscious of the working of the mind, but their thought did not assume the form of self-reflection. The unity or the energy of scientific intelligence appeared to them as the Permanent Substance or the Law of Change, which constituted the Universal.

But the theory of Protagoras, and the more potent influence of Socratic inquiry, gave to philosophy what may with equal propriety be called a reflex or subjective turn, and side by side with Existence and Appearance, or Becoming, rose the corresponding difference of Knowledge and Opinion, or Sense. No Knowledge, according to Socrates, is of Universals, and the Universals Plato identified with Being. He often speaks

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between Mr. Mill (who holds the common attribute of many objects to be one) and Mr. Spencer (who says that the same abstract word denotes one attribute in subject A, and another exactly similar in subject B) illustrates forcibly the extreme nicety of the question between the one and the many, under certain supposable circumstances. Also vol. ii. p. 329. 'The Entia Rationis exist relative to Ratio, as the Entia Perceptionis exist relatively to Sense. You do not, by introducing the fact of innate mental intuitions, eliminate the intuent mind; what must be done in order to establish a negative to the Protagorean principle.'

\* Mr. Grote sometimes speaks of reason in language which appears to be happily inconsistent with his argument in the present discussion. See for instance his touching and impressive words on the death of Socrates (vol. i. p. 302 note). 'He contemplates death with the eye of calm reason; he has not only silenced the child within us who fears death, . . . estimating all things then as before, with the same tranquil and independent reason.' Was his estimate really true? Or was Socrates really pitiable to those who pitied him?

† See for instance the verse of Parmenides, τὸ γὰρ αὐτὸ νοεῖν ἐστίν τε καὶ εἶναι.

general

general ideas, and especially of the Idea of Good, in language which implies that their reality is independent of particular minds, but yet when Socrates suggests, in answer to Parmenides, that they are of the nature of thought,\* he gives utterance to a mode of conceiving them which is never entirely absent, but is latent even where not expressed. This frequently appears from phrases dropped by the way, as when the form (*εἶδος*) is identified with the definition (*λόγος*),† or when, in the midst of a poetical description of the ideal world, it is said that the human soul must have seen the forms of Truth, because it is necessary that Man should comprehend the meaning of general terms.‡ And in the well-known passage of the 'Republic,' where the highest truth is set over against the highest knowledge, they are both viewed in relation to the mind, which, through intercourse with the Existent begets Thought and Truth;§ and the Idea of Good is regarded not only as the transcendent Form of Being (*ἐπέκεινα τῆς οὐσίας*) but as the crowning study or act of intelligence.|| A transition is thus made from what at first appears a fanciful ontology towards a true psychology, which in the 'Theætetus,' 'Sophistes,' 'Philebus,' and 7th book of the 'Republic,' is seen to have made considerable progress in the analysis of mind.¶

2. The question of Subjectivity has already led us to distinguish between particular and universal, between the modifications of the individual consciousness and true knowledge, in which these differences are lost. And we have seen that this distinction corresponds nearly to that made by Plato between the transitoriness of Phenomena and the permanence of Being, and, still more closely, to his antithesis of Sensation or Opinion and Science. But the knowledge of universal truths would be of less value, if these were not applicable to particular facts. And hence the inductive, generalising process, is followed by one deductive and specialising. But this is not merely a return to the subjective particular from which the mind set out. For a phenomenon seen in relation to other phenomena by the light of general laws, is different from the same phenomenon, when first presented to the inexperienced and unreflecting sense. Therefore the particular modification of the individual subject is to be distinguished from the true particular, which has objective as

\* *Μὴ τῶν εἰδῶν ἕκαστον ἢ τούτων νόημα*.—'Parm.' 132.

† 'Theæt.' 148 d.

‡ 'Phædrus,' 249 b.

§ *Γενήσας νοῦν καὶ ἀλήθειαν*.—'Rep.' vi. 490 b.

|| *Μέγιστον μάθημα*.—'Rep.' vi. 505 a; *ἐν τῷ γνωστῷ τελευταία*, 'Rep.' vii. 517 a.

¶ See esp. 'Theæt.' 185, 186, 189 e, 194; 'Soph.' 261-2; 'Phileb.' 33-43; 'Rep.' vii. 523-4.



well as subjective reality. Now as Plato, in the infancy of Induction and of Moral Science, had a notion of universal knowledge, which he believed in but could only partially realise, through an imperfect method of hypotheses and exclusions—so in the absence of any adequate means of verification, he saw the necessity of connecting the universal forms of knowledge with particular facts. The powerful impulse which he received from the Eleatic philosophy tended to the sublation of all diversities of existence, as well as thought, into a merely abstract Unity. But on the other hand, the method of Socrates, whose generalisations were sifted through examples, and the genius of Plato himself with his manifold affinities to the world, required the Muse of Philosophy to descend from these heights, even into the den if necessary,\* and to hold intercourse again with the objects of sense and with mankind. Plato sometimes speaks, especially in his more imaginative moods, as if he wished to repeat the Eleatic contrast of Being and Phenomena in a new form: as if the real and apparent, the Ideal and the Actual, were separated by an impassable chasm. This way of speaking has become stereotyped in what is called the Platonic theory of ideas, including the doctrine of reminiscence: a theory which, in seeking to account for the knowledge of phenomena, awakes new difficulties, which it fails to solve. But in those which Plato probably regarded as his more exact writings, the half-mythical crudities of this hypothesis have disappeared, the necessity as well as the difficulty of reconciling the abstract with the concrete, the Ideal with the Actual, is clearly recognised, and more than one dialogue is chiefly devoted to this task. An approach is made to a new and larger idea of knowledge, not merely as the Universal in which subjective peculiarities are done away, but as the Union of all permanent relations in the contemplation of the mind.† A change of this kind, especially when made gradually by a writer who often ironically half reveals and half conceals his thought, is apt to expose him to the charge of inconsistency. That Plato, in falling into Mr. Grote's hands, has not escaped this fate, is partly due to those who have hitherto represented the philosopher as a mere transcendentalist. But Mr. Grote sometimes speaks as if knowledge could not comprehend the universal with the particular, as if generalisation and specialisation were incompatible. He says (vol. ii. p. 253): 'It is inconsistent in Plato, after affirming that nothing can deserve the name of art except what is general—capable of being rationally

\* 'Rep.' B. vii. 519.

† See especially 'Sophist,' 259 c; 'Polit.,' 272 a, 285 b.

anticipated and prescribed beforehand: then to include in art the special treatment required for the multiplicity of particular cases.' He finds fault with the examples drawn from facts of sense to illustrate knowledge in the 'Theætetus,'\* and truth and falsehood in the 'Sophist.'† See also a passage in the chapter on the 'Politicus' (vol. ii. pp. 471-3), where the relative or specialising aspect of Plato's doctrine is very forcibly characterised. We may notice, as affording a point of transition towards the same mode of thought, a passage of the 'Philebus,' where besides the abstract knowledge of measures, numbers, and forms, the knowledge also of concrete existence is allowed to be necessary for the perfect life 'if a man is to know the way to his own door.' But it is not fair to accuse Plato of returning to the doctrine which he had rejected that 'sense is knowledge,' because he admits that knowledge is related to particulars, any more than it is fair to speak of the argument of the 'Theætetus' as the rejection of individual reason (vol. i. p. 295). He has not relinquished his belief in the immutable nature of true knowledge. 'Where there is not absolute permanence there can be no reason' is an emphatic statement of the very dialogue which asserts the relativity of the ideas.‡ Here we repeat that if Plato holds contradictory opinions, he holds them not alternately, but together. While expatiating on the 'plain of truth,' he speaks of general notions as passing from many sensations to a unity comprehended by reasoning.§ And after describing the happiness of the philosopher who knows nothing of his neighbour but studies the universal nature of man, he speaks of the mind as abstracting and generalising from her impressions. || The 'Phædrus,' as Mr. Grote has observed, combines the extreme of generality with the extreme of speciality. But the special is supposed to be enlightened by the general, and this position, whether tenable or not, is in no sense a return to the mere subjective relativity of Protagoras. The 'Parmenides,' 'Philebus,' 'Theætetus,' 'Sophistes,' and 'Politicus,' do however show a change or growth in Plato's theory of knowledge, which may be briefly stated thus. The difficulty of finding a way down from the Ideas to sensible things is clearly stated in the 'Parmenides,' and again touched slightly in the 'Philebus,' where however the Ideas are conceived somewhat differently as unities amidst plurality, and knowledge, as

\* Viz., the facts of a case of assault or robbery. Plato purposely chooses the simplest examples. But when Mr. Grote represents him (vol. ii. p. 382) as saying that to be personally present and look on is 'essential to knowledge or cognition,' there is a qualification suppressed. It should be 'knowledge of a concrete fact.'

† 'Theætetus is sitting—Theætetus is flying.'

‡ 'Sophist.,' 249 c.

§ 'Phædrus,' 249 b.

|| 'Theæt.,' 175-186.

we have already noticed, is made to include particulars. The 'Theætetus' presents a similar class of difficulties from the subjective side, arising from the co-existence, not of Being with phenomena, but of Knowledge with sensation and opinion. It is natural to suppose that Plato was led by these difficulties towards the modified view which he has expressed in the 'Sophistes'\* and 'Politicus,' where the ideas appear as logical wholes, standing in relation to each other, genera comprising species and species individuals under them; where the distinction of absolute and relative, or, in Greek language, of rest and motion, disappears in the notion of a complexity of fixed relations, and universal and particular meet in an all-embracing harmony or law (*μέτρον*).

II. We pass from the Relativity of Truth to the Relativity of Good. It will be found that Plato cared more to maintain the reality, than to dispute the 'relativity' of either.

Amongst the advocates of the Greatest Happiness Principle, although all identify pleasure with good, there are some whose Ethical End is simply the greatest amount of pleasure, whilst others of a more refined school take into account the quality as well as the quantity of enjoyment, and refuse to apply their ultimate criterion of right and wrong immediately, either as a motive of conduct, or as a standard of the worth of individual character. Were Mr. Grote a thinker of the latter class, it might be possible to 'strike a harmony' between his philosophy and that of Plato on this subject. For in that case Socrates might be imagined saying, 'Honoured Sir! you acknowledge a difference amongst pleasures, a point which I once argued with Protarchus, and convinced him, though Philebus was "of the same opinion still." I may spare myself and you the repetition of that tedious, and, you might perhaps think, obscure discussion, since the conclusion is admitted by you. Some pleasures, you say, are of superior, others of inferior quality; there are pleasures of a higher and of a lower grade, noble pleasures and base pleasures. You are also so good as to relieve my mind upon a further point; which would have come next in order, namely, who is to decide what pleasures are to be considered high or low? You answer, the man of good or noble character: for he has had experience of both kinds, and is, therefore, alone qualified to judge. And if I were to ask you what characters are noble and good, I know that you would answer, Those which are on the whole productive of the greatest happiness; and thus we should return by a circuit to

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\* The important word *μεθεξις*, 'participation in the idea,' occurs only in the 'Parmenides' and 'Sophistes' in Plato.—See Ast's Lexicon, s. v.

int again. I will, therefore, only trouble you with a minute question. How is this judgment, from which is no appeal, to be interpreted? By what mark of these best \* judges distinguish between the higher pleasure? By the measure of utility? Then the pleasure is only made another turn into the same position. But what is the absence of good? Then I must still vex you ; What is the Good? a matter on which I confess ignorant ; but you, who have discovered the End of the Good, will at once inform me.'

It is, however, that we do Mr. Grote no injustice in placing before him the older and simpler form of Utilitarianism, which places as the end and rule of life the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of pain, not for the agent singly, but for the community. It is a little harder † to bring this doctrine into relations with Plato. § But they have more than one point of contact, notwithstanding. If the question of the relation of utility to good be for the moment waived, utility or expediency occupies in Plato to an important place, as the only principle by which institutions and customs are to be judged, and in which he is in emphatic opposition to the authority of King and of the law. He shows a contempt of ridicule equal to that of Bentham. He acknowledges, 'or rather earnestly maintains,' that the highest happiness is the highest happiness, not of individuals, but of the community. No more uncompromising statement of the principle of utility could well be made than that which is placed upon his title-page, and which he follows with Aristotelian criticism || (*καλῶς δὲ πάντα ἴσως χαλεπὸν* suggest the comment, *O si sic omnia!* 'This is the only principle that has been, yea, or shall be, spoken ; all that is honourable, all that is hurtful, base.' ¶ And in the same way the same high expediency is made the test not of honourable, but of the sacred or holy. \*\* Nor can it be said that Plato has anywhere retracted what is there said. He proposed any criterion of the excellence of institutions, but the degree in which they tend to produce or to prevent what he considers to be the good of the State. But in moral character he adopts a wholly different standard.

It is not enough to count it sufficient that this should be productive of pleasure ; the pleasure itself is the good to be produced, except in the souls

τατοι, 'Rep.' vi.

† 'Υπέρου περιτροπή, 'Theæt.,' 209.

τρεῦτον ὁ ἐταῖρος, 'Rep.' 348 e.

§ ἡ ἀλλήλοις ποιῆσαι, 'Theæt.,' 146 b.

¶ p. 130.

¶ 'Rep.' v. 457 b.

¶ οἱ ὀφειλόμενοι, *ibid.*, 458 e.

of men? Virtue is intrinsically good: and this goodness consists in conformity to a perfect law or principle. The good or blessed life is variously described as the imitation of, or becoming like to God, as the harmonious acting of a soul at peace with itself or, metaphorically, as the health of the soul. To this idea Mr. Grote applies the rule of Utilitarian Ethics. Plato's theory of virtue, he says, amongst several variations has the one constant defect of being essentially Self-regarding. This fault is common to the 'Protagoras,' 'Gorgias,' 'Republic,' and 'Philebus:' but most glaringly evident in the definition of Justice, which, all the virtues,\* has the most obvious reference to our neighbour. In this he thinks that Plato is not only wrong, but inconsistent because, after basing his commonwealth on mutual advantage, he defines Justice in the individual without taking into account the effect produced on the happiness of others.

All that is true in this criticism is implied by Plato himself where he says that the philosopher is useless† except in his own city, which is a heavenly one,‡ but that if such a life were lived under perfect conditions, virtue would bring happiness to the virtuous man, and also to his state.§ It must be admitted that the theory of virtue which is not directly applicable to life under existing conditions, is not wholly satisfactory. The Sun is shown of his beams when viewed apart from the atmosphere which he enkindles. For the rest Plato is here the subject of such misapprehension as naturally arises when a modern standard is applied to an ancient and half-developed theory. The principle of utility was known to Plato as one ethical or political idea amongst many. He had not drawn out all the consequences of his own maxim. But he was conscious of no opposition between Justice and the highest expediency. Had he been asked whether the just could be separated from the beneficial, it is plain from many passages that he would have answered No. We may question the legitimacy of the steps by which he approaches the definition of justice, but we cannot accuse him of forgetting the very principle (that of mutual advantage) from which the definition is deduced.\* It is true that he aims at defining justice as a quality intrinsic to the individual; but although he does not expressly assert that this quality affects a man's intercourse with his neighbours (the justice is *πρὸς ἑτερον*), this is everywhere implied.†† The man

\* Mr. Grote observes that the four cardinal virtues appear in the 'Republic' for the first time, vol. iii. p. 162. Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen, in his edition of the 'Phædo,' has with some plausibility traced the same enumeration in a passage of Pindar, whom he supposes to have derived the notion from the Pythagoreans.

† 'Rep.' vi. 487.

‡ 'Rep.' ix. 592.

§ 'Rep.' vi. 497 a.

|| *τὸ ἀφελίμον καλόν.*

¶ e. g., 'Rep.' iv. 419; vii. 519.

\*\* Compare 'Rep.' iv. 432 with 442.

†† See esp. iv. 442.

own happiness, as well as that of others, is viewed as the far-off result, though not as the essence of the virtue.

There appears to be here a similar confusion to that noticed in the previous discussion. Plato's ethics are said to be 'self-regarding and prudential,' just as the dialectic of Socrates was said to appeal to individual opinion. Mr. Grote thinks that every man must act either with reference to himself, or to one or more agents other than himself. But this disjunctive proposition would be by no means evident to Plato, who would see no more self-regard in conforming *self* to the law of reason, than in applying *self* to the good of others, nor would the two requirements appear to him incompatible. Personality cannot be got rid of either in thought or action, but in both may be emancipated, elevated, and guided, by the consciousness of universal truths and ideal relations. And self-devotion to an idea is not less conceivable, and is hardly less a matter of experience than self-devotion to a person or a community.

To speak of the self-regarding character of Plato's ethics is really an anachronism. The Christian golden rule, which Mr. Mill claims as the embodiment of Utilitarian Morals, presents an ideal more complete and perfect than was conceived by Plato. But his views cannot be fairly criticised until they have been studied in their relation, first to the arbitrary theory, and secondly, to the common notions of morality which were prevalent in his day.

There remains the question of pleasure: Can the 'greatest good' be distinguished from the largest amount of pleasure attended with the least amount of pain? This question is differently answered in the 'Protagoras' and 'Gorgias.' The argument of Socrates in the former dialogue, in this corresponding with the indications of the 'Memorabilia,' turns on the assumption that the words 'pleasant' and 'good' are synonymous and interchangeable. Mr. Grote has sometimes remarked on the levity with which Plato adopts arguments to suit his purpose. But in the present instance he has no patience with those German critics who think that Plato in the 'Protagoras' is arguing *ad hominem*, going forth to meet the Sophistical point of view. We are, on the whole, disposed to agree with him. But as the utilitarian standard when applied to the definition of justice was too unfavourable to Plato, so here the same mode of criticism is no favourable to him. A mere pivot of the argument\* is made to appear as one of the most elaborate theories of virtue to be found amongst the writings of antiquity, with the single draw-

\* Compare Aristotle's grave criticism of the simple state (*τὴν πόλιν*) which Plato first conceives, and then relinquishes in the Republic.

back of being 'self-regarding.' The proportions of the dialogues are thus distorted, and, in philosophy, it often makes all the difference where the emphasis is laid. Though it be granted that Socrates, and Plato in the 'Protagoras,' held the identity of the pleasant and the good, this position is here subordinate to the main conclusion, to which the chief importance is attached. Because particular good is essentially relative, therefore there must be an art (or, in other words, a principle or standard of measurement which reaches beyond what is particular and present.\* This argument is nearly parallel to that in the 'Theætetus,' by which the certainty of present impressions is disproved: 'The faculty which judges of the expedient reaches beyond the present, for the expedient is that which is productive of good in the future,'—where the relative and particular is made to testify to that by which particulars are comprehended and measured. In like manner the identification of pleasure and good in the 'Protagoras' is only the stepping-stone to a higher principle.†

Mr. Grote thinks that the 'Protagoras' belongs to Plato's most perfect and mature period. And there can be no question that the dialogue is most charmingly written. But if the sameness of good and pleasure is a Socratic notion, it requires an extreme conviction of Plato's variability to imagine that a position which in the 'Gorgias,' 'Republic,' and 'Philebus' is emphatically renounced, can have been taken up again in the period during which two, at least, of these (the 'Gorgias' and 'Republic') were probably written.

The course of Plato's mind was different from that of modern reasoning on ethical questions. Merely touching on the most obvious data of experience, which he saw and could represent with marvellous clearness, he made these the platform from which to grasp at universal truths, of which he had a distant vision. But this lowliness

'is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.'

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\* This appears to be acknowledged by Mr. Grote in his remarks on 'Gorgias,' vol. ii. p. 128. 'The permanent element is distinguished from transient, and is called knowledge,' see also vol. iii. p. 555.

† Mr. Grote has elsewhere treated as the conclusion of an argument, what is only a dialectical step or moment. Thus in the 'Sophistes' where opposite schools are drawn together, he takes the modification of the Materialist hypothesis as this were Plato's own definition of Being; not observing that the definition was more than once again modified as the dialogue proceeds.—Vol. ii. p. 438.

This remark is at all events applicable to the 'Gorgias,' where the Good is identified with the higher principle, and Pleasure is utterly despised. Plato is here *in apogee*, at the furthest point of opposition to the world. He has arrived at the conception which floated before Socrates of the 'Protagoras' and 'Meno' of an absolute morality—of a life based simply on the conviction of right, and conforming to an immutable standard, wholly without regard to pleasure or pain, reward or punishment, praise or blame. This is a movement in Plato's ethical philosophy, corresponding to the simple assertion of the Universal in his metaphysics. And as in the 'Phædrus,' 'Sophistes,' and 'Politicus,' he seeks to reconcile the Universal with the Particular, so in the 'Republic' and 'Philebus,' but more pointedly in the 'Laws,' he strives to apply his ideal of action to the circumstances of life, and in these dialogues accordingly pleasure is again admitted (with important qualitative distinctions) to a place in the scheme.

Mr. Grote's criticism of the 'Gorgias' is singularly illustrative of his great powers and of the differences between him and Plato. It appears to him to the last degree unreasonable that Socrates should expect to bring others round to his paradoxical point of view. (See especially vol. ii. p. 105.) We have already granted that Plato's ethical theory is not complete, or rather that it is undeveloped: we are ready to grant that some of his arguments turn on verbal subtleties, and that his language is mingled with metaphor. But when Mr. Grote says that he agrees with Socrates,\* does he mean to allow that Archelaus, because wicked, is really miserable; that in wrong-doing he harms not others only, but himself; that he who commits criminal and vicious acts, thereby 'enfeebles and disables' his moral nature; that it would be better and happier for all men, for their own sakes, if they would adopt Socrates' 'noble' (vol. ii. p. 127) scheme of life—strengthened by the additional ground of the effect of conduct upon others—if to them also 'the idea of committing enormous crimes for ambitious purposes were the most intolerable of all ideas; and if they could conceive themselves thus guilty, the sequel the least intolerable to them were one of expiatory pain'? If this be the extent of Mr. Grote's agreement with Socrates, we need only say that we prefer his judgment and that of others like him to that of the 'disinterested' admirers of successful crime.†

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\* Vol. ii. p. 112.—'If my opinion is asked, I agree with Socrates, though not on the ground which he here urges.'

† When Mr. Grote says that the companions of Socrates would not have called him happy at the last, he seems to forget the words of Phædo to Echecrates, 'Phæd.,' 58e, εὐδαίμων γὰρ ἄνθρωπος ἐφαίνετο καὶ τοῦ τρόπου καὶ τῶν λόγων. And in saying that 'the



We may add, however, that Plato's metaphor is more exact than Mr. Grote admits it to be. Sickness is not always conscious. Take, for example, the case of delirium or syncope, or of a man dreaming that he is well. Nor are there many cases in which a man would give exactly the same account of himself from his own feelings, as a physician who had examined him would give.

Mr. Grote agrees with Callicles that Plato's ideal in the 'Gorgias,' if immediately applied to life, would 'upset everything.'\* But this is true only in the sense in which the same remark applies to the Sermon on the Mount, or indeed to any absolute ideal, whose value as an ideal it would be a mere cavil to call in question for this reason.

The verdict of Bacon on the 'Gorgias' is a more temperate one, and might perhaps have received the assent of Plato in his old age.† 'Can it be doubted that there are some who take more pleasure in enjoying pleasures than some others, and yet nevertheless are less troubled with the loss or leaving of them; so as this same *Non uti ut non appetas, non appetere ut non metuas, sunt animi pusilli et diffidentis*. And it seemeth to me that most of the doctrines of philosophers are more fearful and cautionary than the nature of things requireth. So have they increased the fear of death in offering to cure it. For when they would have a man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy against whom there is no end of preparing. Better saith the poet:

"Qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponit  
Naturæ."

*So have they sought to make men's minds too uniform and harmonical, by not breaking them sufficiently to contrary motions; the reason whereof I suppose to be, because they themselves were men dedicated to a private, free, and unapplied course of life. For as we see upon the lute or like instrument a ground, though it be sweet and have show of many changes, yet breaketh not the hand to such strange and hard stops and passages as a set song or voluntary, much after the same manner was the diversity between a philosophical and a civil life. And therefore men are to imitate the wisdom of jewellers, who, if there be a grain or a*

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\* the Athenian public assembly would repudiate indignantly all this pretended right of the strongest,' has he called to mind the words of the Athenian envoys at Melos? See also vol. iii. p. 577 of Mr. Grote's book. 'That unqualified worship of power, which prevailed in the ancient world no less than in the modern.'

\* Vol. ii. p. 110.—'Every theory of punishment would literally speaking be turned upside down.' But if all men were persuaded of Socrates' view, there would be no need of punishment.—See 'Theat.' 176 a.

† See the remarks on the use of strong drink in the 'Laws,' B. i. 638, cf. Grote, vol. iii. pp. 315, 327.

cloud,

wood, or an ice which may be ground forth without taking too much of the stone, they help it; but if it should lessen and abate the stone too much, they will not meddle with it: so ought men to procure serenity as they destroy not magnanimity.\*

'When an object presents divers aspects which are not united in a single view, we know that the point has not been reached in which the whole object can be truly seen.' This is the substance of the remark made by the Eleatic Stranger, after several inconclusive attempts to 'catch' and to define the Sophist,† a remark which indicates the transition from these tentatives to the last more serious and successful effort. Mr. Grote's conclusions may be said to form a similar transition-stage in the labour to define Plato. Proceeding by a method of alternates, like that which Plato in the 'Sophistes' uses and criticises, finds his author on both sides of his division-line. Every teacher, he thinks, must be either sceptic or dogmatist—either content or self-contradictory—appealing either to authority or to private judgment, attributing reality either to natural or to logical ideas,‡ either utilitarian or self-regarding in his theory of morals.

In all these dilemmas Plato might apply what Mr. Grote has happily called the process of Neither and Both, which in this case would not prove to be a merely negative Organon, but would prepare the way for a positive conception. Plato is neither sceptic nor dogmatist; but his philosophy has both a negative and a positive aspect: he is neither consistent nor self-contradictory, or rather he is both, the superficial contradictions really implying the inward harmony. He appeals neither to authority nor to private judgment, but endeavours to awake reason in the individual. He asserts the universal, but does not finally negate the particular. He is neither utilitarian nor self-regarding ethics, but seeks to reconcile the perfection of the 'single and peculiar life' with the happiness of the community. This is a point of similarity between Plato and the 'Sophist' which Mr. Grote has not observed. He is not to be 'caught with one hand'§ included within one member of a logical antithesis.

We have only left room for a word on Plato's political speculations, which Mr. Grote takes *au grand sérieux*. He finds more interest in inferring the mode in which the Republic would have worked, than in tracing the thoughts out of which Plato's conception sprang. Far from repeating at Plato's expense the com-

\* Bacon 'Adv. of Learning,' Ellis' ed., vol. iii. pp. 427-8.

† Plat. 'Soph.' 232 a.

‡ Vol. i. p. 384; iii. p. 520.

§ *Δυσκόλευτον εἶναι τὸ γένος, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον οὐ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ληπτέον.*—Plat. 'Soph.' 226 a.

ment which has been lately made on M. Comte's *politique*, that 'the ideal form of society which he set up is only fit to be an *ideal*, because it cannot possibly be realised,' he believes that the Republic would have answered many of the ends which the founder had in view, such as the suppression of heterodoxy, the substitution of a diffused and mild philanthropy for family affection, the avoidance of poverty, and the reduction 'of the influence of Aphrodite to a minimum.' He seems to take no account of the existence, at least in the progressive races of mankind, of a diffused intelligence, which in some degree determines, under the teaching of experience, what shall be changing, and what permanent, in the common sentiment of a people.

We are also compelled to leave unnoticed Plato's physical or cosmological ideas, which are connected with the ethical in a way, which Aristotle and Mr. Grote think destructive to either science: \* also the chapters on the earlier philosophers and on the other companions of Socrates, which are not inferior to any in these volumes, and are for the most part as candid and judicious as they are lucid and penetrating. That devoted to Xenophon 'the military brother of the Socratic family,' is faultless so far as we are able to judge, and shows how gracefully as well as forcibly Mr. Grote can write, when he has a thoroughly congenial subject. Of his instructive but characteristic remarks on Euclides, Antisthenes, and Aristippus, we have only room to say that the objects of his criticism sometimes find themselves strangely associated. Plato would have been as much surprised to find the Socrates of his dialogues allied with Antisthenes (vol. iii. 520) and Aristippus (vol. iii. 555), as living divines have been when similarly 'harmonised' in recent controversy. We may notice, however, as peculiarly original and acute, the remarks in this chapter (xxxviii.), on the potential and actual (pp. 490, seqq.) and, as interesting and suggestive, the comparison of the Greek with other forms of Cynicism (pp. 513, seqq.).

In limiting ourselves to the duty of characterizing the main features of Mr. Grote's conception of Plato, we have been compelled to exclude much that might have been said in praise, and to refrain from noticing many minor points of difference. If our task has been ungraciously executed, we must plead the narrowness of the space within which our remarks are necessarily compressed. We have endeavoured to show that while his own realisation of the relativity of truth and good, and of the va-

\* See the remarks on the 'Philebus,' vol. ii. p. 610. The conclusion of the chapter on the 'Timæus,' where Mr. Grote points to the contrast between Plato's magnificent ideal of the Kosmos as a whole and his dark picture of the reality existing in detail, is well worth attention.

of human reason, enables our author to bring out an Platonism which has been too little recognised, the nature of the antithesis which he is inclined to make a doctrine of mere relativity and that of an absolute und, between endless divergence and peremptory authorities of belief, prevents him from giving place to a ion, which alone explains the position of Plato—that absolute standard of knowledge, an absolute principle of apprehended though not comprehended, sought but not yet proached, although not perfectly attained, by the pro- scientific inquiry. Hence, in the volumes before us, tion is outrun by criticism. An ancient ideal philo- qually removed in spirit from the majority of his an and from the nineteenth century, is measured, either tions *popularly* current in his age, or by modern philo- logic.

ough Mr. Grote has given a valuable sketch of the earlier ers,\* he has hardly entered into their deep inward with Plato. Nor does he appear to have conceived the extremely subtle mode in which Plato's rea- e blended with the 'quick-cross'-play of imagination ur, or in which they are traversed by a vein of irony, superficial, but often profound. To try to abstract and find the nett logical residuum, is like confusing with statics. Yet our author has sometimes spoken were possible. Thus after noticing the dramatic of the 'Charmides,' he says, 'I make no attempt to this latter attribute: though it is one of the peculiar Plato in reference to ethical inquiry: imparting to the charm which does not naturally belong to it.' For- is rule could not be perfectly applied, else the effect like that of a prose version of 'Hamlet.' On the con- ny of the dramatic situations, if not reproduced, are escribed. But Mr. Grote is sometimes even curiously fact in his treatment of Plato. In this respect also ms are like those of Aristotle, who may be described as ad to some of the characteristic hues of Plato's writings. ce, there is a passage in the 'Gorgias,' where Socrates f his thesis that life is of less worth than righteousness, at the ferryman who has brought many passengers from the Piræus, although he has saved all these persons goods from the perils of the waters, winds, and rocks, ed with pride, but, after taking a modest fare, walks

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account of the Pythagoreans appears to us the least successful.

quietly

quietly on the shore, as if he had done no great thing. 'For,' he says, 'the man has wit enough to know that, in saving their lives, it is uncertain whether he has done them a good or a bad turn. For he cannot tell what manner of men they are, and how they will use their lives and their goods.' On this passage, in which a humorous image conveys a strain of feeling like that of Artabanus in Herodotus, 'There are things in life more pitiable than the fear of death,'\* Mr. Grote's observations are the following:—

'We shall hardly find any greater rhetorical exaggeration than this among all the compositions of the rhetors against whom Plato declares war in the "Gorgias." Moreover, it is a specimen of the way in which Plato colours and misinterprets the facts of social life, in order to serve the purpose of the argument of the moment. He says truly that when the passage boat from Ægina to Piræus has reached its destination the steersman receives his fare and walks about on the shore, without taking any great credit to himself, as if he had performed a brilliant deed or conferred an important service. But how does Plato explain this? By supposing in the steersman's mind feelings which never enter into the mind of a real agent: feelings which are put into words only when a moralist or a satirist is anxious to enforce a sentiment. The service which the steersman performs is not only adequately remunerated, but is, on most days, a regular and easy one, such as even a man who has gone through a decent apprenticeship can perform. But suppose an exceptional day—suppose a sudden and terrible storm supervene on the passage—suppose the boat full of passengers, with every prospect of all on board being drowned—suppose she is only saved by the extraordinary skill, vigilance, and efforts of the steersman. In that case he will, on reaching the land, walk about full of elate self-congratulation and pride: the passengers will encourage this sentiment by expressions of the deepest gratitude; while friends as well as competitors will praise his successful exploit. How many of the passengers there are for whom the preservation of life may be a curse rather than a blessing—is a question which neither they themselves nor the steersman, nor the public, will ever dream of asking.' †

\* "Ἔτερα παρὰ τὴν ζῆν τοῦτων περὶνθαμεν οἰκτρότερα.

† Compare vol. ii. p. 145. 'Pericles would have listened with mixed surprise and anger if he had heard any one utter the monstrous assertion which Plato puts into the mouth of Polus—that rhetors, like despots, kill, impoverish, or enslave any citizen at their pleasure; and the treatment of the Eristic argument in 'Theætetus,' 165, vol. ii. p. 368-9, where the obvious tone of banter, and the humour of the description of the logical mercenary, who, 'after bamboozling you with difficulties, would let you go for such ransom as might be agreed on between you, are quite lost sight of. After this it is not surprising that Plato should be quoted (vol. ii. p. 355) as reckoning the prophet amongst the authoritative infallibles. Measures of future events, or should be thought to be unusually patriotic when composed the 'Menexenus' (vol. iii. p. 348). See also on the 'Philebus,' pp. 59-60, a 612 note.

Occasionally, however, Plato is credited with a metaphor to which he has no claim. For instance in the 'Sophist,' it is said that of swimming creatures some are

We shall be sorry if anything which has been said in this article should be construed into an attempt to detract from the greatness of the historian of Greece, who is sure to give new life to every subject which he touches, and whom the world of letters regards with a degree of just veneration, which it would be equally wrong and futile to disparage. The present work abounds with evidence that his extraordinary energy and patience, his absorbing interest in all that is Hellenic in thought and feeling, his intensity of mind, and the acuteness of his analytical powers, are unabated, and in the art of writing we venture to think that his proficiency is greater than before. It is impossible not to admire the extreme clearness, liveliness, and force with which his views on the most abstruse questions are expressed. He is equally determined to understand his subject and to make himself thoroughly understood. A characteristic feature of his diction, which contributes to this end, is his frequent use of the Latin as well as of the English equivalents of the phrases of Greek philosophy. And the reader's interest is quickened and sustained, while his thoughts are expanded, by a fertility of allusion rarely equalled, as in the frequent illustrations from mythology and history, quotations from the literature and citations of the manners and opinions of various ages and countries, description of ancient in the terms of modern life,\* and the equally suggestive employment of Greek and Latin words to express what is familiar to ourselves. The writer is the same as formerly, only it appears to us that he has reached a part of his work which is less suited to him, and he looks back with unmistakable regret from Plato and the Academy to Thucydides and the Athenian people.† His general tone also is less hopeful than when he wrote the famous chapter on Socrates. But if there is one thing which these volumes place beyond the reach of doubt, it is their author's almost unrivalled fitness to deal with the latest and most difficult portion of his long task. It will be a satisfaction, with which few in contemporary literature can be compared, when we have the advantage of listening to Mr. Grote on Aristotle.

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are fledged (i. e. waterfowl). On this our author observes (vol. ii. p. 401, *note*):—  
 'It deserves notice that Plato considers the air a fluid in which birds swim.'

\* This has sometimes an almost ludicrous effect—as when *βάνανος* is translated 'snobbish,' or when Plato is quoted as saying that 'he may possibly at some future time (*D. V.*) do so and so.'

† See the remarks on the 'Menexenus' and 'Gorgias.'

ART. VI.—*Extracts of the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry, from the year 1783 to 1852.* Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. London, 1865.

THESE volumes consist of Diaries, Letters, and Memoranda, left by Miss Mary Berry to the care of the late Sir Frankland Lewis, to be used by him for biographical and literary purposes, as he might think fit. He died without any such publication, and they came into the hands of Sir George Lewis, the scholar, critic, and statesman, whose loss his country has had deeply to deplore. His well-instructed and accomplished widow Lady Theresa Lewis undertook the vicarious work, and within a few weeks of its appearance she too has passed away, leaving only her two brothers, the present Cabinet Ministers, survivors of a numerous family.

This record of busy death stands strangely side by side with the one long life of which this book is the memorial, a life that nearly lasted its century, and which included within its observations as memorable a period of our world's history as the sun-light has ever shone upon. There is something in these occasionally lengthened spaces of individual existence which seems to make them especially favourable vehicles for biographical narrative—the one figure standing by the protracted course of the stream of time concentrates round itself the images and interests of the past, and acquires an integral value which at any one moment of its being it would hardly have seemed to have possessed: it becomes identified with even more than its own experiences, and is judged not so much by what it was, as by what it might have been.

Memoirs therefore such as these do not require the justification of any rare superiority of talent or character, and will be read with pleasure by many on whom the personage whose name they bear leaves little or no impression. There are others, on the contrary, who would have desired a more distinct representation of Miss Berry's personality; but they may remember that Biography is no easier than Life; and that, while every one has attempted to contemplate his own mortal existence and that of others, each as a co-ordinate whole, with its special character, and its individual meaning, its exceptional moral, he has been constantly foiled by his inability to comprehend all the fragments before him and compelled to content himself either with a vague delineation which he leaves to be filled up by other thoughts and other experiences, or by a work of Art, which he knows to be the child and creature of his own imagination. When Plutarch

placed in noble array for the contemplation of ages to come his images of heroes and sages, or when Dr. Johnson drew that gallery of poets, so many of whom only survive in his portraiture, the writers must have been conscious how little of the real man lay behind those strong or graceful representations, how much that was even faithfully recorded may convey a false impression, how much was inevitably omitted which might contradict every education and alter every estimate. Thus, in these later days of literature, while we are more and more thirsting for what is most true in humanity, and ever widening our interests in the adventures and vicissitudes of mankind, we receive unwillingly those biographies in which the artist is predominant, even when agreeably and skilfully executed; and we are very indulgent with any congeries of materials out of which we can ourselves embody some living personality, which, either for its own sake or by its contingencies and surroundings, challenges our attention or deserves our regard. It is therefore with diffidence and doubt that we attempt, from the motley materials of this book, to draw even an accurate sketch of the lady whom our generation mainly remembers as the centre of a most pleasant social circle, and to trace by what combination of circumstances and character she came to live an almost public life without forfeiting or infringing the conditions of a simple and unostentatious existence, and to die amid the affectionate regrets of the foremost men of our own day, after having been courted by Horace Walpole and having refused to be introduced to Dr. Johnson. There always seems something patriarchal in relation to ourselves, in persons who have lived to the present generation from before the French Revolution. That deluge has left a strait behind it, separating the historical worlds, and those who have been on the other side of it seem to have enjoyed a double life. Miss Berry's youth witnessed the great century of common sense and chief era of the liberation of the human mind closing in an *auto-da-fé* of political fanaticism, which still affects the imagination of mankind: she was the living tradition of a world of shattered hopes, dispersed illusions, and drifted philosophies.

The personal circumstances of her girlhood were singularly unpropitious. To the daily troubles of genteel poverty was added the continuous gloom of a domestic disappointment, her father having been at one time the supposed heir of a wealthy Scotch uncle, and afterwards supplanted by a more active, and (according to Miss Berry) a less scrupulous brother. Of her mother she had one glimmering infantine recollection, a pale figure in a green dress, who had left little other remembrance in the family than that she had prayed that her children might be endowed with a vigorous character,



character, an aspiration which in Mary's case was undoubtedly realised. The father could not impart to this desolate home either useful occupation or pleasant companionship; and the young ladies do not seem to have enjoyed any advantages of instruction beyond the most ordinary teaching of their class in that not very intellectual time. When Mr. Berry first settled in the north of Yorkshire, Lady Percy, who lived at the neighbouring great house at Stanwick, formed a kind of friendship with his wife; but this was not continued to the daughters, nor would it have been of much use if it had been, for the lady was soon after divorced on account of her intimacy with a Mr. Bird.

Occasional visits to their cousins, the Cayleys, a family which for many generations has borne a stamp of much talent and originality, seem to have been the only opportunities either for cultivation of intellect or development of character afforded to them; and yet, by the time when an increase of income consequent on the uncle's death, enabled them to make a tour on the Continent, they were not only sufficiently well-informed to enjoy fully all the novelties and associations of travel, but so distinguished by their manners and conversation, combined with much personal beauty, that they were at once admitted to the best society, wherever they might find themselves, and laid the foundation of that social popularity and respect of which these volumes are the record. A sufficient command of the Latin classics to give a scholarly turn to their knowledge, without a taint of pedantry; a familiarity with the French tongue, which throughout life made the society of foreigners as easy to them as that of their countrymen; a thorough understanding of their own language and literature, as exhibited in its best and purest models, which shone in all their conversation, and enabled them in mature years to express themselves on paper in a forcible, judicious, and graceful style; an adequate study of the principles of Art, combined with a fair facility of practice,—these were the results of the self-culture which the Misses Berry acquired in a remote provincial home, and which they might well have regarded through the long vista of years, not with the bitter remembrances of toil, effort, and privation, but with a legitimate pride in the conquests of talents and will over adverse fortunes, and with a grateful consciousness of the mental faculties that could do so much for themselves, and needed so little obligation to others.

The Journal of her first foreign tour, which such a young woman might write, must naturally be intended for her own pleasure and reference, or, at most, for the perusal of intimate friends; and the reproduction of it, at something more than eight years

years' interval, has just the interest of the distance of time and nothing more. There are names there fresh which this generation can just remember—such as M. de Staël consulting her on his marriage with Mdlle. Necker; there are incidents of hard travel over paths now easy and familiar—such as the journey to Chamouni on four planks under a canvas roof; there are some few traces of old-world manners, such as the ballets at the Neapolitan Theatre, where the Queen appeared on the stage in the character of Ceres and the Kings of Naples and Sweden as Lapland-hunters pursuing their courtiers disguised as bears, which are curious to recall; but, on the whole, the object would have been better secured by a few judicious extracts, than by above a hundred pages, which no one will read consecutively.

Two years after their return to England the Berry family took a house on Twickenham Common—a most important incident in their destiny—for in the autumn of 1788, at the house of Lady Herries, wife of the banker in St. James's Street, they were introduced to Mr. Horace Walpole, the finest of fine gentlemen and fine writers, the prince and patriarch of Dilettanti, the reviver of supposed Gothic architecture, and the lineal representative of one of the greatest of English names. The first night he met them he avoided their acquaintance with a characteristic reserve: he had heard so much in their praise, that he concluded they must be 'all pretence;' but the second time, in a very small company, he sat by Mary, and found her 'an angel inside and out.' He soon did not know which sister he liked best, except that 'Mary's face was formed for a sentimental novel, but ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing—genteel comedy.' He could give her no higher praise—Genteel Comedy was his ideal of life; and from that day to the close of his own he acted the part of the veteran friend and paternal lover to both, with tact, with tenderness, and with fidelity.

It is impossible to overrate the value of this association to the Misses Berry's social position, though its influence on their character and pursuits may have been exaggerated. It established and fixed them as personages of the best English society; it gave them all his numerous circle of acquaintances out of which to make their friends, and by its very delicacy and difficulty it exercised and made manifest those sterling qualities of generosity and discretion which underlaid their more prominent attractions.

To Horace Walpole himself this relation was at once a true intellectual pleasure, and an element of moral sanity in his declining years which, to judge from such compositions as his  
'Hasty

'Hasty Productions,'\* was seriously required. The familiarity of these ladies with continental literature and manners made their intimacy especially agreeable to the correspondent of Sir Horace Mann and the adorer of Madame du Deffand, and their peculiar freedom from petty prejudice or feminine folly enabled him to repeat to 'youth and beauty the compliment he loved to address to the blind and aged object of his affectionate admiration. 'Sit down there, Good Sense!' He found, too, in this sisterhood an ingenious means of expressing the warmth of his attachment, which saved him from the position of an aged wooer, and either lady from the imputation of an interested connexion. They were his 'twin wives.' 'I pique myself,' he writes, on the day of their departure for the continent in 1790, 'on no other philosophy but what a long use and knowledge of the world has given me—the philosophy of indifference to most persons and events. I do pique myself on not being ridiculous at this very late period of my life; but when there is not a grain of passion in my affection for you two, and when you both have the good sense not to be displeased at my telling you so (though I hope you would have despised me for the contrary), I am not ashamed to say that your loss is heavy to me.' Not that the suspicions a scandalous public were altogether eluded, for a newspaper paragraph, soon after his succession to the earldom and an additional estate, having ill-naturedly connected his name with that of his protégée, aroused an amount of indignation hardly commensurate with the offence. In an eloquent letter (October, 1790) Miss Berry's pride reverts to the hereditary injustice which casts its shade over her early life, and she candidly tells him that, 'our seeking your society is supposed by those ignorant of its value to be with some view beyond its enjoyment, and our situation represented as one which will aid the belief of this a mean and interested world, I shall think we have perpetually reason to regret the only circumstance in our lives that could be called fortunate.' These expressions, and the whole tenour of Miss Berry's conduct, combined with a circumstance to which we will presently allude, seem to negative the notion prevalent amongst her friends—that she voluntarily declined the advantages of fortune and position which she might have enjoyed as Lord Orford's wife. There is no trace in these papers of a proposal of the kind, and there was in him a sensitive dislike to all rash and exceptional behaviour, and an absence of all sturdiness of independence of the opinion of the world in which he moved.

\* Printed 1791. Fortunately the rarest of his works.

would have naturally disinclined him to such a step, except alternative of some great annoyance. If the question had before him, whether he would lose altogether the society of dear young women or try to obtain one of them as his wife, he would probably have hesitated; but this supposition in itself creates some state of circumstances which never existed, and a change of character on the part of either of the sisters which he would have destroyed their moral identity. With all his courtesy and kindness to Agnes, it is impossible not to see that Lord Fitzwilliam beheld her with a reflected light, and it is no disparagement to her memory that, by herself, she was not likely to have excited his imagination or fixed his affections as Mary did, in a lesser degree, Agnes through Mary. And Mary, when she had known Horace Walpole, had already met with the man who had inspired her with a profound and lasting passion, and she idealised with a womanly desire that belied her common sense and led astray her sober judgment, and whose fickleness and desertion were almost more than even her proud and firm nature could sustain.

From an isolated sentence in Miss Berry's diary of the year 1790, it appears that some passages of affection had taken place between her and the Lord Fitzwilliam who bequeathed his noble estates to the University of Cambridge. When visiting the University, she recognised his old valet, who told her that his master frequently spoken of her to him, and she adds, 'What a difference in our two fates had they been united! It seems to me I might, perhaps, have gained as much as I should; but I know?' With this exception, there is no allusion in the pages of her journals to the question of marriage, except in the one instance of her life—her engagement to General O'Hara. This occurs in the first of her expeditions to Italy, May 30,

'With M. Ronconi, M. Conway, and General O'Hara, to the proper parts of St. Peter's.' During the next twelve years, as these records go, we know nothing of the relation between them except from some slight allusion in Lord Orford's letters. She tells us in 1790 that some one is appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar in the place of her friend General O'Hara, and adds, he shall be sorry if he is mortified, and she consequently. In the same strain the next year he writes, 'O'Hara is coming to town, and you will love him better than ever; he persuaded the captain of the ship, whom you will love for being persuaded, to stop at Lisbon, that he might see Mrs. Damer. He has been shockingly treated.' And again, 'I have seen O'Hara, his face as ruddy and black and his teeth as white as ever, as fond of you too, and as grieved at your fall as anybody—  
but



unavoidable suspense, I find myself not only totally disappointed in a plan of happiness, founded on the most moderate desires, and pursued by the most rational means, but obliged to change my opinion of one of the characters in the world of which I had ever thought the highest, and in whose known truth and affection I have even had the most entire confidence and the sincerest satisfaction long before I considered him in any other light than that of a friend. I shall not dwell on the effect which you will easily guess all this must have had on a heart as warm and as *little generally* confiding as mine, but a heart which, when once it trusts, trusts so implicitly.

But when his character is attacked by some one else, with a charming feminine inconsistency and latent passion she writes:—

‘Mr. L., you say observes that my affections have been more deeply engaged than I was aware of, and Mrs. D. has repeatedly intimated the same to you. Needed you any intimation that my affections *must* have been *deeply* engaged before I resolved, or even thought of marrying? Had I even chosen to think of making what is called a *prudent* marriage, did you suppose that I, in common with all my sex, might not have done it? or could you suppose *this* a *prudent* marriage? Did my silence on this subject deceive you? And did you really believe me capable of the *platitude* of talking in raptures, or enlarging on the character and perfections of the man whom I considered as my husband? Now that he no longer stands in that position, it is not ~~my~~ having reason to complain of him that shall prevent my doing him justice. I know not where you have taken your reports of his character, but I know that a character “universally highly thought of” is the last I should choose for any intimate connexion, for (except in early youth) nothing but mediocrity can possibly attain it. I have heard O. H. called too *exigant* and *worriting* by idle officers under his command, and too bold by the ministerial people here, after the failure at Toulon; but in my life I never heard an allegation against either his heart or his understanding; and if I had, I should not have believed it, because in a long acquaintance I have myself *known* and *seen* repeated proofs of the excellence of both. Instead of not knowing “any real virtues he possesses” until this unfortunate affair, in which I am still convinced his head and not his heart is to blame, I know nobody whose character united so many manly virtues. It was this, joined to a knowledge of his conduct in all the relations of life in which he then stood, that entitled him to the “approbation and love of such a heart” as mine, and I felt and know he decidedly “suited me as a friend,” because to an excellent understanding, great natural quickness, and much knowledge of the world, he joined an affectionate tenderness of heart which had always inspired me with a degree of confidence and intimacy, you have often heard me say I hardly ever felt with *any* other person. . . . I still believe that had this separation

never taken place, I should never have had to complain of him, nor he to doubt me.'

It is impossible not to feel some interest in the career and character of the man who inspired this passion and earned this regard, and we have in the excellent novel, entitled 'Cyril Thornton,' by Colonel Hamilton, the portrait of him in his later years, vividly sketched by an eyewitness, and, it would seem, personal friend. He is described as being then at the age of sixty-seven remarkably handsome, and giving the impression of a man who had been distinguished both in camp and court:—

'He was a bachelor, and had always been noted as a gay man—to say a man, perhaps, to have ever thought of narrowing his liberty by the imposition of the trammels of wedlock; notwithstanding an office of considerable emolument which he held, I believe, in the Royal Household, he had dissipated his private fortune and become deeply involved in his circumstances. He was a *bon vivant*, an amiable boon companion—one to whom society was as necessary as the air he breathed—at his own table, in nothing distinguished from those around him, except by being undoubtedly the gayest and most agreeable person in the company. Anecdote-telling was at once his forte and his foible—his forte, because he did it well—his foible, for, sooth to say, he was sometimes given to carry it into something of excess. He would entertain his friends by the hour with the scandalous tittle-tattle that had been circulated at Court or in the clubhouses some thirty years before, and did more than hint at his own *bonnes fortunes* among the celebrated beauties of the British Court, and the *bona-robas* of France, Italy, and Spain. I have seldom heard a finer voice or one more skilfully managed.'

From this sketch we may fairly imagine a reverse of the medal equally true. There were friends of Miss Berry who thought she had had a good escape from a noisy roystering Irishman, with little taste in literature, and who probably would have ended as a domestic martinet and a social bore. But it was not for her to understand this; and when in 1802 some one entering the opera-box of Lady Stuart, at Paris, mentioned that the Governor of Gibraltar was dead, Miss Berry fell motionless to the floor. Death held sacred the memory that life had cherished, and thus she writes to Mrs. Cholmley in 1805:—

' . . . . I must tell you that yesterday driving out with Lady Douglas I told her my *whole story*. She had often expressed such a wish to be informed of some *particular chapters*, as she called them, before she began reading my *Life* that I thought it unfriendly, indeed, had no wish, to withhold it. Luckily I spoke to a person disposed to enter into my views, and my sentiments for the subject of my tale. She

heard much of *him* from the Duchess of Buccleugh, with *other* Lord Mountshannon he was particularly intimate. She *heard* him once or twice with Lady Pembroke, was delighted with *him*, and so was everybody she knew. Nobody could enter *into* my feelings, think higher of my conduct, or be more *interested* at *his*, which I could only end by saying, remained to this explicable to you and to me as it could be to her. She had *heard* something of it indistinctly before from Lady Louisa Stuart; *another* day at dinner here, a gentleman happening to mention a *planned* attack upon Cadiz from Gibraltar, which he said had *been* proposed by O'Hara, and was always *his* plan, the effect she saw *upon* me, made her feel herself growing red and pale every *from* fright that he should again mention the subject. I was *as* well, and the mention of that plan brought forcibly to my *a* flattering idea with which O'Hara accompanied it, when he *mentioned* to me having proposed such a plan to Government, *as* a brilliant success in an action of *éclat*, I should be the less *of* becoming his! Though I had no pain, but rather satisfaction in talking over all this yesterday with Lady Douglas, yet it *in* all the circumstances, all the scenes, all the feelings of that *month* so strongly before me, that I have been living ever since *in* with *him* and with *you*. Where else, alas! can I ever *find* a company so exactly suited both to my head and my heart! \* \*

to Mrs. Damer in 1811:—

*was* at Park Place yesterday. It had rained much in the night, *a* gray, damp, melancholy day, suiting well with the feelings *I* had to it. Never did I see a place which, without being much *is* so perfectly changed, so *triste*, so comfortless! Everything *altered*: the seats all falling to pieces, the trees overgrown in *places*, and in others dead and left standing, the poor little *garden* with its fountain dry and its borders flowerless, its little *overgrown* and broke, and the thorn-tree in the middle let to *cover* the whole space. Oh, how every step of it affected me! *me* and O'Hara sitting under this thorn-tree in its trim days, *myself* having left you merely to enjoy the delicious sensation of *seeing* you were expressing for me every sentiment that I could *inspire*. I saw him following me into the laurel walk, and in *me* a letter (which I had accidentally dropped) in a joking *first* convincing me of the seriousness of the sentiment I had *in*. I sat down at the end of the library, and saw your form at *work*, on a ladder, arranging the new-placed books, and the look *came* and recalled, when you found us sitting at the other end of *me*, just where you had left us when you returned again to your *room*. . . . I am so glad I have seen Park Place *once*, in spite of all *melancholy* it inspired, but I should be sorry to see more of it.'

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\* This letter is not printed by Lady T. Lewis.



Once more, forty-eight years after the breach of his plighted faith, Miss Berry reopened the packet of letters that had passed between them, and, as Lady Theresa Lewis well expresses it, 'attached to it the following touching little record of the disappointed hopes and blighted affection that deepened the natural turn of sadness in her character : '—

' This parcel of letters relate to the six happiest months of my long and insignificant existence, although these six months were accompanied by fatiguing and unavoidable uncertainty, and by the absence of everything that could constitute present enjoyment. But I looked forward to a future existence which I felt, for the first time, would have called out all the powers of my mind and all the warmest feelings of my heart, and should have been supported by one who, but for the cruel absence which separated us, would never have for a moment doubted that we should have materially contributed to each other's happiness. These prospects served even to pass cheerfully a long winter of delays and uncertainty, by keeping my mind firmly riveted on their accomplishment. A concatenation of unfortunate circumstances—the political state of Europe making absence a necessity, and even frequent communication impossible, letters lost and delayed, all certainty of meeting more difficult questions unanswered, doubts unsatisfied. All these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, not at one fell shock, but by the slow mining misery of loss of confidence, of unmerited complaints, of finding by degrees misunderstandings, and the firm rock of mutual confidence crumbling under my feet, while my bosom for long could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right. And so it would, had we even met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at his government at Gibraltar till his death, in 1802. And I forty-two years afterwards, on opening those papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings are indelible.'  
—M. B., October, 1844.

In the year following this great desertion the Misses Berry lost their distinguished friend, and whom in the classic sense they would have gladly named patron; Horace Walpole. In Mary's journal these words only, underlined, record the loss—*Lord Orford dies*. Henceforward the two sisters had to face life together and alone. Their kindly father almost inverted the due relation between them, and was a real encumbrance on, though an interest in, their existence. Their favourite distraction, travel, was no longer possible—they were shut up within the four seas. In 1798 Miss Berry writes :—

' Most thoroughly do I begin to feel the want of that *shake out of* English ways, English whims, and English prejudices, which nothing but leaving England gives one. After a residence of four or five years

we all begin to forget the existence of the continent of Europe, till we touch it again with our feet. The whole world to me, that is to say, the whole circle of my ideas, begins to be confined between North Audley Street and Twickenham. I know no great men but Pitt and Fox; no King and Queen but George and Charlotte, no town but London. All the other Cities, and Courts, and great men of the world may be very good sorts of places and of people for aught we know or care; except they are coming to invade us we think no more of them than of the inhabitants of another planet. We should like, indeed, just to know what is become of Buonaparte, because we are afraid of our settlements in India, and because we are all great news-mongers and politicians, though more ignorant, more incapable of any general view upon these subjects, than any other people with whom I ever conversed, the French of ten years ago only excepted.'

No wonder, then, that she was eager to avail herself of the negotiations at Amiens, and one of her first remarks is the great improvement of the country in cultivation and apparent prosperity since her former visit. The Revolution, indeed, fell with very unequal severity on different portions of France, and the cooler temperament of the Northern population not only checked the violences of political fanaticism, but enabled them to use the advantages which the destruction of the old order of things placed within their grasp. This journal is the best description we have seen of the short truce which Western Europe then enjoyed, and the sketches of social life in Paris are distinct and interesting. Towards the First Consul himself Miss Berry was far from feeling that odd mixture of contempt and terror that possessed the English mind for so long in their estimation of a character that still exercises the conflicting judgments of mankind. Not that she thought otherwise than the ordinary society of her day of the French people and their Revolution, as her 'French Creed' shows, though she may have protested against her friend Walpole coupling Tom Paine and Dr. Priestley—the 'trull Sillery' and the 'virago Barbauld'—in a common condemnation. But in the beginning of 1800 she had written, 'What think you of the *man Buonaparte*, absolute King of France, quietly established in the Tuileries! For my part I admire him, and think if he can keep his place he does his country a service. . . . Now that an absolutely aristocratical government is established, what is it to us whether Louis Capet or Louis Buonaparte' (a prophetic slip of the pen, indeed!) 'is at its head? If the nation is once in a state to maintain the relations of peace and the conditions of treaties, what *have* we, what *ought* we to have to do with the means?' The first time she beheld him was at a grand review, where she only notices his good seat on horseback, his  
sallow

sallow complexion, his very serious countenance, and cropped hair. When she saw him nearer the man of the circle seemed very different from the man of the parade: he appeared taller and with an uncommon sweetness in his look, his whole countenance giving rather the impression of complacency and quiet intelligence than of any decided penetration or strong expression whatever. His eyes seemed light grey, and he looked full in the face the person to whom he was speaking. She found the Decades formally superseding the old weeks, and yet the shops shut on Sundays, and the people in their best clothes, like *Dimanche bien constaté* of the *ancien régime*. In dress the fashion of loads of finery in gold and silver, bare necks and shoulders more than halfway down the back with the two bladebones squeezed together in a very narrow-backed gown, arms covered with nothing but a piece of fine lace between the shoulders, and trains that never ended, produced a most displeasing effect accompanied as it was with the general absence of taste; while at the theatres costly shawls and lace covered the vulgar figures, and the old costumes of the different *états* had all disappeared. She remarked that the men were less courteous in their demeanour to women, though the general behaviour of people in all public places was perfectly decorous. Cambacérès wore a blue velvet coat, with broad gold embroidery, fustian breeches, and common turn-down boots; and everybody's clothes looked as if made by a village tailor. Madame de Staël received her in an excessively dirty cabinet—sofa singularly, —in a loose spencer with a bare neck; and no signs appeared of the earnest friendship which afterwards grew up between them. She was, of course, delighted with the treasures of the Louvre, but remarks with justice how much many of them suffered from those restorations, of which every traveller in Madrid now sees the painful effects in the *Perla* and the *Spas*. In the Pantheon she speaks of seeing the 'tomb, or rather cenotaph' of Voltaire. It would be curious to know on what authority she makes the distinction,—the discovery of the absence of the bones, which had been transferred there with so much pomp during the Revolution, having caused within the last months much inquiry and controversy.

Returning to England after this singular visit, the Berrys crossed the Channel again in October for a lengthened tour, described in the same clear-sighted way as the sojourn at Paris, and with so amusing personal adventure, but, on the whole, not so well worth recording. There is one passage detailing all the discomforts of a night passed at Tourves, a village between Aix and Nice, '

the strange way in which all that was painful in the recollection was dissipated and overcome by the delight of an early morning walk on the rocky edge of the Mediterranean, in the mild freshness of the southern winter air, with the sun rising out of the glorious sea, and the vivid green of the pines on the nearer hills, that will forcibly remind the reader of that beautiful page of Miss Martineau's 'Life in the Sick-Room,' in which, leaving the bed and sick-room that seemed full of pain, she looks through the window-curtain on the flood of rays flashing over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, then gilding the green down below, then lighting up the yellow sands of the opposite shore to Tynemouth harbour, with the garden below glittering with dew, and buzzing with early bees and butterflies. 'I was suffering too much,' adds the invalid, 'to enjoy this picture at the moment; but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all these hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been—while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore.' . . .

She was struck with the unfavourable effect of the French Revolution and French intercourse on the Swiss character: 'The peasants, I believe, have really gained by the abolition of the feudal and seigniorial rights; but the inhabitants of the towns, who were formerly an industrious, sober, and (for the age they lived in) simple set of people, are grown at once idle, insolent, and corrupted, which sits infinitely worse upon the dull *grossièreté* of the Swiss character than upon the pert *légèreté* of the French.' The party, indeed, had soon after to make their escape from Switzerland on the renewal of hostilities, not knowing how far the rigorous detention of English travellers by the French Government might extend—the French influence at that time being so dominant in that country that Miss Berry speaks of the annexation of the Pays de Vaud to France as a political certainty. She found little gratification in returning to Lausanne, after an absence of nearly nineteen years, which, she writes, she had 'left while in the heyday of life, with a thousand brilliant prospects, hopes, and ideas before one, all cruelly failed in a *manquée* existence, and which at sober forty can never be revived.' It was in this spirit that in the following year, which was additionally saddened by the final failure of Agnes's engagement with Mr. Ferguson, which, besides the personal attachment, would have rehabilitated the sisterhood, as it were, in the family possession of which they always fancied themselves defrauded, she wrote an imaginary Epitaph on herself, little thinking that forty-eight years would elapse before she lay down to her final rest:—

' Beneath

'Beneath this stone is deposited  
 The dust of one, whom—  
 Remarkable for personal beauty—  
 Considerable superiority of intellect,  
 Singular quickness of the senses,  
 And the noblest endowments of the Heart,  
 Neither distinguished, served, nor  
 Rendered happy.  
 She was  
 Admired and neglected,  
 Believed and mistaken,  
 Respected and insignificant.  
 She endured years of a useless existence,  
 Of which the happiest moment was that  
 In which her spirit returned to the bosom  
 Of an Almighty and Merciful  
 Creator.'

This sad summary of life and character will seem to many incongruous with the successful woman of society, the cheerful host, the welcome guest, the friend and correspondent of so many important literary and political personages, and the intelligent observer of the fortunes of mankind, that they may attribute many of its expressions to a morbid sensitiveness or womanly affectation. But to those who knew her well it will appear just and true. Its mournfulness might indeed, in some degree, be attributed to a physical depression, to which she was subjected to an extent that the published portions of her 'Journal' do not adequately represent, and to what is called a melancholy disposition, but the tenor of it is in accordance with all the graver moments of her life, and the temperament hardly be called melancholy, which avoided no occasion of gaiety and no opportunities of healthy excitement. Nor was there a trait of sentimentality about her: it was the habit of the time in which she lived to treat emotions of that kind as very well for the artistic conceptions of Florian, Gessner, Sterne, but as incompatible with the dignified transactions of life and ridiculous in its manifestation. Indeed the impression which Miss Berry made on some of her acquaintances was that of a rather hard than tender nature; and Lady Charlotte Bury, in her amusing and unscrupulous 'Diary,' accuses her of want of sympathy, and sacrificing the gentler feelings to her love of the world—though she adds, 'it must be said to her honour that that sacrifice is never of kindness of heart or integrity of character.'\*

\* Vide Diary, v. i. p. 83.

It was in truth the serious consideration of the vague and fragmentary conditions of human life, under its best aspects, that gave to her mind at once its gloom and its solidity. One chief disappointment naturally gathered round itself the floating atoms of dissatisfaction, and she imaged them as its consequence and production—but no circumstances would have altered her view of the world, unless indeed some uncongenial companionship had degraded her perceptions and damaged her intelligence. Her relations to General O'Hara had more of womanly instincts about them than she avowed to herself; and although when their novelty was past she might indeed have enjoyed a deeper personal happiness and contentment than it was her lot to obtain, she would never have been light in her judgments or frivolous in her estimates of mankind.

And it was the same with the feeling of her own unimportance. It is with no mere vanity that she writes—

'Nobody ever suffered insignificance more unwillingly than myself. Nobody ever took more pains by every honourable means compatible with a proud mind to avoid it. But it has been thrust upon me by inevitable circumstances, and all I have for it is to endeavour to forget myself and make others remember how little I deserve it.'

In this sense of injustice she would have resented in the case of any other person as intensely as in her own. Hence, without any supererogation of the wrongs of women, she more than once betrays her earnest consciousness of what she would have been and done, with the liberties and opportunities of manhood, and in her latest years she showed something masculine in her demeanour. She never gave up the useful and sensible fashion of distinguishing her male friends from her acquaintance by giving them their surnames, a custom now nearly extinct in the higher circles of society,—the late Lady Ashburton was one of the last to maintain it,—and there was an occasional vigour in her expressions of indignation which a puritan or purist might object to, but which had an antique flavour of sincerity about it that more than compensated for the incongruity of the speaker and the cause. Her complaints of the subordinate position of her sex were of no fanciful character. That their education (if education can be called) is nearly ended at the very time when their minds first open and are eager for information and that the education of men begins; that their reading is desultory and heterogeneous; that the endowments of what is called a *woman-of-business* are those which would not distinguish a lawyer's clerk, and which every woman should be ashamed of not having acquired—these seemed to her just grounds for discontent; and when she adds, that with these disadvantages it is a wonder that they

they are not more ignorant, more perverse, and weaker than they are, and that the wrongs and neglects which women of superior intellect almost invariably receive from men are revenged by the various evils which men suffer from the faults and frailties of their wives and female friends, few men of our day will disagree with her.

It must also be remembered that much self-regret and secret disappointment find a vent and consolation in the speculative modes of thought and various views of the external and internal world that now occupy the attention of reflective and educated persons. The *femme incomprise* of our time, as well as the unappreciated man of genius, have their metaphysical comforts which the hard realists of the 18th century knew nothing about, or which, when they tried to use them, they converted like Rousseau, into poisons and enchantments. When people were mystical in those days they gave themselves up to devotion and made no attempt to mix up their imaginativeness with public life; when they were philanthropic they established foundling hospitals or taught the deaf-and-dumb to communicate with the world; but they did not trouble themselves with the elevation of the lower orders of society, or the salvation of the whole human race. When women wished to exert power or obtain wealth they ministered to the pleasures of the other sex and made capital out of their foibles and their vanities, and the career of any one who wished to gratify at once her ambition and her virtue was no means easy. It was, however, very possible to retain by certain *prestige* much that they had won, when the means of acquirement had themselves passed away, and such persons as Madame Geoffrin and Madame du Deffand, at a very advanced age, had more social authority and political influence than youth, beauty, and talent together would command in country. True, as one of the thousand historians of the Revolution has said, the *vieille femme* had been so completely guillotined she never appeared herself afterwards; and Napoleon Bonaparte called Madame de Staël a *phraseuse*, and sent her out of country; but yet Miss Berry felt conscious that she was of significance when in France than in England, and her familiarity with foreign manners and literature had thus a decided tendency to encourage both her distaste of a station that must have appeared admirable and enviable to many less successful courtiers, purveyors of society, and her aspirations after something more permanent than the daily gratifications of a fast existence or even the cordial intimacies of its most members. In the intensity of this feeling she sometimes even above the practical good sense and generous i

which were the habits of her mind, and approaches a philosophy very different from that familiar to her age and personal surroundings. That she should value and expound the political economy of Malthus with a prophetic spirit that would have done honour to any statesman; that the Canonico Bandini should write that he never doubted *quin lectissima et literarum amantissima puella Maria Berry memoriam mei quamvis absens firmam animo suo retineret*; that Professor Playfair should correspond with her on the merits of Condorcet; that Sir Uvedale Price should consult her on the 'Theory of Visible Beauty'; that Madame de Staël should have thought her '*by far the cleverest woman in England*,'—these all are the natural concomitants of the *femme forte* of the beginning of our century, but rarely do we meet with such a sentence as this, written by her in a foreign tongue, perhaps from a sense of the secret solemnity of the thought:—

'Je touche quelque fois, en méditant, le bout de l'aile de quelques grandes principes fondamentales, de quelques idées lumineuses que je me sens incapable de débrouiller, mais qu'il me semble une autre existence me révélera. Elles sont suggérées souvent par des livres dont les auteurs sont cependant cent piques au dessous de les avoir conçues.'

When staying at Guy's Cliff in 1807 with her accomplished friend Mr. Greathead, Miss Berry was so gratified with the perusal of his Journal, that she determined to keep one regularly herself. She had hitherto avoided doing so, because she felt ashamed of the use, or rather the no use, she made of her time, and of the 'miserable minute duties and vexations which at once occupied and corroded her mind.' 'But now,' she writes, 'that no future remains to me, perhaps I may be encouraged to make the most of the present by marking its rapid passage, and setting before my eyes the folly of letting a day escape without endeavouring at least to make the best I can of it, and, above all, without making impossible attempts to mend or alter anybody but myself.' If this project had been carefully worked out we should have had a record of almost historical value from this acute and conscientious observer; but, though many volumes of notes remain, they rarely form a continuous diary for any considerable time together. Many of the notices seem jotted down merely for personal remembrance, and remarks of any real interest are few and far between.

The period between the Peace of Amiens and the termination of the war was very favourable to good society in London. The best English had nowhere else to go to. There were no railroads to promote perpetual motion, and no penny-post to destroy the pleasures of correspondence. The Whigs, excluded from office,

except



except during Mr. Fox's short reign, strove to find in social preponderance a compensation for political dignity. The Tories might dominate in certain apartments at Westminster, but the Houses were theirs. In their societies there was all that luxurious life could add to the pleasures of considerable aristocratic culture and to the excitement of an Opposition headed for a considerable period by the heir to the Crown. There was, besides, an Opposition Court at Kensington, where the Princess Wales collected all the wits—whose interests did not lie in another direction—and all the fashion she could persuade to patronise her. The table-talk of such a time, accurately rendered, would of itself be interesting, and, commented upon by such an intelligence as Miss Berry's, most instructive. For in all these circles she and her sister had acquaintances, and in some of them, friends. An accidental meeting with Lady Georgiana Cavendish in 1799 resulted in a life-long intimacy and connected her by many ties of kindness and affection with the 'genial' families of Cavendish and Howard, from the generation of the beautiful electioneering Duchess of Devonshire to that of the amiable Lord Carlisle, who has so recently and prematurely closed his generous, blameless, and honourable career.

The first and almost offensive impression which the Princess Wales made on Miss Berry gave way to a deep pity for a person who, she says, 'in conversation was so lively, odd, and clever but without a grain of common sense, or an ounce of balls to prevent high spirits and a coarse mind, without any degree of moral taste, from running away with her.' She was, besides, thrown a good deal into the Princess's company by the likelihood she contracted for Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Sir W. Gell, and Lord Keppel Craven, who formed part of the Royal household. The picture here given of this poor woman's scatterbrained cleverness, her comical diction (she swore she would never be anybody's 'pat's-caw,' and to the last she always spoke of 'The Bill of Pains and Spikalties'), and her flagrant imprudence and demeanour, leaves the conviction on the mind of the reader that under the most favourable circumstances, her position in the country must have been false and unhappy. Neither the pious commiseration for her strange destiny, nor the disrepute and disfavour of her enemies, nor her own many kindly and literary qualities, availed anything against her want of dignity, decorum and self-respect. She was said to be the only friend the Princess had; for she justified his conduct by her presence whenever she showed herself. She had, however, sense enough to see the value of such a friend and adviser as Miss Berry, and, till

last departure from this country, she treated her with much respect, and with such affection as her nature was capable of. There is a touching glimpse too of the Princess Charlotte at fifteen, with her face damaged by small-pox to an extent rarely seen at the time among the higher classes, but with an open, lively countenance, and well-cut, expressive features, saying, 'she was afraid of the dark and dismal stories,' and telling a good one herself; knowing all about Miss Berry with a royal readiness; telling Sir W. Drummond to go on with what he was saying, 'for she liked nothing so much as politics,'—and leaving the impression of an undirected intelligence and an unguided will. The friends whom Miss Berry found or made in this circle are prominent figures in these Memoirs and in her life. She outlived them all, Lady Charlotte Lindsay only preceding her by three years. This lady has left a most agreeable remembrance with all who knew her. She was of the noble family of which Lord North is the political representative, and whom nature favoured rather in their talents than in their external appearance. She may, indeed, have been the very personage of the well-known anecdote of the luckless interrogator who tried to remedy the unconscious incivility of his remarks on the statesman's wife by still ruder strictures on the daughter. When she said a good thing—and she said many—her features crumpled up into an expression of irresistible humour. Once complimented on looking well in her later days, she said, 'I dare say it's true, the bloom of ugliness is past.' Her *jeux-de-mots* were of the most felicitous. On the elevation of some childless personage to the Peerage, she remarked that he was 'of the new Order, which seemed the popular one, not the Barons, but the Barrens.' One day, coming late to dinner, she excused herself by the macadamnable state of the roads. Her graphic letters and journal give a very fair account of the Queen's trial and the evidence on both sides, and show that she entertained no doubt of the Queen's guilt; but they clear up the erroneous belief to which Dr. Lushington's speech gave rise, that her husband had sold her letters to Sir John Copley, who brandished them in her face during her examination: she merely says that he cross-questioned her in the Old Bailey style; and she records her answer to one important question, proving how well she could reconcile fidelity to her late Royal Mistress with a due regard for her own dignity and honour.

Sir William Gell and Mr. Keppel Craven belonged to that class of scholarly dilettanti which will soon be a subject for archaeology in English society. M. About suggests that 'What was a *salon*?' will shortly be a proper question for a competitive examination in history; and the combination of the pleasant  
play

play of intellect on trivial subjects with a sound and accurate scholastic knowledge, of the wit of the moment with the study of a life, of the enjoyment of letters as a luxury with its encouragement as a duty, is nearly as extinct among us. Set Sir William Gell's 'Handbook of the Morea'—the matter-of-fact of the drier traveller—side by side with the letters in these volumes, rampant with nonsense and glowing with fun, and you have a chimerical character which we should hardly venture to portray in novel. Things and men must now be all and each in the proper places; but it may happen that if we are desirous of banishing Humour from all the walks of life where we think him superfluous or intrusive, and telling him to go home, we may take us at our word more strictly than we intend, and may lose sight of him altogether. After a life of courts and travel, Sir William Gell found in Italy an asylum for his talents, his tastes, and his gout. The *Via Gellia* of Rome and the *Via Gellia* of Naples will mingle his name with the historical associations of the ancient past, while, at the latter city, his contemporaries, towards whom he acted as a sort of classic Consul, the place, and the natives, down to the donkey-boys who carried him in a kind of palanquin through his Pompeian researches, and occasionally let him fall from laughter at his jokes, will often recall his cheerful voice among the noisy memories of Southern Italy.

'Tuesday, February 17th (1816).—Left North Audley-street for Sittingbourne,' must have been a very welcome entry. The wide world was once more open, and Miss Berry went out once more to see and to learn. The Journal which languished at home became fuller and livelier, and there are frequent letters to her sister, who remained in England. At Paris she met all the notabilities of the time. Any illustration of the demeanour and attitude of the Duke of Wellington at this supreme moment of his life is significant. A philosopher might indeed feel that on a summit of such transcendent success all vanity was impossible; but the Duke was no philosopher and seems to have been either unwilling or unable to conceal the real tenor of his thoughts or inclinations, either in his insignificant youth or in his glorious maturity. He had said after Salamanca that he wanted a slave to stand behind him and tell him he was mortal; and at Paris he treated with the Sovereigns of the world as Power with Power. It is, therefore, pleasant to find that he exhibited to Miss Berry a simplicity of character and manner congenial to her own. Thus he talked with her freely on the most interesting subjects, and, among others, mentioned to her (what we have seen confirmed elsewhere) the singular fact that Buonaparte was in the habit of waiting for and depending on his accounts of the action

in which he was engaged with the French to judge of generals' conduct, and seemed proud (as well he might be, Buonaparte's own bulletins are remembered) of such a proof of confidence in his truth and honour. After a visit to England came another and longer tour, of which in incident is the death of Mr. Berry at Genoa. By the time his coffin she exclaims, 'What a strange thing is this life, when one can neither enjoy it nor wish to quit it!' She writes to Madame de Staël, 'This death leaves us without a fulfilment towards the living generation, nor have we any tie to that which is to come.' They returned to England in the autumn of each year, but left it again the following summer. Her frequent sojourns abroad and abundant social intercourse had not prevented Miss Berry from at least attempting to make some figure in literature. Heinrich Heine says every woman with one eye on her manuscript and with the other on some other man; but her first effort was one of gratitude and devotion to the memory of the friend she had lost. Her translation of a preface to the letters of Madame du Deffand was a generous vindication of Walpole's connection with that lady, which had been the subject of much comment and ridicule, and which Miss Berry did her best to place in a reasonable and amiable light. This she was in a great degree enabled to do by her knowledge of the peculiar rational elements of the French society of that period, in which she took almost a cognate interest, while at the same time she never lost sight of a higher standard of morality or attempted to imitate what was really vicious and sensual about it. It is very important to keep this in mind, because in her comedy *Fashionable Friends*, which was acted with success in London but which failed on the stage, and still more in the provinces, which she wrote after the manner of 'La Bruyère,' there is an undeniable coarseness of manners and a very easy neglect of the moralities of life. To think this discrepancy in the handling of such an imaginary subject is a striking illustration of the truth of Charles Lamb's Essay on the 'Artificial Comedy of the last Century,' in which he maintains that comedy has just as much right to a dramatic interest, apart from moral deductions, as tragedy, and that it might as well be supposed to approve of the murders of Othello or Othello, as of the unreal imbrolios and elaborate intrigues of the Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants, and the Touchwoods, the heartless fops, the faithless wives, the gay valets, and the swindling chambermaids, because you have the poetry of the one and the wit of the other. It was in the character of the time in which she lived, that a lady of a diminished life and untainted mind should enjoy such an exercise

exercise of her faculties, and her best friends probably did regret the public failure of her dramatic enterprise, although received the direct sanction of a respectable Scotch professor who augured its brilliant success. We have spoken of the Characters which Miss Berry amused herself in portraying according to a literary fashion then prevalent. Lady Theresa Lewis has not given specimens of these, but they are so good of their kind that we hope they may some day come to light, where there is no longer any possibility of identification with living persons, or of hurting the feelings of their representatives. I offer one example, where the object of the delineation has long passed away, and where there is no trait sufficiently salient to suggest any special application. It must be read, however, with the same qualifications which we have applied to the comedies and it is curious as an illustration of manners, besides its own wit and liveliness.

'Flavia was intended for a woman of gallantry. Circumstances have settled her in the country, the wife of a dull husband and the mother of a dozen children. Her constitution and her conscience are eternally at war, and will continue so till age delivers her up to devotion and robs both of the victory. As a woman of gallantry she would have had every virtue but one, and all the others would have been easy to her. As a sober matron the practice of that one is so painful as to rob her of all satisfaction from any of the others. Mad for pleasure, she would have had just enough sentiment to enhance her favours, and too much constitution to allow her sentiment to tire any one with her constancy. True to one lover whilst he possessed her, if he contrived to throw another in her way, he might be always sure to get rid of her with only just as much distress as would flatter his vanity and interest the next man to whom she became attached. Too much occupied with herself and her desires to think much of other people, she would have been satisfied and benevolent to all the world except her rival, and the moment this rival ceased to offend her in the capacity, she would have been capable of making her her bosom friend. Her confessor would have cleared her conscience of all her daily transgressions, with less trouble than he now has to quiet her doubts about past wanderings and her regret at present mortification. Her naturally warm feeling would have repented on her knees to God with hardly less transport than she would have returned to sin in the arms of her lover. As a woman of gallantry she would have been the best of her tribe, and her vices would have been natural to her. As a matron, her faults only belonged to her, and her virtues are so little her own that they punish instead of making her happy.'

Miss Berry's one serious literary production was the '*Comparative View of Social Life in France and England*;' a book which has perhaps been superseded by the abundance of more

and *résumés* with which the press of late years has teemed, which, taken in relation to the English information of that on such subjects, exhibits much research and power of judgment. Of the many and various judgments it contains, are erroneous, and even superficial, but there is a dis-  
tinction and fairness in estimating the peculiarities and  
differences of the two countries, which produced as much effect  
once as in England. Benjamin Constant said of the first  
e, 'On vit avec les individus : ce n'est pas une lecture,  
une société dans laquelle on entre,' and he calls on her to  
set her object (as she did in a certain degree in her  
1 volume), by describing that new French nation, which  
e overthrew and occupied the old social existence.

this work, in her letters, in her journal, in her fragments,  
Berry ever asserts her sense of the importance and value  
of Society for the happiness and civilisation of mankind.  
It was no mere pleasure or even grace of life, it assumed  
the dimensions of a duty. After the decease of Mr. Berry,  
dies, though perhaps not more really independent, entered  
more distinct social position, remaining more habitually at  
home and receiving their friends more regularly. The custom  
of entertaining your friends with nothing but tea and conver-  
sation had by this time become frequent and popular. The  
leader of fashion who attempted it was Lady Galway, with  
the assistance of her daughter, the 'lively Miss Monckton' of  
all (afterwards the celebrated Lady Cork), who used to boast  
with nothing but good company she beat the faro-table of  
Lady Buckinghamshire. Contemporaneous with Miss  
Berry were the 'salons' of Miss White, whose social spirit fought  
against the continual presence of a terrible malady, and of  
Apreece, who came to London with the prestige of having  
ruled over the Modern Athens. All these passed away, but  
after a year the Miss Berrys remained in the full stream of  
social life; only as time advanced they went out less and less,  
there were few evenings before the first of May (when they  
usually let their town-house and took one in the suburbs) in  
which the lighted windows did not beckon in the passing friend.  
A serious incident broke up or checked this regular life of  
social entertainment till the death of their cousin Mr. Fergu-  
son, whose generosity and hospitality were almost all to them  
the possession of Raith would have been. After that sorrow,  
society became more limited to intimates, and, with a trait  
of manners that recalled the old *régime*, they never wore rouge  
anymore. In the later years the entries in the Diary become rarer  
and rarer. — No. 237..

and more occasional; for long lapses of time they cease altogether; every now and then there is a spasm of the old regret at not having been and having done more in life, and we ligh on words pathetic as these:—

'But why recall all this *now*, at my latest hour? when had it happened differently—had I been called to show all that I felt myself capable of, I should be *now* neither better nor worse. Perhaps much worse than the poor, old, feeble soul, now dictating these lines and blessing God for every day that passes with an absence of all acute pain of body, and for every day that allows of that calm of mind which ought to accompany a nearly approaching departure to another state of existence under the pitying eye of an all merciful and all just Creator.'

Men will always differ as to the amount of importance to be attached to social influences according to their tastes and temperaments; but we may best sum up our views of the worth of these ladies and their career by a few general observations on the social characteristics of the country and generation in which their lot was cast, and the relations to them in which they stood. When Madame de Chevreuse said she had no disinclination to die '*parce qu'elle allait causer avec tous ses amis en l'autre monde*,' and when Count Pozzo-di-Borgo in some English house drew a newly-arrived foreigner into a corner, with the eager request, '*Viens donc causer, je n'ai pas causé pour quinze jours*,'—they expressed that '*esprit de sociabilité*,' which, Madame de Staël said, existed in France from the highest to the lowest, and which in this country is so rare, that it not only gives to those who exhibit it a peculiar and foreign manner, but easily subjects them to the imputation of frivolity or impertinence. The universal reticence of all men in high political station with us, compared with the habits of continental statesmen, quite justifies the remark of a traveller that '*an Englishman refuses to speak just in proportion as he has anything to say*;' and there is, no doubt, more adventure related and more mutual interest excited in any French *café militaire* than in the United Service Club, where there is hardly a man present who has not been the witness of, or the actor in, some of the historical events or memorable circumstances of our age. Neither our language nor our disposition favours that sympathetic intercourse, where the feature and the gesture are as active as the voice, and in which the pleasure does not so much consist in the thing communicated as in the act of communication; and still less are we inclined to value and cultivate that true art of Conversation that rapid play and vivid exercise of combined intelligence which bears to the best ordinary speech the relation that Wh  
bes

bears to 'playing cards,' and which presupposes, not previous study, but the long and due preparation of the imagination and the intellect.

It follows that with us the conversationist is rather looked upon with curiosity and interest as a man endowed with a special gift, than accepted as an acquisition to the social commerce of life. In listening to the philosophical monologues of Coleridge, to the illustrated anecdotes and fanciful sallies of Sydney Smith, to the rich outpourings of Lord Macaulay's infinite knowledge, to the picturesque and prophetic utterances of Mr. Carlyle, we have been conscious that we were rather enjoying a substitute for good conversation than additions to the common stock. The monopoly of attention which was required was, in most cases, willingly conceded; but even the wonderful intellectual exhibition did not make up for the deficiency in that sympathy between the speaker and the hearers which gives a relish to very ordinary converse and very inferior wit, and which heightens tenfold the enjoyment of the communication of brighter and loftier ideas.

It is noticeable that certain English persons, notwithstanding the impediments of the language, produce more effect in conversation with foreigners than with their own countrymen. We suspect this must, to some extent, have been the case with Miss Berry, to have elicited such warm expressions of admiration from Madame de Staël, who attached special importance to that faculty. All visitors from the Continent were thoroughly at home in Miss Berry's *salon*. Good nature and good sense were really all that could be predicated of the substance of her usual talk, but in the manner of it there was a cheerful appreciation of all that was said or done, which was an encouragement to the shiest,—an appeal to any wit or freedom the room might hold to come out and show itself, which was rarely unheard,—and a simplicity which dispersed by its contact all insolence or assumption. Add to this the knowledge and the interest acquired by an acute observation and a retentive memory through this unusually long and varied life, and you have a combination all the more agreeable from its absence of the marvellous or the sublime. The greater part of the frequenters of Miss Berry's society might think themselves at least as clever and well-read as she was; and, though they were probably mistaken, they did not go away with less self-satisfaction. The conversation at Lydia White's might have been more literary, and at Lady Davy's more scientific, but the Miss Berrys' had a flavour of fashion about it, which is not distasteful even to the most philosophic or matter-of-fact Englishman, and kept itself totally free from any speciality which could be made an



object of ridicule or ground of offence. By its very familiarity and kindliness, this society was liable to the invasion of the garrulous and the tiresome; but even the specimens of that inevitable species which were found there, were more tolerable than in houses of greater pretence, and became inspired by the genius of the place with some sense of mercy or of shame.

From the multitudinous shape which London society is now assuming, two consequences are imminent; the rarity of these huge reunions from the unfitness or inability of our houses to contain them, and the retirement within a very limited circle of relatives and private friends of those persons who would have been willing, in the old time, to have contributed a proper share to the social enjoyment of others. With the excuse of real discomfort abroad, joined to an Englishman's natural inclinations to stay at home; with the difficulty of meeting the few he likes, added to the certainty of encountering a crowd he abhors; with the increasing severity of the duties and responsibilities of public life, and the diminution of the external respect and importance it imparts, there is every inducement to our wealthier, and nobler, and more fastidious countrymen to retain an exclusiveness of habits and an isolation of life, which can be indulged in with impunity by Legitimists in Paris or Men of Letters in Boston, but which, if systematically persisted in, will seriously impair the relations of classes, and the political structure of our civil existence. The great can no longer remain in an empyrean of their own, even if that atmosphere be purer, wiser, and better than the world below; but, as unfortunately it is the tendency of all exclusiveness of this kind to generate a very different kind of atmosphere, there is the double peril of the injury to the order and the damage to the individuals. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say, that such a society as the Misses Berry established and maintained for nearly half a century—bringing together on a common ground of friendly intercourse, not only men illustrious in different walks of life, but what might aptly be called the men of the day—men who had won and men who were winning, men who wished to learn and men ready to teach, restrained and softened by a womanly influence that never degenerated into that social police which a less skilful hostess often finds necessary to impose—had its moral and political bearings, besides its personal and superficial influences.

This then is the real meaning and right of such persons to respect and remembrance. The inexplicable Sympathies underlie all human association and are the foundation of the civil order of the world. That men should care for one another at all, though Mohammed, is always a mystery; and it is just in proportion

that they care for one another, so as to take an interest in one another's daily life, that society is harmonised, and, beyond Mohammed, christianised. Honour, then, to the good old ladies who helped on this good work. They will soon be only personally remembered by those to whom the streets of London have become a range of inhabited tombs; yet the day may be distant before social tradition forgets the modest house in Curzon-street, where dwelt the Berrys.

In these pages we have spoken almost indifferently of these sisters in the singular and the plural. And this is, in truth, a fair representation of their relation to one another. It was said that after Mary's unhappy engagement their friendship was lessened; but there is no sign of it in these volumes. They appear on the scene sometimes single, sometimes double, owing to the moral condition perhaps more than the elder and the abler would willingly have accepted. Agnes, it is clear, would have been nothing above an amiable, cheery, pretty woman, but for Mary's superiority; yet it is undeniable that her liveliness was a most necessary complement to Miss Berry's graver disposition, and it is hard to say which was the greater gainer by the faculties of the other. During an illness, in which Mary was supposed to be seriously attacked, Mr. Rogers came to see her, not having visited the house for many years previous. She received him with great kindness, but, after some strong expressions of sympathy and interest on his part, Agnes, bearing no longer what she, we think strongly, believed to be a false and barren exhibition of feeling, burst out, 'You might have been, and you were not, anything to us when we were living, and you now come and insult us with your civilities when we are nigh dead.' This was a specimen of the more passionate, and, it may be, one-sided nature, which Agnes never concealed, and which time did not subdue.

Mary Berry went on for a short time bravely enduring life. Within the year the sisters lay together in the pleasant grave-yard of Petersham, close to the scenes which they had inspired with so many happy associations. To few it is given, as to these, to retain in extreme old age not only the clearness of the head but the brightness of the heart—to leave in those about them no sense of relief from the wayward second-childishness which so sadly rounds the life of man, but a pure regret that these almost patriarchal lives could not have lasted still longer.

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- ART. VII.—1. *A Narrative of a Year's Journey through Ca  
late of the 8th Regiment Bombay N. I. London, 1865.*
2. *Histoire de l'Egypte sous le Gouvernement de Mohan  
Aly ; ou, Récit des Evénements Politiques et Militaires  
ont eu lieu depuis le départ des Français jusqu'en 1823.*  
M. Félix Mengin. Ouvrage enrichi de Notes par MM. Lar  
et Jomard, et précédé d'une Introduction Historique par  
Agoub. Paris, 1823.

**A**RABIA and the Arabs have been subjects of some int  
or curiosity to us all from our childhood. The sto  
Hagar and her son Ishmael moved our pity and excited  
sympathy ; and the remarkable manner in which the Arabs  
fulfilled the destiny assigned to Ishmael and his descen  
before he was born—‘ He will be a wild man ; his hand ag  
every man, and every man’s hand against him ’—could not  
to take hold of the imagination. We have all enjoyed the  
of the thousand and one nights—‘ The Arabian Nights’ E  
tainments ’—and have roamed through Bagdad with the ma  
ficient and humorous Kalif Haroon el Resheed, in ques  
adventures. One of our earliest voyages was probably to Se  
deeb and the islands of the Eastern seas, with Sinbad the Sa  
We learned arithmetic by means of the signs still called  
Arabic numerals ; and Algebra (Al-gebr) we also derive, a  
name intimates, from the Arabs. It would be difficult to  
mate how much science and the everyday business of the w  
owe to these two gifts. The Arabs were the pioneers of Ori  
commerce, the navigators and merchants who first made We  
Asia and Europe acquainted with the products of India ar  
the Eastern Archipelago ; and they were, and down to our  
time have continued to be, the commercial carriers betwee  
ports of Arabia and the shores of the Mediterranean. It  
with a view to participate in this lucrative Eastern com  
that Solomon entered into a trading partnership with Hira  
Tyre, and built ‘ Tadmor in the wilderness,’ on an oasis w  
still retains that name, to facilitate the passage of caravans.  
discoveries of Vasco de Gama diverted the greater part of  
commerce into another channel ; but it has begun to revert  
original course ; and the time is probably not distant wher  
more precious commodities imported from the East will a  
brought to us by the ancient routes ; but when that time ar  
the Arab and his camel will no longer be the carriers.

If the descendants of Ishmael, or, as the Arabs call him, Isr  
inherited from their Father Abraham his belief in the one (

just, after a time, have lapsed into the idolatry of the elder  
 1 of the Arab family, inhabiting the southern part of the  
 ula, who, according to their own account, are not Ismaelites,  
 scendants of Kahtan—the Joktan of the Hebrews—for at  
 mmencement of the Christian era all the Arabs seem to  
 vorshipped idols. Yet this was probably about the period  
 ir greatest commercial prosperity and highest literary  
 pment. At some time or times, not well ascertained,  
 the first centuries of our era, certain tribes embraced the  
 ian faith, and retained it until the swords of Mahomed's  
 les forced them to change the Bible for the Koran; but  
 tely all became Mahomedans.

en the Arabs, not without resistance, had been constrained  
 nced to accept as a new revelation the religion of the  
 Prophet of Mekka, they became united by that bond  
 his authority; but the whole population of Arabia could  
 have amounted to ten millions, scattered over an area of  
 a million square miles, and divided into numerous tribes,  
 for ages had been at almost perpetual feud one with  
 r. Mahomed, however, lived long enough to consolidate  
 ver in Arabia, though not long enough to effect any con-  
 beyond it. That task he bequeathed to his successors.  
 d A.D. 632, and before the close of 638 the Arabs, after  
 sanguinary victories over the Roman and Persian armies,  
 bdued the whole of Syria, Egypt, and Persia. The inha-  
 of those subjugated countries were almost everywhere  
 lled to renounce their ancient faith, and to accept that of  
 onquerors. This was not merely the nominal acceptance  
 w creed; the change involved a complete social revolu-  
 or not only the pre-existing civil and criminal laws, but  
 oncerned the domestic relations of these unwilling con-  
 vas subverted and replaced by the laws and injunctions  
 ed in the Koran. Yet it is strange that wherever Islam  
 an and thus planted, it has taken root and flourished.

he power of the Kalifs, Mahomed's successors, became  
 dated, and the tribute of the subject nations poured into  
 reasury, their courts became centres of civilisation, and  
 unificence attracted the learned of other countries. The  
 ophy of ancient Greece was taught on the banks of the  
 , at a time when it was still unknown in Western Europe;  
 der the liberal patronage of the Kalifs the works of Plato,  
 le, Hippocrates, Galen, and other Greek authors, were  
 ted into Arabic, with ample commentaries.\* The lieu-

y were translated, not direct from the Greek, but from Syriac versions  
 existing.

tenants

tenants of the Kalifs who governed the subject kingdoms were men of cultivated minds and polished manners, who maintained the state and exercised the munificence of princes; and numberless Arabs, of all grades, employed in the public service, and in the conquered countries, partook of the cultivation, the refinement, and the wealth which that service imparted, and shared the dignity of the dominant race.

Meanwhile, the Mahomedan religion had spread far beyond the limits of the Arab conquests in Asia. The tribes of Toorkistan had accepted the new creed, and carried it to the confines of China, to Afghanistan, and to Northern India. From Egypt the Arabs themselves pushed their conquests in Africa to the shores of the Atlantic, and, crossing into Spain, subdued and colonised the richest portions of that country: they even penetrated to the heart of France, and were with difficulty driven back by Charles Martel. Sicily became an Arab possession, and Malta was permanently occupied. The commerce which for ages the Arabs had maintained with the islands in the eastern seas had led to the establishment of agencies in those countries; and it is probable that long before the rise of Mahomedanism, perhaps in remote ages, there had been a considerable migration of Arabs to the principal islands. The written character of the dominant Malay race is Arabic; their language contains a large proportion of Arabic; and their physical and moral characteristics favour the belief that they are allied to the Arabs in blood; but however this may be, they readily became converts to Islam. The Arabs who had settled along the eastern coast of Africa to the Mozambique Channel also conformed to the new faith of the parent stock.

But although the religion of the Arab extended, his political and military power decayed, and ultimately collapsed. Central Asia sent forth from its numerous nomade and scanty urban population, as Arabia had done, successive armies of merciless conquerors, who wrested from the Kalifs the greater part of their dominions, finally overthrew the Kalifat, and in Asia pressed the Arab back almost within the limits of his native peninsula. After having exercised dominion for several centuries, enjoying the luxury of splendid courts and great cities, amidst the highest cultivation of those times, he retired to his mountain-home on his tent—his dates and his dourra—his camels, sheep, and horses—to resume his pristine life and occupations, his clan-feuds, and predatory habits.

Neither the new religion and laws which he had adopted, nor four centuries of dominion, luxury, and refinement in cities, nor foreign intercourse, had changed the character of the Arab. Success

been before his conquests such he became again, is now, 'a wild man, whose hand is against every man's hand against him.'

The Kalifs still reigned in Bagdad there appeared occasionally Eastern Arabia men actuated by religious enthusiasm, or by both—no unusual combination—who for a moment were successful in exciting a popular reaction against the established religion, and in propagating new doctrines. Of these the most successful was Karmat, or Karmath, who about A.D. 900 appeared around him, in his native district of Koofa, a large number of devoted disciples. Amongst other innovations he permitted the use of wine, and dispensed with ablutions, two changes which were deemed almost equally acceptable to his followers. This sect prevailed for several years with the Kalifs; sacked Bussora; threatened Damascus, which escaped capture by the Saracens; ravaged Balbek, putting to death most of the inhabitants; seized Hajar (El Haza), which they made their headquarters, and plundered the caravans of pilgrims to Mekka. It was then joined by the inhabitants of Bahrein and Haza, who adopted the tenets of Karmat, they marched in force to Basra, which they took. There they slaughtered thirty persons; pillaged the city; sacked the Kaaba; filled the well of Zemzem with dead bodies; defiled the most sacred Mahomedan temples, by interring in it a thousand pilgrims, and tried off the sacred black stone, which every devout pilgrim desires to kiss, and converted it to an obscene use. It was a few years after the death of their most successful military leader, Abou Taher, they restored the stone; and according to Mahomedan tradition, a single camel, which was lean when it left Koofa, and got fat on the journey, sufficed to carry the stone to Mekka; whereas forty strong camels had hardly been able to carry it away, and had all been reduced to skin and bone before they conveyed it to Koofa. Having endured many years, from the date of its first rise, the Karmathian sect declined and ceased to excite much attention, and finally survived in obscurity at Aleppo, Kateef, and some other places.

It appears to have been a sect of mystics, such as are found in the East, under the generic designation of Soofees, in which the leader and his followers stand in the relations of master and disciples. The *Morsheed* is supposed by his disciples, or *Moreeds*, to be the vicegerent of God on earth, and that they are bound blindly to obey. The Ismaelees in Persia—the disciples or *Moreeds* of Hassan Subh—'the man of the mountain' (from whose name our term *Ismaelism* is derived), were a sect of this class; and the stories related

related of the self-immolation of the disciples of Hassan and K math, at the command of their *Morsheeds*, are identical.

We shall have occasion to say something further on of a more recent sect of religious militants (all sects are militant in Arabia which, however, has for its object, not the overthrow of the Malmedan faith, but its restoration to its original purity.

Geographically the term Arabia has not unusually been applied exclusively to the peninsula, of which three sides are bounded by the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the Persian Gulf, and of which the isthmus would be cut across near its narrowest part by a line of about 800 miles drawn from Yemen on the Red Sea to Grane (also called Koweit) at the N. E. angle of the Persian Gulf. But those limits would exclude a considerable proportion of historical Arabia, which extends beyond the peninsula and its isthmus, but of which the limits are not accurately defined. Our present business, however, is with the Arabs of the Peninsula.

Beginning at the north-eastern shore of the Red Sea, we follow on the whole coasts of the peninsula, and extending inland varying and imperfectly defined distances, the following provinces or principalities, each of which consists of a certain extent of low land of varying breadth along the coast, which is called Tehama, and behind which rises a mountain range of considerable altitude, and consisting in some parts, more especially in Yemen and Omān, of successive ridges or groups of mountain country extending into the interior. Of the provinces, taken first, in the order in which we propose to take them, is Hejaz in which are the cities of Mekka, Jeddah, and Medina—Yemen, Tayf, and other towns and villages. Proceeding southward, next come to Yemen, which extends to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb and a short distance beyond them to the east. It contains the cities of Sana or Saana and Mokha, besides many other towns and villages, both on the coast and in the interior. To the east of Yemen, on the coast of the Indian Ocean, is Hadramaut, near the western limit of which is the peninsula and fortress of Aden, now a British possession. The principality of Omān extends from the eastern limit of Hadramaut to the Massendow and the Persian Gulf; and besides the capital, Muscat, contains several considerable towns on the coast and many villages both on the coast and in the interior. On the southern and western shores of the Persian Gulf, beyond the limits of Omān, are Bahrein, Haza, and Grane or Koweit, all of which contain considerable towns and villages. This completes the circuit of the peninsula from one shore of the isthmus to the other.

of these provinces or principalities—they have sometimes the one and sometimes the other—have been visited and described by men specially qualified to give an account of them and who have left for their successors but little important information to glean on their tracks. Earliest in date was Burckhardt, who, besides a great amount of general information concerning Arabia and the Arabs, has also given us a full and true account of Yemen, the Arabia Felix of the ancients. His work bears everywhere the impress of superior intellect, close observation and inquiry, calm judgment, and good faith. From Hejaz and its cities we have from Burckhardt a description as Gibbon desiderated, and no other European had been able to give. It leaves little that is new to be told by any traveller who may follow him in the Hejaz. But his inquiries were not confined to that province; he collected detailed information regarding the routes from Mekka and Medina to different parts, indeed to almost all parts, of Arabia. Of the pestilential maut, which, being interpreted, is the region of death, now little, and probably there is not much to be known, of the harbours and villages on the coast described by him, whose modest narrative, distinguished by its scrupulous accuracy and fidelity, has hardly secured him the position to which, amongst recent travellers, he is entitled. It is true that during his travels in Omān he had advantages such as no other traveller in the interior of Arabia has enjoyed, for he travelled with security and under the protection of the Imām of Muscat, sovereign of the country. Probably that is one of the reasons why his account of the interior of Omān is still the most accurate we possess of the topography and condition of any inland part of Arabia of similar extent. With the districts on the coast of the Persian Gulf, from Cape Massendom to the mouths of the Euphrates, the surveys of the Indian navy, the intercourse with the chiefs and merchants with the British Residency at Bushire, which was for some time established at Grane, as well as the Residency at Bushire, and the military expeditions which had been sent from India to chastise the pirates of that coast and destroy their vessels and strongholds, had made us acquainted with the peninsula. We remained in the central part of the peninsula, or rather in the isthmus, the great province of Nejd,\* or the Highlands, which was known to be populous and productive, but which no European had yet examined. In a note appended to his pub-

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Palgrave writes Nejed; Burckhardt, Nedjed; in Eastern Arabia we believe it is never pronounced as if it consisted of two syllables.



lished Travels, Burckhardt had directed special attention to Nejd ; and as the Egyptian army under Toussoun Pasha had previously penetrated to Kaseem, one of its districts, he was able to lay down with considerable accuracy the stages and distances from Medina to the principal towns of the province. This information was obtained in 1814, and was all that was then attainable. In 1817 and 1818, however, when the Egyptian army, under Ibrahim Pasha, accompanied by several European officers of intelligence, had overrun Nejd, taken and destroyed its capital Dereeyah, and occupied the country to the shores of the Persian Gulf, Nejd ceased to be an unexplored or unknown country.

In 1819 Captain Sadlier of the British army, who had previously been employed in Persia, was sent on a mission to Ibrahim Pasha, in order to prevent any misapprehension as to the objects of the expedition which in that year was sent from India against the Wahabee pirates in the Persian Gulf. Landing at Kateef Sadlier crossed the peninsula to Yembo, being the first European who had succeeded in making his way from sea to sea. He passed through Nejd by Dereeyah, Shakra, Aneyzah, El Rass and Hanekayeh, in fact, traversed from east to west nearly the same parts of that province, with the exception of Jebel Shammar and Jowf, that Mr. Palgrave passed through from west to east, besides a portion which that gentleman did not see. The value of the information obtained by Captain Sadlier was highly appreciated in France as well as in this country.

M. Mengin published, in 1823, his elaborate 'History of Egypt under Mahomed Allee,' of which Mr. Palgrave, from his residence in Egypt, and his Egyptian predilections, might have been expected to know something. M. Mengin's work, which is carefully, and, on the whole, honestly prepared, contains a detailed account, derived from the European officers who accompanied the Egyptian army, of Ibrahim Pasha's military operations in Nejd. M. Mengin, however, does not confine himself to a narrative of those operations. Knowing that Central Arabia had not till then been explored by Europeans, he gives much curious and interesting information, obtained chiefly from official sources, regarding the country and its inhabitants. He enumerates the districts and considerable towns inhabited by the settled population, gives the number of men capable of bearing arms in each, and thence deduces the total amount of the settled population of Nejd. He also gives a list of the Bedouin tribes subject to the Wahabee ruler, with the number of men capable of bearing arms in each. The history of the Wahabee sect,—its rise, its peculiar tenets, its conquests, its plunders, and massacres had already been fully discussed in  
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ous publications both in England and in France. But again had much that was new to tell of the laws and customs of Nejd; of its productions, animal and vegetable; of its agriculture, and the manner of conducting it; of its climate, and the total amount of each description of produce on which a tax is levied by the Government; and his history is illustrated by maps, in which the topography of Nejd is illustrated with great care and considerable accuracy. It was, no doubt, with the aid of those materials that Dr. Plate constructed his map of Arabia which accompanied Colonel Chesney's report of the Euphrates expedition; and which, with the exception of the valley of the Jowf, which Dr. Wallin was the first European to visit, contains all that was known of the topography of Nejd, till Colonel Pelly, in 1865, was able to direct astronomical observations to determine the latitude and longitude of Riad and some other places.

Wallin, a native of Finland, who travelled in Northern Arabia in 1845-48, visited both Jowf and Jebel Shammar. The result of his journey, with a sketch map showing most of the towns and villages of those two districts of Nejd, were published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society.' He encountered the Beni Shammar, as far to the west as Medina, which belongs to them, and states that their different tribes extend eastward into Irak, which is their favourite country.

'But towards the close of spring, when water and pasture are scarce in the Nejd, every tribe draws nearer to its own town or village, and in the time of the date-harvest they closely pitch their tents close to the walls of their respective districts.'

He observes, that according to their own tradition they were one of the tribes who emigrated latest from Yemen, and that 'they retain the Yemeni features of their ancestors in a greater degree perhaps than any other tribe from that country.'

Of the Beni Shammar, he says, 'are under the authority of Ibn Rashid, the chief Sheikh of all the Shammar in Nejd.'

Layard, in his 'Nineveh and Babylon,' a book which every educated person has read, gives an account of Gebel Shammar, which contains the substance of nearly all that Mr. Layard has told us of that district and its chief, Ibn Rashid. Layard tells us that:—

In late years Ibn Rashid, a chief of the Gebel Shammar, has by his courage and abilities acquired the whole of that district; and has enabled himself sufficiently powerful to hold in check the various tribes which surround it. Pilgrims under his protection could once again venture to take the shortest road to Mecca. . . . The caravan punctually fulfilled his engagements, and the caravan I have seen was the first that had crossed the desert for many years without

without accident or molestation. It was under the charge of Abd-ur-Rahman, a relation of Ibn Rashid; I frequently saw him during his short residence at Hillah, and he urged me to return with him. Jebel Shammar. . . .

'Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman described Gebel Shammar as abounding in fertile valleys, where the Arabs had villages and cultivated lands. The inhabitants are of the same great tribe of Shammar who wander over the plains of Mesopotamia.

'Ibn Rashid was described to me as a powerful and, for an Arab, an enlightened chief, who had restored security to the country, and who desired to encourage trade and the passage of caravans through his territory.'

Such were the accounts of Nejd which had been laid before the European public previous to 1860, and although much attention had not been recently directed to the affairs of a region so remote, yet the truth is, that, of all the provinces of Arabian Nejd,—instead of being, as Mr. Palgrave represents it, and as it was at first taken (by ourselves among others) upon his authority to be, a blank to be filled up in the map of Asia, an unknown and virgin soil,—was undoubtedly the province regarding which there existed, previous to his journey, the most extensive, various and minute information in relation both to the country and its inhabitants. But no one from reading Mr. Palgrave's book could discover that the country had ever been explored before he penetrated into it.

'Once for all,' he says, 'let us attempt to acquire a fairly correct and comprehensive knowledge of the Arabian Peninsula. With its coast we are already in great measure acquainted; several of its maritime provinces have been, if not thoroughly, at least sufficiently, explored. Yemen and Hejāz, Mecca and Medinah, are no longer mysteries to us, nor are we wholly without information on the districts of Hadramaut and 'Omān. But of the interior of the vast region, of its plains and mountains, its tribes and cities, of its governments and institutions, of its inhabitants, their ways and customs, of their social condition, how far advanced in civilisation or sunk in barbarism, what do we as yet really know, save from accounts necessarily wanting in fulness and precision? It is time to fill up this blank in the map of Asia, and this, at whatever risks, we will now endeavour; either the land before us shall be our tomb, or we will traverse it in its fullest breadth, and know what it contains from shore to shore. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*'

Was he really ignorant, when he set out on his journey to Nejd, that it was a country comparatively well known and described, years before he resolved to visit it? Was the avowed purpose of his journey the real motive for undertaking it, and the ostensible object only a pretext? In whatever manner we attempt to account for it, such a view of his undertaking

is given in the preceding extract seems to imply either a strange delusion or a deliberate mystification. But let us pass on—

‘The men of the land,’ he tells us, ‘rather than the land of the men, were my main object of research and principal study. My attention was directed to the moral, intellectual, and political conditions of living Arabia rather than to the physical phenomena of the country—of great indeed, but to me of inferior interest. Meanwhile, whatever observations on antiquity and science, on plants and stones, geography and meteorology, I was able to make, I shall give, regretting only their inevitable imperfection.’\*

Of the special objects and determining circumstances of his journey, which was undertaken in connexion with the Order of the Jesuits, and for which the necessary funds were furnished by the Emperor of the French, Mr. Palgrave only tells us of ‘the hope of doing something towards the permanent social good of those wide regions; the desire of bringing the stagnant waters of Eastern life into contact with the quickening stream of European progress; perhaps a natural curiosity to know the yet unknown, and the restlessness of enterprise not rare in Englishmen.’ By what special means he hoped to bring the stagnant waters into contact with the quickening stream, he probably did not feel at liberty to inform us—at all events, we may safely infer that the quickening stream was not to be supplied by this country. Mr. Palgrave is no doubt too much of a cosmopolite to care by what nation it may be supplied, and too little of a politician to consider what political inconvenience might result from an attempt to carry out the views which it was his hope to promote.

Whatever his unavowed objects may have been, he was, as he informs us, in many respects well prepared for the enterprise. Familiarity with the Arabic language till it became to him almost a mother-tongue, experience in the ways and manners of ‘Semitic’ nations, and a careful study of the best Arabic authorities on the history and *gesta* of Arabia—we may add, more than ordinary capacity, presence of mind, and address. On the other hand, it appears to us that there are, in his very clever and agreeable account of his journey, indications of his having imbibed many of the views and prejudices of his Eastern friends and associates, and of his remarkable inaptitude to understand or appreciate any other mode of life than that of cities or towns; but on the whole, Mr. Palgrave’s ‘*Arabia*’ is a pleasant and amusing book of travel; and if we cannot help thinking that the colouring is sometimes a little too artistic, we do not doubt that the outlines of the scenes and the figures he depicts from personal observation

\* Preface, p. vi.

are generally faithful. Of his disquisitions on theological matters we shall only say that to us the effect of those elaborate discussions, which interrupt the narrative, is unpleasant, and of little value doubtful.

Having resolved to go to Nejd, Mr. Palgrave selected a route which is difficult and therefore not much frequented, but which was the most direct from Gaza, whence he set out. On the caravan road from Damascus to Medina, at Ma'an, he remained some days to complete his preparations and to hire guides and camels. From thence they struck at once into the desert, on the route to Jowf. He was to travel in the guise of a Syrian physician, and had supplied himself with the requisite drugs and Arabic medical books; but, fearing that his services in this capacity might not always be in request, he had also laid in a small stock of such articles of merchandise as were likely to find a ready sale—a combination of scientific and commercial pursuits which is by no means considered anomalous in the East. On this he remarks that,

' Could we have foreknown the real nature of the countries through which we might have very well dispensed with a good part of our mercantile provisions, designed mainly for Bedouin purchase augmented on the other hand our medical supplies, more adapted for townspeople and villagers. But supposing, like most people, that Arabia was almost exclusively the territory of nomades, and that a fixed population must be proportionally small [and unimportant], we deemed the former class of articles at least as available as the latter, a grievous mistake, and of which we soon became aware. From once traversing this first stage of our journey, the rest of our route across the inner provinces, and up to the very shores of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, lay, with very little exception, through countries where Bedouins stand for little or nothing, whereas, on the contrary, the settled inhabitants of the soil, with their towns, villages, and governments, are everything. But all this we had yet to learn.

Now had Mr. Palgrave taken as much care to make himself acquainted with the information relating to Nejd which has been collected by Europeans and which was accessible to all hands, as he had taken to read up the Arabic writings of which he gives a catalogue—had he even consulted Burckhardt also—he would have known that Arabia, and especially Nejd, was not being exclusively the territory of nomades. Burckhardt (p. 459):—

' Kasym, which is the most fertile district in the province of Nedjed, begins at Dât. The name of Nedjed, signifying high or elevated ground, is given to the country in opposition to Tehma, "low lands" applied to the sea-coast. It seems to be an oblong tract extending between three and four days' journey from west to east, and two journeys in breadth from south to north. Within this space

above twenty-six small towns and villages, well peopled, in a cultivated territory irrigated by water from numerous wells. The chief town is Bereyda, where resides the Sheikh of Kasym, an old man, El edjeilan, once an enemy to the Wahabys, now a convert to their doctrine. The neighbourhood of Rass produces most corn, and that of Kasym about Dát and Rass lies nearest to Medina. In time of peace regular caravans (of corn) arrive every month at Medina from Rass. Toussoun Pasha's army found plenty of provisions in the villages of Kasym which they occupied.

'The most considerable place in Kasym is Aneyzy (Oneyza of Mr. Palgrave), said to be equal in size to Siout in Upper Egypt, which contained according to the French computation three thousand houses. Aneyzy has bazars, and is inhabited by respectable Arab merchants. Of the other towns and villages the following are most noted.' (Here follows a list of ten of them.)

Again,—

'Nedjed near Derayeh assumes the name of El Aredh, a district once separate from Nedjed, but now considered belonging to it. El Aredh is less fertile than Kasym, from which in fact it is partly supplied with provisions. Its principal town, Derayeh, has always been a place of note, but much increased since it has become the capital of the Wahaby power and sect. . . .

'There are not any khans or public inns (in Derayeh), so that every stranger quarters himself upon some inhabitant, and the people of Derayeh are proverbially hospitable. The immediate neighbourhood is barren, yielding only date-trees. Derayeh is supplied with provisions chiefly from Dhoroma, a large and populous village, one day's journey towards the east or north-east, which has gardens and fields well watered from numerous wells.'

Elsewhere (p. 461) he tells us that—

'In general there is a spirit of commerce very prevalent in Nedjed, and the merchants are wealthy and of better repute for honesty than most of the Eastern traders. The settlers here are armed with blunderbusses, and constitute the best portion of the Wahaby infantry: they are generally successful against the Bedouins, who invade their lands and pastures; and as saltpetre is found in Nedjed, every family has its own yearly provision of gunpowder.'

Burckhardt's *Travels in Arabia* were published in 1829; his name and his works were well and extensively known, and no one who had read his account, even if he had known nothing of the information obtained by Ibrahim Pasha's army in 1817-18, or by Sadlier in 1819, or by Dr. Wallin in 1848, or by Mr. Layard at a later date, could entertain the delusion that Nejd was almost exclusively the territory of nomades.

From the same excellent authority we knew that the Hejaz, besides Jedda, Mekka, Medina, Tayf, and Yembo, contains in its mountainous districts valleys of great beauty, industriously cultivated.

cultivated. One of these, Rass el Kora, Burckhardt describes as 'more picturesque and delightful than any place I have seen since my departure from Lebanon in Syria.' He adds—

'Many of the fruit-trees of Europe are found here—figs, apricots, peaches, apples, the Egyptian sycamore, almonds, pomegranates, particularly vines, the produce of which is of the best quality. . . . The fields produce wheat, barley, and onions. . . . Every *bedouin* here call their fields, is enclosed by a low wall, and is the property of a Hodheyl Bedouin.'

He tells us also that—

'According to the statements of the Arabs, many spots towards south where Bedouin tribes like the Hodheyl cultivate the soil detached parts of the mountain, are equally fertile and beautiful that which we saw in the chain above mentioned.'

These same Hodheyl Bedouins,

'Famous in the ancient history of Arabia, were nominally subject to the Sherif of Mekka, in whose territory they live; but they were in fact quite independent and often at war with him.'

Such, indeed, is life in Arabia, even in its most attractive forms—in the town or the tent, the mountains, or the desert—constantly recurring strife, wherever the stifling grasp of power is relaxed or can be eluded.

Yemen is generally known to have been and to be a comparatively populous and well-cultivated part of Arabia, whose designation of *Felix*.

From Wellsted's account of the interior of Oman, we learn that it contains many picturesque and cultivated mountain valleys watered by copious streams, and that on the plains to the north of the range there are towns and villages whose inhabitants live with great labour reclaimed considerable tracts from the desert, creating, as it were, artificial oases which are highly cultivated and productive.

A very little knowledge of what his predecessors in the same field of inquiry had done would have saved Mr. Palgrave from the misapprehension under which he commenced his journey, and which he seems to imagine that he has been the first to dispel. It would be unjust to the men who really dispelled it not to warn the numerous readers of Mr. Palgrave's attractive book against falling into a similar error.

But let us resume the journey. After several days, in the course of which the travellers narrowly escaped destruction by the simoom, the poison-breath of the desert, they arrived at the district of Wadi Sirhan, in which they found many encampments of the Sherarat Arabs, described by Wellsted as one of the poorest, and, though numerous, one of the most despised of the tribes of Arabia. The travellers, however, were hospitably

hospitably received by these wild men, who killed a sheep to regale their guests.

At length they approached Jowf, and in a narrow pass were challenged by several horsemen, who, after some consultation, desired them to go on and fear nothing. Of one of these, Sulman-ebn-Dāhir, a handsome youth, Mr. Palgrave, who subsequently made his acquaintance, relates the following anecdote:—

‘One day, while we were engaged in friendly conversation, he said, half laughing, “Do you know what we were consulting about while you were in the pass below on the morning of your arrival? It was whether we should make you a good reception, and thus procure ourselves the advantage of having you residents amongst us, or whether we should not do better to kill you all three, and take our gain from the booty to be found in your baggage.” I replied with equal coolness, “It might have proved an awkward affair for yourself and your friends, since Hamood your governor could hardly have failed to get wind of the matter, and would have taken it out of you.” “Pooh!” replied our friend, “never a bit; as if a present out of the plunder would not have tied Hamood’s tongue.” “Bedouins that you are,” said I, laughing. “Of course we are,” answered Sulman, “for such we all were till quite lately, and the present system is too recent to have much changed us.”’

Sulman was a true Arab, and a long disquisition would fail to give as accurate a notion of Arab character as is conveyed by that anecdote. An Arab engages in robbery, with or without murder as it may happen, in much the same spirit in which a schoolboy might set about robbing an orchard.

The isolated valley of Jowf, about sixty or seventy miles long and twelve broad, with an estimated population of above thirty thousand, is well watered and productive; but we must give our traveller’s own account of his arrival there:—

‘A broad deep valley, descending ledge after ledge till its innermost depths are hidden from sight amid far-reaching shelves of reddish rock, below everywhere studded with tufts of palm-groves and clustering fruit-trees in dark green patches down to the furthest end of its windings; a large brown mass of irregular masonry crowning a central hill; beyond a tall and solitary tower overlooking the opposite bank of the hollow, and further down small round turrets and flat house-tops half buried amid the garden foliage, the whole plunged in a perpendicular flood of light and heat; such was the first aspect of the Djowf as we now approached it from the west. It was a lovely scene, and seemed yet more so to our eyes weary of the long desolation through which we had with hardly an exception journeyed day after day since our last farewell glimpse of Gaza and Palestine up to the first entrance on inhabited Arabia. “Like the Paradise of eternity, none can enter it till after having previously passed over hell-bridge,” says an Arab poet, describing some similar locality in Algerian lands.



'Reanimated by the view, we pushed on our jaded beasts, and were already descending the first craggy slope of the valley, when two horsemen, well dressed and fully armed after the fashion of the Arabs, came up toward us from the town, and at once saluted us with a loud and hearty "Marhaba," or "welcome;" and without further preface they added, "Alight and eat," giving themselves the example of the former by descending briskly from their light-limbed horses, and untying a large leather bag full of excellent dates, and a waterskin, filled from the running spring; then spreading out these most opportune refreshments on the rock, and adding, "We were sure that you must be hungry and thirsty, so we have come ready provided," they invited us once more to sit down and begin.

'Hungry and thirsty we indeed were; the dates were those of Djowf, the choicest in their kind to be met with in northern Arabia; the water was freshly drawn, cool and clear, no slight recommendations after the ammoniacal wells of Magowa' and Oweysit; so that altogether we thought it unnecessary to make our new friends repeat their invitation, and without delay set ourselves to enjoy the present good, leaving the future with all its cares to Providence and the course of events. Meanwhile I took the occasion of studying more minutely the outward man of our benefactors.

'The elder of the cavaliers was a man apparently of about forty years of age, tall, well-made, dark-complexioned, and with a look that inspired some mistrust, while it denoted much intelligence and more habitual haughtiness. He was handsomely dressed for an Arab, wearing a red cloth vest with large hanging sleeves over his long white shirt, with a silk handkerchief, striped red and yellow, on his head, and a silver-hilted sword at his side. In short, all about him denoted a person of some wealth and importance. This was Ghāfil-Haboob, the chief of the most important and the most turbulent family of the Djowf, Beyt-Haboob, who were not long since the rulers of the town, but are now, like all the rest of their countrymen, humble subjects to Hamood, vicegerent of Telāl, the prince of Djebel Shomer.

'His companion, Dāfee by name, seemed younger in years and slenderer of make; he was less richly dressed, though carrying, like Ghāfil, the silver-hilted sword common in Arabia to all men of good birth and circumstances; his family name was also Haboob, but his features bespoke a much milder and opener character than that of the chief, his cousin at the fourth or fifth remove.'

The travellers became the guests of Ghāfil,—not, however, without some remonstrance on the part of Dāfee, who was ambitious of the honour of entertaining them; but, finding that residence in the house of this chief of the Haboob was not conducive either to the extension of medical practice or the acquisition of information, and having reason to suspect that his hospitality was not quite disinterested—that, in fact, he had set his heart on getting possession of a bag of coffee which was part of their mercantile stock—they insisted on removing to other quarters.

After

After a time they paid a visit to the Governor, Hamood, and here encountered some of the more polished inhabitants of Jebel Shammar, or, as Mr. Palgrave has it, Shomer,—in fact, members of the Privy Council of Telal, Ebn Resheed, the ruler of that part of the country, who had annexed Jowf to his possessions. 'With much ease and off-handedness they drew us into talk, showed great interest in our well-doing, and united in encouraging us to lose no time in making our way to Ha'yel, where they assured us of an excellent welcome from Telal' (p. 78). Thus encouraged, after remaining eighteen days in Jowf, where they were hospitably treated and practised physic with success, they set out for the capital of Telal, who, though he governs ostensibly on behalf of Feyzul, the chief or sovereign of the Wahabees, appears to exercise an almost independent authority. He seems to be a remarkable man in his country and generation: prudent, but full of courage, farseeing in his policy, and formidable in war.

The tribe of Shammar is numerous and powerful. Besides that portion of it which is settled in the towns and villages of Jebel Shammar, a large, perhaps the larger, part of the tribe is still nomade. Of the nomade portion one division occupies chiefly the country between Jebel Shammar and the Euphrates, while another division pitches its tents on the eastern bank of the Tigris, or at least did so thirty years ago, when an English traveller was indebted to their Sheikh for a night's shelter; and we believe they are so still. Mr. Palgrave's dislike of Bedouins, however, leads him to regard them as of no consideration, and therefore he makes no inquiry about them. He must, no doubt, have good grounds for using *Shomer*, instead of the usual orthography, Shammar, which more accurately represents the sound of the word as it is pronounced by the Arabs of both Eastern and Western Arabia, as well as by the nomade portion of the tribe to which we have specially referred; but at Ha'yel the pronunciation may be that which Mr. Palgrave has adopted.\*

At that city the travellers remained for some time, objects of respect to some, and of curiosity to all, but on the whole treated with courtesy and hospitality. They appear to have had with Telal communings of a secret and perilous character, at least so he regarded them, but of what nature we are not informed. We are sometimes tempted to suspect that the mystery in which

\* The name Shammar, or Shamar, is not in favour with Mahomedans. When Hussein, the son of Alee, lay wounded and bleeding at the entrance of his tent, with his children clinging about him, his enemies, struck with awe and pity (so history tells), recoiled; but a ruthless man named Shammar, or Shamar, dashed forward, and with his followers despatched the grandson of 'the Prophet.' The name is therefore in bad odour with the Soonnees, and an abomination to the Sherahs—'Shomer' somewhat disguises it—at least beyond the limits of Arabia.

the unavowed objects of the enterprise are shrouded was unnecessary, and that it is introduced and maintained rather to enhance the interest of the story and the dignity of the author than from its intrinsic importance: at all events, it appears to have been only a reconnoissance, the result of which we presume could not have been very encouraging. The author's account, however, of his residence at Ha'yel is interesting and curious. In order to arrive at that city he had to pass over a portion of the Nefood, or sand desert, and considering that he set out from Ma'an a few weeks before with the notion that the peninsula of Arabia was almost exclusively a territory of nomades, the following truthful passage will show how his knowledge of that country had improved in a few weeks:—

'The general type of Arabia is that of a central table-land, surrounded by a desert ring, sandy to the south, west, and east, and stony to the north. This outlying circle is in its turn girt by a line of mountains, low and sterile for the most, but attaining in Yemen and 'Omān considerable height, breadth, and fertility, while beyond these a narrow rim of coast is bordered by the sea. The surface of the midmost table-land equals somewhat less than one-half of the entire Peninsula, and its special demarcations are much affected, nay, often absolutely fixed, by the windings and in-runnings of the Nefood. If to these central high-lands, or Nejed, taking that word in its wider sense, we add the Djowf, the Tā'yif, Djebel 'Aascer, Yemen, 'Omān, and Hasa,—in short, whatever spots of fertility belong to the outer circles,—we shall find that Arabia contains about two-thirds of cultivated, or at least of cultivable land, with a remaining third of irreclaimable desert, chiefly to the south. In most other directions the great blank spaces often left in maps of this country are quite as frequently indications of non-information as of real non-inhabitation. However, we have just now a strip, though fortunately only a strip, of pure unmitigated desert before us, after which better lands await us; and in this hope let us take courage with the old poet, who has kindly furnished me with a very appropriate heading to this chapter, and boldly enter the Nefood.'

The fidelity of his description of the sand desert will be recognised by every one who has traversed it; but as on the watery ocean the uninitiated estimate the height of the waves at much more than their real altitude, so we suspect it may have happened to Mr. Palgrave in the sandy ocean:—

'We were now traversing an immense ocean of loose reddish sand, unlimited to the eye, and heaped up in enormous ridges running parallel to each other from north to south, undulation after undulation, each swell two or three hundred feet in average height, with slant sides and rounded crests furrowed in every direction by the capricious gales of the desert. In the depths between the traveller finds himself

prisoned in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning  
ry side; while at other times, while labouring up the  
looks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a  
on wind, and ruffled by a cross-blast into little red-hot  
her shelter nor rest for eye or limb amid torrents of light  
red from above on an answering glare reflected below.

yel the travellers proceeded through the district of  
liad, the capital of Feyzul, chief or sovereign of the  
and the seat of their government. To enter thus  
en was a hazardous experiment, from which their  
a'yel would fain have dissuaded them, but they were  
neur the risk.

of the Wahabee sect and power is the most curious  
the history of modern Arabia, and it is the more  
interesting because, having been apparently crushed  
ruined by the Egyptian army in 1817-18, the Wahabee  
not only survived what seemed at the time to be a  
but is now more firmly established, to all appear-  
t was before that blow was struck. Mr. Palgrave,  
is to think that there is a violent reaction, of opinion  
inst it in the countries subject to its authority; but  
e best acquainted with the East well know how much  
as he heard may be held against an existing Asiatic  
without even the most remote intention, on the part  
hold it, of giving effect, by overt acts, to the opinions  
express with a freedom very likely to mislead a

not space for a history of the Wahabees, but a few  
must give to it in order to make our extracts from  
e's account of his sojourn at Riad intelligible.

power in Arabia which is of any great importance  
able to its neighbours is the Wahabee Principality,  
ore than a century has been established in Nejd, and  
l several of the surrounding districts. In accordance  
ppears to be the tendency of the Arabic mind, or at  
ith the usual formula in Arabia, the Wahabees are a  
t, whose fanaticism takes the direction of war and  
the purpose of propagating their peculiar tenets.

years before 1750, a person of the name of Mahomed  
Wahab, of the tribe Temeem and branch Wahab,  
Aredh after an absence of several years, during  
ad studied Mahomedan Theology under the learned  
Bussora and Damascus. He attached himself, it is  
petty court of a chief, Ebn Ma'amer, of Eyānah,  
and considerable town, now in ruins, which was

not

not many miles distant from Dereeyah and Riad. But having there begun to propagate opinions which were not acceptable to the authorities, he sought refuge with Saood Ebn Abdul Azceez, of the Aneizeh tribe, the hereditary chief of Dereeyah, and of a small territory attached to that town. Saood embraced the Wahabee doctrines, and soon began to propagate them, not only by his influence but by his sword. Saood was a man of ability and courage; but the people of that part of Arabia must have been previously prepared for some such movement, otherwise Wahabeeism could hardly have spread so rapidly. The power of Saood was altogether inconsiderable until it had been augmented by the accession of converts. The truth appears to be that the arrogant bearing of the Turks, who treated the Arabs with contempt, if not with contumely, the oppressions and injustice of the Pashas and their subordinates, who administered the local governments of Syria and Babylonia, with which the Arabs were constantly brought into contact, and to which they were nominally subject, made them ready to avail themselves of any means which might offer them a prospect of freedom; and to say nothing of the career of Mahomed, that of Karmath and other sectaries had shown how efficacious a military and political engine new or reformed doctrines in religion might become in the hands of a competent leader in Arabia.

The Wahabee doctrine was simply a recurrence to the original text and teaching of the Koran, the rejection of all religious observances that had not been sanctioned by 'the book,' the rigid enforcement of every prohibition which it contained, and the observance of all that it enjoined. The Wahabees denounced as profane and idolatrous the honours paid to deceased Mahomedan saints, and the practice of praying for their intercession, which had become almost universal. They even extended this denunciation to the prevalent semi-worship of 'the Prophet' himself, a contrary to his own commands; and condemned as impious the 'association' of any other with the one true God, as calculated to impair the belief in his perfect unity. The Koran had forbidden the use of anything intoxicating, and the Wahabees choosing to consider tobacco, which was freely used by all other Mahomedans, as one of those forbidden things, abstinence from it became a sort of test of orthodoxy, indulgence in it a proof of infidelity, and therefore one of the most heinous of crimes.

The teaching of the theologian and the prowess of the military leader were so successful that, before Saood's death (in 1765), his authority and the Wahabee doctrines were acknowledged and professed by nearly the whole of Nejd, and even by some of the districts on the shores of the Persian Gulf.

On the death of Saood he was succeeded by his eldest son, Abdul Azeez, a warlike prince, whose military successes carried the terror of the Wahabee arms to Hejaz, and the Pashalic of Bagdad.

Mr. Palgrave's account of the acts and the death of this Chief or Prince will give our readers an opportunity of judging of the manner in which he relates historical events:—

'In 1800 or near it (my readers will call to mind what I have more than once said about Arab dates) 'Abd-el-'Azeez ascended the throne. His reign was short, but full of events equally glorious and pernicious.

'Restless and bold, but much less prudent than his father, 'Abd-el-Azeez at once turned his arms against the East, stormed Kateef, where he made great slaughter of the inhabitants, occupied Bahreyn and the adjacent islands of the Persian Gulf, attacked the eastern coast of Barr-Fāris, which he detached irrecoverably from Persian rule, and lastly assailed the kingdom of 'Omān. This last expedition was headed by his younger brother, the impetuous 'Abd-Allah. The success of the Nejdeans was complete; after several battles, each a victory, 'Abd-Allah reached the heights above Mascat, and turned the fort batteries against the town below. The Sultan Sa'eed yielded to the storm, consented to the payment of an annual tribute, admitted a Wahabee garrison in the more important localities of his kingdom, and permitted the erection of mosques of orthodox fashion in Mascat and elsewhere.

'But these very conquests were fatal to 'Abd-el-'Azeez, who had by them provoked a foe much more dangerous than any hitherto known to the Wahabee empire. Kateef and Bahreyn were both of them dependencies of Persia, and had been even more closely linked to the latter kingdom by religious than by civil ties. 'Omān was also in intimate connection with Persia. The court of Teheran resolved to avenge its allies on the Arab brigand. To hazard a Persian army amid the wilds of Arabia would have been a measure equally dangerous and unprofitable; but there remained an easier way through an instrument familiar to Shiya'ees in all ages and climes, namely, the murderer's dagger.

'Numerous and dissident as are the sects sprung from the quarrels of 'Alee with his more successful rivals, they all of them agree on one point,—the traditional approbation and frequent practice of assassination. Shiya'ees of the original stock, Ismaileeyah (assassins *par excellence*, and from whom all others have derived the name), Druses, Carmathians, Khārijeeyah, Metāwelah, in a word, the entire kith and kin from the earliest Rāfedee down to the Bābee of our own time, have and do sanction the assassin's knife, wherever a purpose is to be attained or a rival to be got rid of; it is a part of their practical no less than of their theoretical code. Muslim and Christian, Sonnee and polytheist, each in his day has, an Arab would say, "tasted" the dagger of the multifarious Shiya'ee, the prototype "carbonaro" of the East.

East. 'Abd-el-'Azeez was now to learn at his own cost that the "secret sects" of Asia are not to be trifled with.

'A fanatic, native of the province of Ghilān, the land where 'Abd-el-Kadir had six centuries before made the enthusiasm of his disciples a pedestal to almost divine honours, offered himself for the work of blood. He received suitable instructions in Teheran, whence he journeyed to Meshid Hoseyn, the authentic Mecca of Shiya'ee devotion. There he procured a written pardon of all past or future sins, and a title-deed duly signed and sealed, assuring him the eternal joys of paradise, should he rid the earth of the Nejdean tyrant. With this document carefully rolled up and secured in an amulet round his arm, he took his way under mercantile disguise to Dercy'ceyah, and there awaited an occasion for meriting the reward promised to the deed of treachery.

'Abd-el-'Azeez, a sincere Wahhabec, never failed to be present in person at the public prayers held in the great mosque of the town. Then it was that, without arms, and wholly taken up by the scrupulous exactness of devotions which permit no backward or sideward glance, he might prove an easy victim to the meditated crime. This the Persian knew; and when weeks of intercourse and strict outward orthodoxy had acquired him the full confidence of the townspeople, he one day took his stand in the ranks of evening prayer immediately behind 'Abd-el-'Azeez, went through the first two Reka'as of Islamic devotion, and at the third, while the sultan of Nejed was bowed in prostrate adoration, plunged his sharp Khorassān dagger in his body. The blade penetrated between the shoulders, and came out at the breast; and 'Abd-el-'Azeez lay dead without a groan or struggle.

'His attendants caught up their swords where they lay ungirded for prayer, and unsheathed them on the assassin. The Persian, courageous from despair, defended himself a while with the weapon yet dripping royal blood; at last he fell, and was literally hewn to pieces on the ground of the mosque, but not till he had sent three of his assailants to follow their king in death. The written engagement, countersigned by the governor of Meshid Hoseyn, was found on the corpse; and 'Abd-Allah, who was now Sultan of Nejed, swore that his first vengeance for his brother's death should be on the city that had harboured his assassin.

'These events took place, so far as my informants could supply a date, about 1805 or 1806. 'Abd-Allah henceforth reigned alone; his younger brother Khālid, and Theney'yān, the son of 'Abd-el-'Azeez, with the other members of the family, had no share in the royal power. Khālid left a son, by name Meshāree, the future assassin of Turkce, and already mentioned in this narrative, in which Eb-n-Theney'yān and another Khālid, also nephew of 'Abd-Allah, will find subsequent mention.

'Abd-Allah had inherited all his father's skill and superior force of character, but to these better qualities he joined the ordinary vices of one born in the purple; despotic, cruel, perfidious, haughty to a degree rare even in the East, and bigoted beyond measure for t

he had been himself brought up. The odious features in the portrait of a Mahometan autocrat—pride, shed, contempt of human suffering, lavish prodigality nsparing oppression, capricious cruelty and equally ry—all found a full development in the Wahhabee rked each measure of his reign.

d he buried his brother than he prepared to accomplish age on Meshid Hoseyn and the Shiya'ees of the Persian his intent he put himself at the head of a powerful ected his march towards the western bank of the n his way he threatened to swallow up the little 'Koweyt, then first rising into commercial importance, e submission and large presents averted the dangerous Nejdean visit. Carrying all opposition before him, ttered the forces assembled to check his onset at c-esh-Sheyookh, and at Samowah, till he arrived before of Meshid 'Alee, to which he immediately laid siege. miraculous interposition of the stepson of Mahomet n among the Wahhabee assailants, as the Shiya'ees y, or whether the besiegers wanted the requisite skill r storming the fortifications, 'Abd-Allah was repulsed le loss, and had to give up his projects against Meshid ; it to its defenders, he marched northward with new feshid Hoseyn or Kerbelah, the main object of his the impetuosity of his onset overcame all resistance, rformed, and a promiscuous massacre of garrison and ased the manes of 'Abd-cl-'Azeez. The tomb, real or e son of Fatimah was destroyed, the rich mosque desecrated. 'I myself have seen at Riad different rried off from the sanctuary of Persian devotion; all carnage was merciless, and that the inhabitants armed e alike put to the sword.'

well and skilfully told—the tragedy ending in ution is so artistic and complete, that we cannot reluctance disturb its effect by exposing its his-ty.

ssain or Kerbelah was attacked and taken by the town pillaged, the tomb and mosque plundered, he inhabitants massacred on the 2nd of April, e 13th. November, 1803, Abdul Azeez was assas-ersian whose relations had been murdered by the n they sacked Kerbelah in 1801. The indis-acre at Kerbelah was not, therefore, provoked by, act of retribution for the assassination of Abdul i the contrary, the assassination of Abdul Azeez by, and was an act of retribution for, the unpro-of a family at Kerbelah; and, if the Arabs did not regard



regard it as a meritorious act, it was not the less strictly in accordance with their own practice of exacting blood for blood.

But that is not the only error in the passage above quoted. We are told by Mr. Palgrave that the reign of Abd-ul-Azeez was short. He succeeded his father, Saood, the founder of the Wahabee power, in 1765, and he was assassinated in 1803. He therefore ruled the Wahabees for thirty-eight years, which could hardly be considered a short reign anywhere, and least of all in Arabia. Then we are told that he was succeeded by his brother Abd-Allah; but his brother Abd-Allah never reigned, and every one who has any acquaintance with the history of the Wahabees knows that he was succeeded by his eldest son Saood,\* who for many years had been the successful leader of his father's armies, and who completed the subjugation of the Hejaz which he had begun during his father's life.

The storm of Kateef and the massacre of its inhabitants did not take place subsequent to 1800, as Mr. Palgrave imagines, but in 1791.

The attack on Meshid Allee, in which the Wahabees were repulsed, was not made, as Mr. Palgrave alleges, prior to the sack of Kerbelah in 1801, nor till six years thereafter, that is in 1807.

It was not during the reign of Abd-ul-Azeez, and not till 1810, seven years after his death, that the Imâm of Muscat first agreed to pay tribute to the Wahabee. There is no evidence to connect the Court of Persia with the assassination of Abd-ul-Azeez; on the contrary the evidence goes rather to show that it was an act of private revenge for the murder of his relatives on the part of a fanatic seyud, a descendant, or supposed descendant, of Hossein, the grandson of 'the Prophet,' whose shrine had been desecrated. The statement that a 'written engagement signed by the Governor of Meshid Hoseyn was found on the corpse' of the assassin is also contrary to the evidence, which goes to prove that a paper was found, but without any signature whatever,† and which might have been written by any other fanatic or by

\* Both as a military leader and a civil governor Saood was the most distinguished man whom the Wahabees have yet produced. From his youth he had led his father's armies, and almost always to victory. He had been named successor many years before his father's death, and when that event occurred, his accession was hailed with acclamations both by the army and the people. But Mr. Palgrave seems either not to have known of his existence, or to ignore it.

† In a 'Précis de l'Histoire des Wahabys,' which is appended to M. Mengin's work, and is believed to be from the pen of M. Jomard, the following is the account given of the matter: 'On trouva dans son turban un billet sans signature, écrit en langue Persane; il était ainsi conçu: "Ton Dieu, ta religion, te font un devoir de tuer Abd-el-Aziz. Si tu parviens à échapper, tu aura de grandes récompenses si tu succombes, le paradis est ouvert pour toi."'

hirsting for vengeance on the murderers of the inhah Kerbelah. After such a specimen of the manner in deals with historical facts, Mr. Palgrave must not be if his statements are regarded as requiring confirmation. erting almost every historical incident, by assuming e is not a tittle of evidence to substantiate, by attripossible motives, and by drawing upon his own imagi- that of his Arab friends, for such materials as the facts apply, he has made up a picturesque story, which he ould be accepted as history. Considered as fiction, defect of Mr. Palgrave's story of 'The Life and Death l-Azeez,' would be that it does such violence to the istory as is not permitted in historical romance.

not account for these singular statements by saying as misled by his Arab informants. No intelligent ld have told him that the reign of Abd-ul-Azeez was that he was succeeded by his brother Abd-Allah. s this a mere mistake of the name and relationship of ssor, for the character which Mr. Palgrave attributes ccessor is, in almost every particular, inconsistent with ood, the actual successor.

flight of Ghaleb, the shereef of Mekka, in 1803, to ae 'Sacred City' had surrendered to Saood, who entered part of his army. Mr. Palgrave states that Mekka was Abd-Allah, and the Turkish garrison was massacred; statements are erroneous. Neither on that occasion y other were the Wahabees guilty of massacre or pillage a. Saood made thereafter repeated 'pilgrimages' to ut always with a strong force; and in 1809 he received nal submission of Ghaleb. But in 1803 he had inter- except 'the orthodox' from entering the 'sacred pre- ad by military force closed the ordinary roads by which aravans entered the Hejaz. The prosperity if not the of Mekka and Medina depended mainly on the dists and traffic of the Haj; and Saood knew that by ng these he took the most effectual means of starving submission.

9 Saood visited Medina, where he was received with s and much pomp, and, after a few days, returned to , without disturbing the tomb of Mahomed; but on a sit, in 1810, he removed from it what the shereefs and , who preceded him had left of the votive offerings of erations. The whole Mahomedan world—the Waha- pted—was struck with horror at the sacrilege; but when s and vessels of silver and gold were sold by auction at Medina

Medina for much less than their value, the 'faithful' of them were not deterred by any scruples of conscience from being the chief purchasers—not with any view of restoring things to the tomb, but as a trading speculation.

The honour of the Sultan and the Turkish Government had been violated by the capture of the holy places of the Medans and the interdiction of the Haj. The Pasha of Egypt was therefore required to recover the Hejaz from the sumptuous sect which had seized and desecrated the sacred land and territory, and had, in the insolence of their fanaticism, arrogated the right of the Sultan to the kalifat of the Mahomedan world.

Mahomed Alee, lately appointed Pasha of Egypt, having got rid of the Mamelukes in the manner which history has recorded, began, with his usual ability and foresight, to prepare for the execution of the task which had been assigned him. He gradually laying in stores, providing transports, and using his money and his influence to gain adherents in the Hejaz and intermediate countries, resolved to send an expedition under the command of his son Toussoun or Torsoun Pasha, to recover the Wahabees the holy places of Islam, and to open the way to the pilgrims who had for some years been debarred at the ordinary routes to Mekka and Medina.

On the 2nd of April, 1811, Toussoun was invested with the command, but it was the 6th of October before he started on his march, accompanied by learned theologians of the four named Soonneh sects, who were to reconvert the deluded and misled by the innovating Wahabees. Landing at Yemen, which had been sent by sea, got possession of the town after some not very obstinate combats, and was shortly afterwards joined by the Pasha, Toussoun, at the head of the Egyptian army. Having secured his communications with Egypt by the possession of Yembo, he resolved to march towards Medina, but was defeated in the passes of Safra a serious reverse. Having been reinforced he advanced again the following year, and the tribes which held the passes, having in the mean time gained over at great cost of treasure, the Egyptians succeeded in wresting Medina from the Wahabees. For several years the Egyptian army prosecuted the war, and recovered not only the Hejaz and Jeddah, but also the towns and country towards the west of Yemen and eastward to the confines of Nejd. In 1816 Saood, the Wahabee chief, died, and was succeeded by Abd-Allah, who neither inherited his father's talents nor his ambition. In 1816 Ibraheem, the adopted son of Mahomed Alee, took the command of the army and led it to the conquest of the Hejaz. Having been repulsed in three successive assaults, he

the siege of El Rass in Kaseem, but as he soon after captured Aneyza, the principal town of the district, the whole of Kaseem submitted. Ibraheem next attacked Shakra: after a siege of six days it capitulated. The direct road to Dereeyeh, the capital of the Wahabees, was then open to him, but he preferred to take the more circuitous route by Dhoroma, a large town, with a population of eight thousand souls, which was not fortified and from which the capital drew a great part of its supplies. At Dhoroma he encountered an unexpected and obstinate resistance, which so irritated him that he ordered his troops to massacre the whole of the inhabitants and to spare no one,—an order which was immediately executed:—

‘Ils firent (says M. Mengin) main-basse sur les habitans. La fusillade fut si vive, qu’en moins de deux heures la plupart périrent dans leurs maisons. Il ne resta que quelques centaines de femmes, de filles et d’enfans qu’épargna la pitié du soldat. Le sang coulait dans les rues encombrées par les morts.’

The governor Saood, a son of Abdallah, retired to his house with some faithful followers, and artillery was brought up to batter it; but Ibraheem, knowing that it contained precious articles, especially horses of almost inestimable value, considered it more profitable to allow Saood and his followers to capitulate:—

‘Satisfait d’avoir assouvi sa vengeance, Ibrahim Pacha permit aux femmes et à leurs enfans de rester au milieu des ruines de leur patrie, après avoir été les objets de la brutalité des soldats. A peine ce carnage était-il achevé, qu’un orage mêlé de pluie, de grêle et de tonnerre vint encore ajouter à cette scène de désolation, et porter la terreur dans l’âme des Turks.’

Dereeyah surrendered after a siege which endured for six months—from the 12th of April to the 9th of September, 1818—and, although the fall of the capital did not immediately involve the submission of the whole principality, the power of the Wahabees was broken. Their Prince was a prisoner; his eldest son, Saood, having been taken prisoner while attempting to make his escape before his father surrendered, had been put to death by order of Ibraheem, and the Wahabees had no army in the field that could offer any effectual resistance.

Mr. Palgrave (vol. ii. pp. 55, 56) gives a somewhat detailed account of a great battle fought at Koreyn, a few leagues from Shakra, on the route to Dereeyeh. He says, speaking of Abdallah, the Wahabee chief:—

‘His outposts were soon driven in by the Egyptian columns, and some skirmishes brought Ibraheem to Shakra’, a town then as now unwarlike and commercial; she readily opened her gates to the Basha.  
But

But a few leagues farther on at Koreyn lay gathered the great force of Nejed with 'Abd-Allah at its head; second in command was the invincible Hārith, described by tradition as the fiercest among all Wahabee leaders of old or of recent times.

'A tremendous battle, recalling that of Khālid and Mosylemah, here took place. It is said to have lasted two days, and to have been only decided by the Egyptian field-pieces on the afternoon of the second. Hārith with his lancers broke through the enemy's lines, and reached the Basha himself; but just as the sword of the Nejdean was raised to put an end to the war at one blow, a Circassian came behind him in the mêlée, and with a drawing stroke of his sabre cut through the Arab's loins. Hārith fell dead from his horse, but his companions undiscouraged continued the fray till night parted the combatants. The dreams of Ibraheem Basha are reported to have been long haunted by the memory of his imminent personal danger on that day, and for years after he would often start from sleep exclaiming the name of Hārith.

'At last the artillery, which had been dragged up a commanding height, did its work. 'Abd-Allah with his broken troops retreated to entrench himself in Derey'ceyah, and Wadi Haneefah lay open to the Egyptians. They advanced, but cautiously, and after dispersing a few troops left to check their way, came before the capital.'

This account must be derived from some Arab storyteller: at all events it is a pure fiction. No such battle was fought by the armies of Ibraheem and Abdallah at Koreyn or anywhere else. Except occasional skirmishes, and some affairs of cavalry, of which neither party had any considerable force, no contest occurred in the field. Abdallah retired as Ibraheem advanced, and neither attempted to raise the siege of any one of the fortified towns which were successively attacked, nor to defend the passes leading to Dereeyah. The Egyptian army marched from Shakra to Doroma without encountering almost any opposition, and, having taken Doroma and slaughtered its inhabitants, proceeded over difficult passes to Dereeyah without encountering any opposition whatever. The frightful episode of Doroma, to which we have already referred, Mr. Palgrave does not allude to.

Abdallah, after his surrender, was treated with a sort of chivalrous courtesy by his conqueror, and was sent a prisoner to Egypt with strong assurances, though, it is believed, without any positive promise, that his life at least was safe. In Egypt he was treated with consideration and even with kindness by Mahomed Alee, who forwarded him to Constantinople. There, after having been paraded in the streets for some days as a show to the populace, he was put to death, with all his Wahabee attendants, near the mosque of St. Sophia.

The Egyptian troops spread over the country towards the  
Persian

Persian Gulf, which had suffered less by the war than the central districts, and where provisions were therefore more abundant. The Wahabee power appeared to have received its deathblow and the conquest of Nejd had been accomplished. It had been a bold conception daringly carried out.

But though Mahomed Alee Pasha had conquered Nejd he was unable to hold it in subjection. His army was too far from Egypt, the base on which it must necessarily rely for the maintenance of its strength and resources, and there was an impediment perhaps still more insuperable. The Turk was still a Turk, more arrogant and contemptuous than ever after his successes, and the Arab was still an Arab, notwithstanding his reverses. It was not in human nature that these two heterogeneous elements should amalgamate or should even live together in peace, and in a few years the Egyptians were forced to abandon Nejd, leaving thousands of their skeletons to bleach or to be covered over in the shifting sands of the Desert. The dynasty founded by the first Wahabee Saood, after a series of domestic contests and some assassinations, resumed its ascendancy; and Feyzul, the grandson of the unfortunate Abdallah, having established his capital at Riad, not far from the ruins of Dereeyah, successfully asserted his authority over the whole principality of Nejd. The Wahabee power is now firmly fixed and as formidable as it has ever been; and if we accept Mr. Palgrave's account, the 'orthodox' stringency of the sect had relaxed nothing in its discipline when he visited Riad.

His account of his residence there, as well as of his flight—we can hardly call it his escape—from thence is curious and amusing.

On the fall of Dereeyah in 1818, when Abdallah ebn Saood, with most of his family, were made prisoners by Ibraheem Pasha, one of his sons, Toorkee, escaped, being then at a distance; and in 1862 Mr. Palgrave found Feizul, the son of that Toorkee, in undisputed possession of the principality of Nejd, with Riad for his capital. Feizul sought to re-establish Wahabeeism in all its plenitude, for it was the base on which his power rested. He was already, Mr. Palgrave says, an old man and quite blind, and may have had his weaknesses, but toleration was not one of them. The whole power of his government was exerted to enforce the most rigid conformity to the dictates of the Koran, as interpreted by the Wahabee commentators; but the occupation of the country by the Egyptians, the intercourse with Egypt which this had necessitated, the consequent loss of authority by the Wahabee spiritual guides, and other causes, had produced a relaxation of orthodox discipline and observance

which, as zealous sectarian leaders foresaw, must bring down a judgment from heaven on the land. When, therefore, Nejd which had hitherto escaped, suffered, some ten or twelve years ago, from a dreadful visitation of cholera, Feizul and his advisers did not doubt that this was the righteous judgment which the faithful few had foreseen. He called together the elders, pointed out the cause of the visitation, showed that the only hope of staying the plague lay in repentance and reform, but explained that he was himself now old and infirm, and stood in need of their aid to effect the requisite return to orthodox fidelity and observance. Mr. Palgrave shall tell the result:—

‘The elders of the town retired, held long consultation, and returning, proposed the following scheme, which received the kindly ratification. From among the most exemplary and zealous of the inhabitants twenty-two were to be selected, and entitled “*Meddey’yeeyah*” “men of zeal,” or “Zelators,” such being the nearest word in literal translation, and this I shall henceforth employ, to spare Arab onomatopony. Candidates of the requisite number were soon found and mustered. On these twenty-two Feysul conferred absolute power for the extirpation of whatever was contrary to Wahhabee doctrine and practice, and to good morals in general, from the capital firstly, and then from the entire empire. No Roman censors in their most pearly days had a higher range of authority or were less fettered by all ordinary restrictions. Not only were these Zelators to denounce offenders, but they might also in their own unchallenged right inflict the penalty incurred, beat and fine at discretion, nor was any certain limit assigned to the amount of the mulct, or to the number of the blows. Most comprehensive too was the list of offences brought under the animadversion of these new censors; absence from public prayer, regular attendance five times a day in the public mosques being henceforth of strict obligation; smoking tobacco, taking snuff, or chewing (this last practice, vulgarly entitled “quidding,” had been introduced by the jolly tars of Koweyt and other seaports of the Persian Gulf); wearing silk or gold; talking or having a light in the house after night prayers; singing or playing on any musical instrument; nay, even all street games of children or childish persons; these were some of the leading articles on the condemned list, and objects of virtuous correction and severity. Besides, swearing by any other name save that of God, any approach to an invocation, or even ejaculation directed to aught but Him; in short, whatever in word or deed, in conversation or in conduct, might appear to deviate from the exact orthodoxy of the letter of the Coran and the Wahhabee commentary, was to be denounced, or even punished on the spot. Lastly, their censorship extended over whatever might afford suspicion of irregular conduct; for instance, strolling about the streets after nightfall, entering too frequently a neighbour’s house, especially at hours when the male denizens may be presumed absent, with any apparent breach of the laws of decorum or decency; all these were rendered

ndered offences amenable to cognizance and correctional measures. It is easy to imagine what so wide-reaching a power might become when placed in the hands of interested or vindictive administrators. However, the number of the Zelators themselves, and the innate roughness and resistance of the Arab character, somewhat diminished the ill consequences which might naturally have been expected from this over-absolute and scarce-defined authority, though many and most atrocious instances of its exercise and abuse were related in my hearing.

These Zelators are bound to a very simple style of dress, devoid of ornament or pretension; they may not even wear the sword, mark of directly temporal or military authority. But in compensation, each one bears in hand a long staff, which serves the double object of official badge and instrument of chastisement, much like the truncheon of our own policeman; this, combined with downcast eyes, slow walk, subdued tone of voice, the head-dress drawn cowl-fashion low over the forehead, but without head-band, and a constant gravity of demeanour, suffices to distinguish them at first sight from the ordinary crowd. Of course, in their conversation, pious texts and ejaculations, accompanied by the forefinger upraised every half-minute at least, in season and out of season, to testify to the unity of God, are even more frequent with them than among the common faithful. Facing from street to street, or unexpectedly entering the houses to see if there is anything incorrect going on there, they do not hesitate to inflict at once, and without any preliminary form of trial or judgment, the penalty of stripes on the detected culprit, be he who he may; and should their own staves prove insufficient, they straightway call in the assistance of bystanders or slaves, who throw the guilty individual prone on the ground, and then in concert with the Zelator belabour him at pleasure. A similar process is adopted for those whom negligence has kept from public prayer; the Zelator of the quarter, accompanied by a band of the righteous, all well armed with stout sticks, proceeds to the designated dwelling, and demands an entrance, which no one dares refuse. It is then a word and a blow, or rather many blows and few words, till the undevout shortcomer is quickened into new fervour by the most cogent of all *à posteriori* arguments.

Mr. Palgrave tells how these men used their power:—

Furnished with such powers, and backed up by the whole weight of government, it may be easily supposed that the new broom swept clean, and that the first institution of the Zelators was followed by hot-and-branch work. Rank itself was no protection, high birth no shelter, and private or political enmities now found themselves masters of their aim. Djeloo'wee, Feysul's own brother, was beaten with rods at the door of the king's own palace for a whiff of tobacco-smoke; and his royal kinsman could not or would not interfere to save him from undergoing at fifty an ignominy barely endurable at fifteen. Soweylim, the prime minister, and predecessor of Mahboob, was on a similar



protext, but in reality (so said universal rumour) at the instigation a competitor for his post, seized one day while on his return homeward from the castle, thrown down, and subjected to so protracted and cruel a fustigation that he expired on the morrow.'

Of the preaching in the central seat of Wahabee orthodoxy which our author appears to have diligently attended, he does not seem to have a very favourable opinion. He says—

'Of morality, justice and judgment, mercy and truth, purity of heart and tongue, and all that makes man better, I never heard a syllable during a month and a half of sermon frequentation in this pious capital. But of prayers, of war against unbelievers, of the rivers of Paradise, of houris and bowers, of hell, devils, and chastity also of the laws of divorce, and of the complicated marital obligations of polygamy, plenty and to spare. Nor should I omit a very frequent topic, the sinfulness of tobacco, ay, and that confirmed by visible and appalling judgments, curiously resembling those which a spirit of Christian than Judaical introduces occasionally into European boxes of edification.'

One cannot help feeling desirous to learn the result of such complete identification of the spiritual and temporal governments as could hardly be found anywhere else unless in Rome. These are the terms in which Mr. Palgrave sums up his views on this subject:—

'Meanwhile poor morality fares little better in this pharisaical land than in Burns's Kilmarnock, or Holy Fair. True, lights are extinguished an hour or so after sunset, and street-walking rigorously inhibited; while in the daytime not even a child may play by the roadside; not a man laugh out. True, profane instruments of music disturb not the sacred hum of Coranic lectures, and no groups of worldly mirth offend serious eyes in the market-place. But profligacy of all kinds, even such as language refuses to name, is riper here than in Damascus and Şeyda themselves, and the comparative decency most other Arab towns sets off the blackness of Riad in stronger and stranger contrast. "A government which, not content with repressing scandalous excesses, demands from its subjects fervent and austere piety, will soon discover that, while attempting to render an impossible service to the cause of virtue, it has in truth only promoted vice," one of the many just remarks of a well-known modern author. In fact, most of what Macaulay observes on this very topic in his "Critical and Historical Essays," whether his theme be the Roman Parliament and Puritan austerity, or the hideous reaction of immorality under the reign of the latter Stuarts, may be almost literally applied to the present condition of the Arab kingdom of saints, which it foretells a future inevitably not remote.'

But let us accompany Mr. Palgrave to the streets and markets of Riad, and take a look at its motley population:—

'At last we reach the market-place; it is full of women and peasants, selling exactly what we want to buy, besides meat, firewood, milk, &c. &c.; around are customers, come on errands like our own. We single out a tempting basket of dates, and begin haggling with the unbeautiful Phyllis, seated beside her rural store. We find the price too high. "By Him who protects Feysul," answers she, "I am the loser at that price." We insist. "By Him who shall grant Feysul a long life, I cannot bate it," she replies. We have nothing to oppose to such tremendous asseverations, and accedo or pass on, as the case may be.

'Half of the shops, namely, those containing grocery, household articles of use, shoemaker's stalls and smithies, are already open and busily thronged. For the capital of a strongly centralised empire is always full of strangers, come will they nill they on their several affairs. But around the butchers' shops awaits the greatest human and canine crowd: my readers, I doubt not, know that the only licensed scavengers throughout the East are the dogs. Nejdeans are great flesh-eaters, and no wonder, considering the cheapness of meat (a fine fat sheep costs at most five shillings, often less), and the keenness of mountaineer appetites. I wish that the police regulations of the city would enforce a little more cleanliness about these numerous shambles; every refuse is left to cumber the ground at scarce two yards' distance. But dogs and dry air much alleviate the nuisance—a remark I made before at Hā'yel and Bereydaḥ; it holds true for all Central Arabia.

'But there are many strangers here too, and some hardly less foreigners than ourselves. That slender and swarthy form, clad in a saffron-dyed vest of a closer cut than the ample Nejdean shirt, with a crooked dagger at his girdle, and a short yellow stick in his hand, is a native of the outskirts of 'Omān, a land with which the Wahhabees have now not unfrequent nor always friendly doings. That other in a party-coloured overdress, with a large blue turban fringed red and yellow, overshadowing a cast of features totally unlike those of Central Arabia, and somewhat verging on the Persian or the Indian type, is an inhabitant of Bahreyn; commerce or tribute has dragged him here, ere against his will.

'But here comes a procession; it is a great man from Medinah, esteemed and detested by all around, who, with his numerous attendants richly clad, himself rustling in silk and embroidery, has found his way to Riad on business of high import; perhaps to intercede, but in vain, for his friends in 'Oneyzah, perhaps to concert some wicked scheme in the Wahhabee interest for the downfall of the resent Shereef. Be that as it may, all frown at him, and he frowns at all: I know not on which side is the deeper contempt and hatred.

'Close by I see a tall slender figure, remarkably handsome, and clad in a not inelegant though unadorned dress. It is Rāfia', one of the Sedeyree family, a chief esteemed alike for courage in war and for prudence in peace: but now, like all his relatives, under an official cloud,

cloud, because belonging to the too-national party of the province and suspected of a want of sincere attachment to the 'Aared dynasty.'

'Amid the rabble are many other elements, exotic to Riāḍ, though never wholly absent from it. Camel-drivers from Zulphah, who in their frequent intercourse with Zobeyr and Bagrah, have alloyed Wahhabee gravity and Nejdean decency with the devil-may-care way of those ambiguous lands half Shiya'ee, half infidel; some ill-conditioned youth, who having run away from his father or the Meṭow'was at Riāḍ, has a while sought liberty and fortune among the sailors of Koweyt or Tāroot, and returned with morals and manners worthy of Wapping or Portsmouth, for Jack-tars are much the same everywhere; some thin Yemanees pedlar, come up by Wadi Nejrān and Dowāir to slip quietly in and out through the streets of the capital and laugh at all he sees; perhaps some Belooch or Candahar darweesh, like those who accompanied us a month ago to Bereydaḥ, and who here await companions with whom to cross the eastern arm of the desert on his way to the Persian Gulf; mixed with these, the beggars of Dowāir more fanatic, more viciously ill-tempered, and more narrow in heart and head than the men of 'Aared themselves, with the addition of laziness, meanness, and avarice quite their own; close by, some young lean, consumptive-looking student, who, cursed with a genius, has come to study at Riāḍ, where he lives on the Coran and the scanty alms of the palace; his head full of true orthodox learning, and his belly empty or nearly so; and others less significant, each on "his business and desire, such as it is," might an Arab Hamlet say.'

We had marked for quotation other passages relating to late parts of Mr. Palgrave's journey, and we should gladly have compared his account of the population, military force, and resources of Nejd in 1862 with that which was given by M. Mengin about forty years before; but we must abstain.

We take leave of Mr. Palgrave, thanking him for the amusement he has afforded us; but we may perhaps be permitted to say, without offence, that a little less anxiety to display his artistic skill, and a little more attention to the truth of history might have ensured to him more unreserved confidence. His misapprehension as to the condition of Arabia and as to what was already known of Nejd, which gives him throughout the air of a man who expects to get credit for having been the first to discover what other writers had previously made known to the public, tends in like manner to make reliance more hesitating. Then the mystery which he has felt himself obliged or has thought proper to observe with regard to the purposes of his journey while he takes care to inform us of the auspices under which it was performed, has tended, we have reason to believe, to produce in some quarters a feeling of distrust. At the same time we must acknowledge, as we have already said, that, although

ough the colouring may sometimes be too high, we see no sufficient reason to doubt that the outlines of what he depicts are for the most part faithfully drawn. We must altogether object, however, to the course which he pursued with regard to the narratives, especially of historical facts, which he says he collected from the Arabs. He gives a verbal intimation, it is true, that he relates them as they were told to him, and that he is not responsible for their accuracy; but, having done this, he proceeds to embody them in his own narrative to comment upon and use them as if their accuracy were admitted. We have pointed out some instances and might have cited many more in which a very moderate acquaintance with the authentic information that was available to him would have enabled him to correct the errors to which he has given currency, and which must prevent his book from ever being regarded as an authority.

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. VIII.—*A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art.* By Thomas Wright, Esq.; with Illustrations from various sources, drawn and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, Esq.

AMONG the many contributions which Mr. Thomas Wright has made towards English antiquarian research, and, in particular, towards the familiar delineation of the manners and customs of our ancestors, none is, perhaps, so popular or so well known as his two volumes entitled 'England under the House of Power, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day.' The very spirited woodcuts with which this book is adorned by Mr. Fairholt might alone have sufficed to make its fortune. Published only in 1848, it is already difficult to procure a

Encouraged by his success in this line, Mr. Wright has attempted the wider enterprise announced in this title-page. Fear that in doing so he has been somewhat over ambitious. The story of the 'caricature and grotesque in literature and art,' ranging over all countries and all time, comprising not only verbal representations, but poetry, satire, the drama, and buffoonery of all descriptions, is a subject which, if it be attempted at in a single octavo volume, could only be so in the form of a compact and well-reasoned essay, to which Mr. Wright's interesting fragmentary sketches bear little resemblance. The 'inimitable laughter' of nations, ancient and modern, cannot be compressed within so small a compass. We must therefore content ourselves with thanking Mr. Wright for his desultory but agreeable attempts for our enlightenment. And we propose, on the present

present occasion, to confine ourselves entirely to the artistic position of them: enlivened, as it is, by a new series of Mr. Falholt's excellent illustrations. Our inability to transfer these to our own pages places us, as we feel, at a great disadvantage: many words are required to explain to the reader the contents of a picture, which a few outlines by an able hand impress once visibly on the recollection. Deprived of this advantage we must confine ourselves as well as we can to the points at which caricature touches the history of social and political life rather than those by which it borders on the great domain of Art, properly so called.

'The word caricature is not found in the dictionaries, I believe until the appearance of that of Dr. Johnson, in 1755. Caricature is of course, an Italian word, derived from the verb *caricare*, to charge or load; and therefore it means a picture which is charged or exaggerated ["Ritratto ridicolo," says Baret's Dictionary, "in cui fiensi grandemente accresciuti i difetti." The old French dictionaries say: "c'est la même chose que charge en peinture."] The word appears not to have come into use in Italy until the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the earliest instance I know of its employment by an English writer is the quoted by Johnson from the 'Christian Morals' of Sir Thomas Browne who died in 1682, but it was one of his latest writings, and was not printed till long after his death: "Expose not thyself by fourfooted manner unto monstrous draughts (*i. e.* drawings) and caricatura representations. This very quaint writer, who had passed some time in Italy, evidently uses it as an exotic word. We find it next employed by the writer of the Essay, No. 537, of the 'Spectator,' who, speaking of the way in which different people are led by feelings of jealousy and prejudice to detract from the characters of others, goes on to say "From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *caricaturas*, where the aim consists in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster." The word was not fully established in our language in its English form of caricature until late in the last century."—p. 415.

This, no doubt, is a serviceable, artistic definition of the word but its popular meaning is, perhaps, a little more limited. It would be difficult accurately to distinguish 'caricature' in composition, according to the above description, from what we simply term 'grotesque'; exaggeration, that is, of natural effects for the mere purpose of the ludicrous. In using the word caricature we generally add to this notion that of satire; and the best definition for our purpose, as well as to suit ordinary apprehension though not at all originating in the primary meaning of the word will be, that 'caricature' implies the use of the grotesque for the purpose

purpose of satire: satire, of course, of many kinds, individual, moral, political, as the case may be.

Looking at our subject from this point of view, we must never eliminate from it all those amusing details respecting classical 'caricature,' to which Mr. Wright has devoted the first part of his work, and which a clever French writer, M. Champfleury, has just illustrated in a little book, superficial, entertaining, and 'cock-sure of everything,' as the manner of his nation is, entitled '*Histoire de la Caricature Antique*.' The ancients were passionately fond of the grotesque: the Greeks intermingled it strangely, but gracefully, with their inimitable creations of beauty: the Romans, after their nature, made it coarse and sensual, where not merely imitative of the Hellenic.

'The discourses of Socrates resemble the pictures of the painter Pauson.' Some one had ordered of Pauson the picture of a horse rolling on the ground. Pauson painted him running. The customer complained that the condition of his order had not been fulfilled. 'Turn the picture upside down,' said the artist, 'and the horse will seem to roll on the ground.' From this moderately facetious anecdote of Lucian; from a passage of Aristotle, in which it is said that 'Polygnotus painted men better than they are; Pauson, worse than they are; Dionysius, such as they are;' and, lastly, from a few lines of Aristophanes, in which some Pauson or other is jeered at for his poverty, assumed to be the lot of Bohemian artists in general; M. Champfleury has arrived at the rapid conclusion, that Pauson was the *doyen* of all caricaturists. And he vindicates him, eloquently, from the aspersions of the Stagyrite. 'Aristotle,' says he, 'preoccupied with the idea of absolute beauty, has not expounded the scope of caricature, and its importance in society. This thinker, plunged in philosophical abstractions, despised as futile an art which nevertheless consoles the people in its sorrows, avenges it on its tyrants, and reproduces, with a satirical pencil, the thoughts of the multitude.'

Pliny the elder, after mentioning the serious compositions of the painter Antiphilus, informs us that '*idem (Antiphilus) jocosæ nomine Gryllus deridiculi habitus pinxit. Unde hoc genus picturæ grylli vocabantur.*' The meaning of this obscure passage—whether Gryllus was a ridiculous personage who had the misfortune to descend to posterity in some too faithful portrait by Antiphilus, or whether Gryllus was a serious personage, perhaps the son of Xenophon and hero of Mantinea, whose portrait was placed by the Athenians in the Ceramicus, whom Antiphilus had the audacity to caricature—has exercised the wits of plenty of antiquaries, and will no doubt give occupation

to many more. However, it seems to be from this anecdote of Pliny that grotesque figures engraved on ancient gems have received the name of 'Grylli' among the curious in modern times. This title has been particularly applied to those which represent figures 'composed of the heads and bodies of different animals capriciously united, so as to form monstrous and chimerical creatures.' In others, the desired effect is produced not by these mere fabrications, but by grouping men and animal together in fanciful or ridiculous conjunctions. And these—conceived and executed with a prodigality of imagination amounting in many instances to genius—constitute, perhaps, the favourite though by no means the only, style of comic art familiar to the classical ancients; one of which the known examples have of late years greatly multiplied, owing to the discoveries of ancient paintings at Pompeii and elsewhere. There is a pretty description of a picture of this sort in the 'Icones' of Philostratus. It represents a 'number of Cupids riding races on swans: one is tightening his golden rein, another loosening it; one dexterously wheeling round the goal: you might fancy that you could hear them encouraging their birds, and threatening and quarrelling with one another, as their very faces represent: one is trying to throw down his neighbour; another has just thrown down his; another slipping off his steed, in order to bathe himself in the basin of the hippodrome.'\*

But, to revert to our original distinction, ancient art, though rich in the grotesque, does not produce on us the effect of caricature; either it has no definite satirical aim, or, if it has such, the satire is lost upon our ignorance. The attempts of antiquaries to explain its productions by giving them a supposed libellous meaning are among the most comical efforts of modern pedantry. A laughable scene on an Etruscan vase, representing a lover climbing a ladder to his mistress's casement, figures, we are told, Jupiter and Alcmena. The capital travestie of Æneas and Anchises as monkeys (Pompeii) is meant to satirise the imitative style of Virgil! The well-known and amusing scene in a painter's studio (*ibid.*) is 'an allusion to the decadence of art.' A pigmy and a fox (Gregorian Museum) are a philosopher and flatterer. An owl cutting off the head of a cock is Clytemnestra

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\* The 'Icones' of Flavius Philostratus, a writer of the age of the Flavian Emperors, contain a rhetorical description of a series of pictures which he saw, or feigns himself to have seen, in a 'stoa,' or colonnaded building, 'of four or five stories,' situated 'in a suburb of the city Neapolis.' The subjects described are partly mythological, partly landscape. Some of them are identical with those of frescoes of Pompeii, overwhelmed at the same period; and the general description of the style of treatment such as to remind the reader closely of those beautiful and singular specimens of the art of a world gone by.

murdering

murdering Agamemnon ; and a grasshopper driving a parrot in a char (Herculeanum) is Seneca conducting Nero ! Such are a few among the solemn interpretations which modern sagacity has put on these 'capricci, rather than caricatures,' as M. Champfleury only calls them, with which the spirit of Greek antiquity, as playful as it was daring, loved to decorate the chamber and engrave the gem.

It is painful, and in some degree humiliating, to note the transition from the light and comparatively graceful character of ancient art, even in its comic forms, to the excessive grossness, leanness, and profanity, which characterised the corresponding branch of it in the middle ages in Western Europe. No doubt this change was partly a continuation of that which took place when the brief importation of Grecian models into the West had ceased, and the coarser Roman style succeeded it.

'The transition from antiquity to what we usually understand by the name of the middle ages,' says Mr. Wright, 'was long and slow : was a period during which much of the texture of the old society was destroyed, while, at the same time, a new life was gradually given to that which remained. We know very little of the comic literature of this period of transition ; its literary remains consist chiefly of a mass of heavy theology or of lives of Saints. . . . The period between antiquity and the middle ages was one of such great and general destruction, that the gulf between ancient and mediæval art seems to us greater and more abrupt than it really was. The want of monuments, no doubt, prevents our seeing the gradual change of the one into the other ; but enough, nevertheless, of facts remain to convince us that it was not a sudden change. It is now, indeed, generally understood that the knowledge and practice of the arts and manufactures of the Romans were handed onward from master to pupil after the empire had fallen ; and this took place especially in the towns, so that the workmanship, which had been declining in character during the later periods of the empire, only continued in the course of degradation afterwards. Thus, in the first Christian edifices, the builders who were employed, or at least many of them, must have been pagans ; and they would follow their old models of ornamentation, introducing the same grotesque figures, the same masks and monstrous faces, and even sometimes the same subjects from the old mythology, to which they had been accustomed. It is to be observed, also, that this kind of iconographical ornamentation had been encroaching more and more upon the old architectural purity during the latter ages of the Empire, and that it was employed more profusely in the later works, from which this task was transferred to the ecclesiastical and to the domestic architecture of the middle ages. After the architects themselves had become Christians, they still found pagan emblems and figures in their models, and still went on imitating them, sometimes merely copying, and at others turning them to caricature or



or burlesque. And this tendency continued so long that, at a much later date, where there still existed remains of Roman buildings, the mediæval architects adopted them as models, and did not hesitate to copy the sculpture, although it might be evidently pagan in character. The accompanying cut represents a bracket in the church of Mont Majour, near Nismes, built in the tenth century. The subject is a monstrous head eating a child, and we can hardly doubt that it was really intended for a caricature on Saturn devouring one of his children.'—pp. 40-49.

For our own parts, we should doubt greatly whether the sculptor in question had Saturn in his mind at all, any more than Dante had when he imagined Satan devouring a sinner with each of his three mouths: the illustrations of which passage, in early illuminations and woodcuts, are exactly like the copy in Mr. Wright's work of this Mont Majour sculpture. And generally, we doubt whether Mr. Wright does not attribute to classical recollections too large a share in the production of that monstrous style of art which furnishes our next remarkable chapter in the history of caricature—the Ecclesiastical Grotesque, such as it exhibited itself especially in France, England, and Germany. It has to our minds very distinctive marks of a rougher Northern original. However this may be, there is something humiliating, as we have said, in the degradation of skill and æsthetic perception which is evinced by these relics of generations to which we so often ascribe a peculiarly reverential character. No doubt its elements, so to speak, may be traced in part to some very ordinary propensities of the human mind. It has been said, probably with some truth, that when the most prevailing of all common motives was an intense fear of hell and of evil spirits, the most natural mode of relief, by reaction, was that of turning them into ridicule. And however impossible it may be, to intellects cultivated after the modern fashion, to reconcile these propensities with a strong sense of the majestic and the beautiful, yet we cannot doubt the fact that they were so reconciled. As Dante could intermingle his unique conceptions of supernatural grandeur with minute descriptions of the farcical proceedings of the vulgarest possible fiends with their pitchforks, so the same artists who produced, or at least ornamented, our cathedrals, with those glorious expressions of thought sublimed at once by the love of beauty and the love of heaven, could furnish them out with the strangest, meanest, often filthiest images which a debased imagination might suggest. Fortunately, age has done so much to veil these debauches of skill with sober indistinctness, that they seldom strike the eye of a casual observer, in a sacred edifice, very offensively. But they lurk everywhere, and in disgusting multi-  
tudes;

tudes; in the elaborate stonework of ceilings, windows, and columns; in battlements, bosses, corbels; in the wood-carving of stalls, misereres, and often on the lower surface of folding subellia; while they are equally to be found, strangest of all, where the Donna Inez of Lord Byron's 'Don Juan' found them, in the illuminated pages of missals, destined for purposes of daily devotion. So long as these were confined to mere burlesque, no great harm was done, and certainly none intended.

'The number and variety of such grotesque faces,' says Mr. Wright, which we find scattered over the architectural decoration of our old ecclesiastical buildings, are so great that I will not attempt to give any more particular classification of them. All this church decoration was intended especially to produce its effect upon the middle and lower classes, and mediæval art was, perhaps, more than anything else, suited to mediæval society, for it belonged to the mass and not to the individual. The man who could enjoy a match at grinning through horse collars, must have been charmed by the grotesque works of the mediæval stone-sculptor and wood-carver; and, we may add, that these display, though often rather rude, a very high degree of skill in art, a great power of producing striking imagery.'—p. 148.

'In all the delineations of demons we have yet seen,' he says elsewhere, 'the ludicrous is the spirit which chiefly predominates; and in no one instance have we had a figure which is really demoniacal. The devils are droll, but not frightful; they provoke laughter, or at least excite a smile, but they create no horror. Indeed, they torment their victims so good-humouredly that we hardly feel for them. There is, however, one well-known instance in which the mediæval artist has shown himself thoroughly successful in representing the features of the spirit of evil. On the parapet of the external gallery of the cathedral church of Notre Dame in Paris, there is a figure in stone, of the ordinary stature of a man, representing the demon, apparently looking with satisfaction upon the inhabitants of the city as they were everywhere indulging in sin and wickedness. The unmixed evil—horrible in its expression in this countenance—is marvellously portrayed. It is an absolute Mephistopheles, carrying in his features a strange mixture of hateful qualities—malice, pride, envy; in fact, all the deadly sins combined in one diabolical whole.'—p. 74.

The goat-like countenance of the arch-fiend is a common mediæval, as well as modern German, type; but whoever wishes to trace backward the conception of Retsch's Mephistopheles, should look in particular at an ivory carving, in the Maskell collection at the British Museum, of exquisite workmanship, styled the Temptation of Christ, by Christoph Angermair, 1616.

One more instance, and a very striking one, may be mentioned by way of exception to the ordinary meanness and vulgarity which

which characterise the mediæval representations of the supernatural. It is noticed and engraved by Malcolm, in his 'History of Caricature.' The missal of King Richard II., preserved in the British Museum, is full of grotesque illustrations of the ordinary cast, though beautifully executed. But among them is one of a higher and stranger turn of invention, the exact meaning of which is unknown. It represents the choir of a solemn Gothic chapel. A white monk is celebrating mass at the altar; another lies prostrate before it; ten of the order seated in their stalls, sing the service. Above these appear seated in a higher range of stalls, five figures dimly drawn which on examination appear to be robed skeletons—two with the Papal tiara, two with coronets, one with a cardinal's hat. The effect of the whole is very terrific, after the fashion of the ghostliest conceptions of Jean Paul Richter, and other German masters of the spectral: and calling back to the mind, at the same time, the coincidence of the lines which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of the same monarch—

'For within the hollow crown  
That wreathes the mortal temples of a King,  
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.'

But when the prevailing and violent quarrels between different classes of religious persons in the Church perverted the same tendency into a taste for licentious ribaldry—when it was no longer the Devil who was piously laughed at in these compositions, but monks, nuns, hermits, and so forth, who were introduced as symbols of everything degrading—when grotesque, assuming the attitude of satire, turned, according to our suggested distinction, into caricature properly so called—then the practice in question assumed a much darker complexion. The foulest of these representations, and they are only too numerous, can be barely alluded to in a work like Mr. Wright's. An older publication, already noticed, Malcolm's very imperfect 'History of Caricature,' goes into more details respecting them. We will only say that those who enter on the subject had better not carry into the inquiry exaggerated notions respecting the decorum or the piety of the so-called 'Ages of Faith,' lest they should be too abruptly dispelled.

Gradually, and with the progress of enlightenment, a somewhat more serious, though still familiar, mode of dealing with subjects of this description became general; but the change was not so early as has been sometimes supposed, since the stalls of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster exhibit some of the very worst

worst of this class of offences against taste and religious feeling. But in the fifteenth century, under the hands of its artists, the supernatural, though still tainted with the grotesque, germinated into the awful. The union of the two may still be traced in that marvellous but perishing series of representations, ranging over all the known and conjectured regions of life and eternity, which decorates the Campo Santo of Pisa—that ‘Antechamber of Death,’ as the Italians call it. From the same sources of thought arose the profuse crop of ‘Dances Macabres,’ dances of death, coarsely painted on thousands of cemetery walls, and drawn and engraved by numberless artists, with more or less of spirit; phantasmagorias, in which the love of the horrible was repulsively mixed with that of the ludicrous, but still far less ignoble in taste and character than those early grotesques of ecclesiastical sculpture, to which our attention has been hitherto drawn.

It is refreshing, however, to turn from this disagreeable class of subjects to the few specimens of a freer and healthier turn for the ludicrous, unmixed with profanity, which mediæval art has left us. Probably one of the earliest specimens of English caricature drawing, as distinguished from mere grotesque, is that described by Mr. Wright, as follows:—‘It belongs to the Treasury of the Exchequer, and consists of two volumes of vellum, called Liber A and Liber B, forming a register of treaties, marriages, and similar documents of the reign of Edward I. The clerk who was employed in writing it seems to have been, like many of these official clerks, somewhat of a wag, and he has amused himself by drawing in the margin figures of the inhabitants of the provinces of Edward’s crown, to which the documents referred. Some of these are plainly designed for caricature.’ Two of them are evidently Irishmen, their costume and weapon, the broad axe, exactly answering to the description given of them by Giraldus Cambrensis. Two are Welchmen—ludicrous figures enough, whose dress is equally in accordance with contemporary description, except in one curious particular, which writers have not noticed. The right legs are naked, like those of the German hackbutteers in the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel’ :—

‘Each better knee was bared, to aid  
The warrior in the escalade.’

‘When the official clerk who wrote this transcript came to documents relating to Gascony, his thoughts wandered naturally enough to its rich vineyards and the wine they supplied so plentifully, and to which, according to old reports, clerks seldom showed any dislike; and accordingly, in the next sketch, we have a Gascon occupied diligently in pruning his vine tree.’

From

From the sculptured and illuminated religious-grotesque of the Middle Ages, to the German and Dutch woodcut-literature of the period of the Reformation, the transition is not a very wide one. The style is pretty similar, the profanity much the same, only a fiercer element has been added by controversial bitterness. Perhaps this class of works may be justly cited, in chronological series, as affording the real commencement of the art of modern political caricature, properly so called. On both sides of the question this method of ridiculing antagonists was most profusely resorted to. The jovial, popular figure of Martin Luther, in particular, formed, as it well might, a very favourite *pièce de resistance* for pictorial satirists in the old interest to work upon. One cut, preserved by Mr. Wright, 'taken from a contemporary engraving in wood, presents a rather fantastic figure of the demon playing on the bagpipes. The instrument is formed of Luther's head, the pipe through which the devil blows entering his ear, and that through which the music is produced forming an elongation of the reformer's nose. It was a broad intimation that Luther was a mere tool of the evil one, created for the purpose of bringing mischief into the world.'—p. 251. But, continues Mr. Wright, the reformers were more than a match for their opponents in this sort of warfare. Doctor Martin had been identified, for various cogent reasons, with Antichrist:—

'But the reformers had resolved, on what appeared to be much more conclusive evidence, that Antichrist was only emblematical of the papacy: that under this form he had been long dominant on earth, and that the end of his reign was then approaching. A remarkable pamphlet, designed to bring this idea pictorially before the world, was produced from the pencil of Luther's friend, the celebrated painter Lucas Cranach, and appeared in the year 1521, under the title of "The Passionale of Christ and Antichrist." It is a small quarto, each page of which is nearly filled by a woodcut, having a few lines of explanation in German below. The cut to the left represents some incident in the life of Christ, while that facing it to the right gives a contrasting fact in the history of Papal tyranny. Thus, the first cut on the left represents Jesus in His humility, refusing earthly dignities and power, while on the adjoining page we see the Pope, with his cardinals and bishops, supported by his hosts of warriors, his cannon and fortifications, in his temporal dominion over secular princes. On another we have Christ washing the feet of his disciples, and in contrast the Pope compelling the Emperor to kiss his toe. And so on, through a number of illustrations, until at last we come to Christ's ascension into heaven, in contrast with which a troop of demons, of the most varied and singular forms, have seized upon the Papal Antichrist, and are casting him down into the flames of hell, where some of his own monks wait to receive him.'—p. 254.

This

is style of pictorial satire, as the advancing art of wood-cutting began more and more to multiply specimens, attained, have said, much popularity in the sixteenth century in any, and extended itself from religious to political and purely subjects. Its latest employment in those regions on a large popular scale was perhaps during the Thirty Years' War; the extremity to which that country was reduced by that contest seems to have extinguished its very life. The art of this class, disseminated through broadsides, printed large illustrated folios and popular duodecimos, are frequently executed with considerable spirit as well as humour. But and especially towards the latter portion of the period, they exhibit a strong tendency to become pedantic and allegorical.

The art of caricature, becoming over-learned, addresses no particular classes only, and requires a special education in order to make its products understood, it may be safely pronounced in a declining condition.

Perhaps the most successful result of the early woodcut-technique was, that it led the way for greater achievements in and its influence may be especially traced in the designs of those who deserve, notwithstanding the inferiority of the department which he chose, to rank among the most original as well as powerful of modern artists—the famous Jacques Callot, born at the end of the century, in 1592—a man, as Mr. Wright truly remarks, who was destined not only to give a new character to the recent art of engraving on copper, but also to bring in a style of ludicrous and fanciful composition. Inimitable, however, as Callot's works are, they belong rather to the class of 'prices,' or 'extravaganzas,' than of caricature in the sense in which we have used it; for his genius had not the satirical turn, truly speaking: and the same may be said of his most successful copyist, Della Bella, a clever artist, but who never succeeded in calling his original. The works of Romain de Hooghe, brought up in the merely extravagant school of Callot, was actively employed in producing satirical and emblematic representations of English political events after the Restoration, and thus serve as the connecting link between the old 'caprice' and the modern political caricature.

The need for pictorial representations to stimulate the political feelings of the public, in times when literature was comparatively scanty, had been of course as keenly felt in England as in other countries; but it was kept in check, through the artistic contests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by the great inferiority of our artists, and particularly our engravers, as compared with those of the Continent. Here and there we meet with striking exceptions.

exceptions. The woodcuts to the first edition of 'Fox's Martyrs' contain, among the fearful scenes which they generally represent, caricature likenesses of Gardiner, Bonner, and other well-known personages of the time, and are singularly powerful in execution. But the like of these are very few. One odd illustration, perhaps, of the need felt for these pictorial representations, and the defectiveness of the ordinary means for supplying it, is to be found in the peculiar taste of that age for employing elaborate devices on banners borne in procession or carried in the field, in order to stimulate the ardour of partisans. It will be remembered how the Scottish Protestant lords took the field against Queen Mary with (among others) a great standard, on which the catastrophe of the Kirk of Field was represented, with the figure of Darnley lying on the ground, and the words 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord.' In the Great Rebellion such standards were abundantly used, chiefly on the Royalist side, with devices both serious and of the caricature order. Here is an example of the latter, taken by the Roundheads at Marston Moor, described by Rushworth:—

'A yellow coronet: in its middle a lion couchant, and behind him a mastiff seeming to snatch at him, and in a label from his mouth written, Kimbolton: at his feet little beagles, and before their mouths written, Pym, Pym, Pym: and out of the lion's mouth these words proceeding, Quousquo tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ?'

Another curious vehicle of political caricature in England, in the seventeenth century, generally of very inferior order, was that of playing-cards. 'The earliest of these packs of cards known,' says Mr. Wright, is one which appears to have been published at the very moment of the restoration of Charles II, and which was perhaps engraved in Holland. It contains a series of caricatures on the principal acts of the commonwealth, and on the parliamentary leaders.' The ace of diamonds, for instance, represents 'The High Court of Justice, or Oliver's Slaughter-house.' Among other packs of a similar character which have been preserved, one relates to the Popish Plot, another to the Ryehouse Conspiracy (published in Holland), another to the South Sea Bubble.

Romain de Hooghe, already mentioned as a follower of Callot, became, together with others his countrymen, as we have seen, the great exponent of English political satires during the events of the last Stuart reigns. Their productions must have been widely circulated in England; and, in fact, superseded in public estimation the very inferior articles of domestic manufacture. This period of Dutch supremacy among us may be said to have continued down to the date of the South Sea Bubble aforesaid—

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ime,' says Mr. Wright, 'in which caricatures began to be on in England; for they had been before published at rare intervals, and partook so much of the character of emblems that they were not easily understood.' The earliest of these, and the rarest of Dutch manufacture, yet these were negligently edited. 'So little point is there often in these caricatures, that a great appears to have been the call for them in Holland, where people seem to have looked up old engravings destined originally for a totally different purpose, and, adding new inscriptions and new explanations, they were published as caricatures on the Bubble.\*' English specimens of art, at first few in number, began to make their way into favour among foreign importations; and it is just at this period (the reign of George I.) that we find them first exhibiting the well-known advertisements, 'Printed for Carington Bowles, next Chapter House, in St. Paul's Church Yard, London,'—a famous line in the same line for full a century afterwards. 'There was a defect of the earlier publications of this class,' says Wright in his earlier work, 'that they partook more of an emblematical character than of what we now understand by the "caricature." Even Hogarth, when he turned his hand to the subject, could not shake off his old prejudice on this subject; and it would be difficult to point out worse examples than the celebrated publications which drew upon him so much popular odium, "The Times." The reader will easily understand the distinction, though it cannot of course be traced out with absolute accuracy in comparing different pieces. A design, simple, in which political characters are represented under the guise of various animals, is generally emblematic or symbolic in character. This is a simple instance; but the symbolism is often complicated, and not easy of comprehension. Hence the necessity for long letterpress explanations in the form of epigrams issuing from the mouths of the characters, or otherwise contrived to show inferiority of skill. The most effective caricature explains itself, and exhibits point instead of allegory. The favourite plates of the first part of the Georgian era, which were issued periodically, about 1740, styled 'The Series of European State Jockies,' and so forth, were compositions of many pieces, as hieroglyphical as the frontispiece to a prophetic machine. The gradual way in which English comic art became emancipated from this somewhat pedantic mould may be illustrated by a later instance, out of Gillray's works. Charles Fox was represented by the caricaturists of his youth with a fox's head,

\* House of Hanover, i. 71.



as his father, Lord Holland, had almost invariably been by him. And so he is in one or two of Gillray's first prints. Gillray almost immediately abandoned the old usage, and the patriot his own burly physiognomy. The gradual passage from the emblematic to the simply satirical completes the establishment of the modern English school of caricature.

The nature of the change cannot be better exemplified than by reference to a piece which had prodigious vogue in its day, is repeatedly mentioned with interest by Horace Walpole and other contemporaries. Copies of it are still common in collections: we have seen it even converted into the mount of a lady's fan. This is headed 'The Motion, 1741,' commemorates the failure of a famous attempt to upset Robert Walpole's government. The background represents Whitehall, the Treasury, and the adjoining buildings as they then stood. (The spectator is looking down Whitehall from a point nearly opposite the modern Admiralty: to his left a dead wall along the east side of the street, behind it private buildings, Scotland Yard, &c., extending as far as the Banque House; in front, the gateway over the entrance of what is now Parliament Street, with the inscription 'Treasury.')

'Lord Carteret, in the coach, is driven toward the Treasury by Duke of Argyll as coachman, with the Earl of Chesterfield as postilion who, in their haste, are overturning the vehicle; and Lord Carteret cries "Let me get out!" The Duke brandishes a wavy sword, instead of a whip; and between his legs the heartless changeling, B. Dodington, sits in the form of a spaniel. . . . Lord Cobham holds firmly by the straps behind, as footman; while Lord Lyttelton follows on horseback, characterised equally by his own lean form, and the animal on which he strides. . . . In front, Pulteney, drawing partisans by the noses, and wheeling a barrow laden with the writs of the Opposition, the Champion, the Craftsman, Common Sense, exclaims, "Zounds, they're ours!"' \*

This once famous squib affords, as we have said, a good exemplification of the passage from the old and formal to the modern style of political caricature. It bears strongly the stamp of Dutch origin, but without the carefulness of Dutch execution. The idea is clever and suggestive, but the workmanship is so artificial and feeble. The likenesses were no doubt sufficiently good to amuse the public of that day; Horace Walpole calls them 'admirable;' but they are inexpressive. The wavy sword, a relic of the emblematic school, is a clumsy piece of allegory, spoiling the realism of the piece; and so is the figure of Pulteney

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\* House of Hanover, i. 179.

leading the Tory squires by cords passed through their noses. The only fun in the composition is to be found in the figures of Bubb Dodington as a spaniel, and Lord Lyttelton on horse-back—'so long, so lean, so lank, so bony,' as described in the verses accompanying the print, which are wittier than the print itself. Its great success, however, was evinced by the numerous rival works of art of both political colours which it called forth, 'the Reason,' 'the Motive,' 'the Grounds,' &c. It may perhaps be said with truth to be the prototype of that whole class of pictorial satires, great favourites with Englishmen, in which the small revolutions of ministries and oppositions are travestied as scenes of popular life.

We need not delay over the other innumerable caricatures of the same reign; they are generally very ignoble ones; but the comparative novelty of the fashion in England rendered them extremely popular, and there was a kind of frank jollity predominant in the English body corporate just at that epoch—the epoch, as Hallam satisfied himself, of the maximum of physical well-being to be traced in our history among the mass of the people—which peculiarly suited this development of broad national humour. One or two specimens may detain for a moment the eyes of those who turn them over, rare as they have now generally become, in the collection at the British Museum, or in that far more valuable one amassed in many a year of busy collectorship by Mr. Hawkins, formerly of that establishment. There is a wild force in the very rough execution of the print on the original broadside of Glover's famous ballad, 'Hosier's Ghost,' in which the spirits of 'English captains brave,' really form a very spectral crew. Another may be noted for the quiet savageness of its insult to Lord George Sackville: it is entitled, 'A Design for a Monument to General Wolfe (1760), or, a Living Dog better than a Dead Lion.' The dead lion reclines below a bust of this hero: the living dog at his side is a greyhound, and on his collar is the word 'Minden.' And, lastly, one more, for the very oddity of the conception: 'Our late Prime Minister,' 1743. It is simply the jolly face of Sir Robert Walpole, without any accessories whatever, thrown back as against a pillow, and the jaws relaxed into a most contagious yawn, with the words, 'Lo, what are all your schemes come to?' and the lines from the *Dunciad*:—

'Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm;  
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept,  
Unfinished treaties in each office slept,  
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign,  
And navies yawned for orders on the main.'

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We cannot, however, pass over the period of George II. without noticing that it seems to us to be the first in which that much enduring animal, the British lion, figures extensively as a popular character. As yet, people's eyes were not open to his ludicrous side, and artists accordingly made free with him in every variety of emblematic action. We have him roaring with indignation at the misdeeds of various Ministers; 'hocussed' apparently, and with the Spaniard paring his claws, in allusion to the matter of Jenkins's ears: frightening the Gallic cock, defending the Austrian eagle, led passive in a leash by the Duke of Newcastle; and, lastly, 'embracing George II.' (1745), to the discomfiture of the Pope and Pretender, who exclaim: 'We shall never be a match for George while that lion stands by him!'

Some of the names of the hack caricaturists of this epoch are preserved by Mr. Wright; most of them of as little notoriety as merit. Among them, however, are some amateurs of social position; and one dame of quality—a Countess of Burlington. 'She was the lady of the Earl who built Burlington House in Piccadilly; was the leader of one of the factions in the Opera disputes at the close of the reign of George I.; and is understood to have designed the well-known caricature upon Cuzzoni, Farnelli, and Heidegger, which was etched by Guppy, whom she patronised.'

Such were the very undistinguished characteristics and history of English art in the grotesque and comic line, when the appearance of Hogarth on the stage marked an entirely new epoch in its history. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the details of the life or achievements of our great domestic painter; the more so, as his powers in the line of caricature, properly so called, though very great, were subordinate to his far higher merits as a painter of 'genre,' as the French phrase it, a delineator of popular scenes and incidents into which the humorous only entered as an ingredient, although a very important one. As a political caricaturist poor Hogarth made a fatal mistake: he took the wrong side:—

'It appears evident,' says Mr. Wright, 'that before this time (October, 1760) Hogarth had gained the favour of Lord Bute, who, by his interest with the Princess of Wales, was all powerful in the household of the young Prince. The painter had hitherto kept tolerably clear of politics in his prints, but now, unluckily for himself, he suddenly rushed into the arena of political caricature. It was generally said that Hogarth's object was, by displaying his zeal in the cause of his patron, to obtain an increase of his pension; and he acknowledges himself that his object was gain. "This," he says, "being a period when war abroad and contention at home engrossed every

every one's mind, prints were thrown in the background; and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed* thing to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income." Accordingly he determined to attack the great minister Pitt, who had recently been compelled to resign his office, and had gone over to the opposition. It is said that John Wilkes, who had previously been Hogarth's friend, having been privately informed of his design, went to the painter, expostulated with him, and, as he continued obstinate, threatened retaliation.'

'The Times, No. 1,' was the first fruit of Hogarth's unlucky fit of loyalty; a laboured emblematic print, after the older fashion, to the glory of Lord Bute and discredit of Pitt. Wilkes attacked the artist in the 'North Briton;' Hogarth retorted—only too successfully—in his admirable print of Wilkes with the cap of liberty: '*eventuque impalluit ipse secundo*,' for Wilkes, with all his apparent fun and bonhomie, was a deadly enemy. The nettled patriot brought his friend Churchill, and a host more of libellers in letterpress and in copperplate, on the back of his unfortunate assailant:—

'Parodies on his own works, sneers at his personal appearance and manners, reflections upon his character, were all embodied in prints which bore such names as Hogg-ass, Hoggart, O'Garth, &c. . . . . The article by Wilkes in the "North Britain," and Churchill's metrical epistle, irritated Hogarth more than the hostile caricatures, and were generally believed to have broken his heart. He died on the 26th of October, 1764, little more than a year after the appearance of the attack by Wilkes, and with the taunts of his political as well as his professional enemies still ringing in his ears.'—pp. 446-449.

Hogarth left no school of followers; his genius was of too independent and peculiar an order to admit of this. Perhaps the nearest to him was Paul Sandby; described by Mr. Wright as 'one of those rising artists who were offended by the sneering terms in which Hogarth spoke of all artists but himself, and foremost among those who turned their satire against him.' Sandby was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and is best known as a topographical draughtsman; but Mr. Wright terms him the father of water-colour art in England. As a caricaturist he led the attack against Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager, as well as against Hogarth; his sketch of the two Scotchmen travelling to London on a witch's broomstick, with the inscription, 'The land before them is as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness,' is one of the best of the witticisms provoked by the miso-Caledonian movement of that day.

We cannot quite agree with Mr. Wright when he says that, 'with

'with the overthrow of Bute's Ministry (1763) we may consider the English school of caricaturists as completely formed and fully established.' On the contrary, it seems to us, from our collections as we have examined, that the political branch of the art was at a particularly low standard for nearly twenty years after that event. The American war produced very little amusement of this kind; it was an affair into which the nation entered with a dogged and reluctant seriousness: and Washington and Franklin, Silas Deane and John Adams, afforded but drab-coloured subjects for the facetious limner. Social topics were just then much more in vogue; the extravagances in dress of the Macaronies and high-flying ladies of the day (the acme of absurdity, in modern costume, was certainly reached in the years 1770-1780), the humours of Vauxhall, and Mrs. Cornely's masquerades, diverted men's minds from the bitter disappointment of a contest in which nothing was to be gained either by persevering or giving way.\* Perhaps the best specimen of the pictorial humour of that time was to be found, not in the show window prints, but in the pages of the numerous magazines; some of these never appeared without an illustration or two in the jocose order, like the comic newspapers of our time. But when the incubus of the American war was removed, and domestic faction reappeared on the stage in all its pristine vivacity, the simultaneous appearance of the 'Rolliad' and of fellow satires in literature, and of Gillray and his fellow-workers in art, heralded the advent of a new era.

We must hasten to him whom Mr. Wright terms, with perfect justice in our opinion, 'the greatest of English caricaturists, and perhaps of all caricaturists of modern times whose works are known—James Gillray.'

His father was an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, a sexton of the Moravian burial-ground at Chelsea, where the caricaturist was born in 1757. Belonging by his origin, and still more by his loose and Bohemian habits, to a very ordinary sphere of life, it is certainly singular that he should have acquired such a close observation and intimate knowledge of events as they occurred, not only in the political, but in the fashionable world. His great sources of information were, no doubt, the newspapers; but occasionally he seems to have even anticipated

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\* In one of the caricatures of this period (reproduced by Mr. Wright in former work) Lord Sandwich is represented with a bat in his hand, in allusion to his fondness for cricket; but it is a curved piece of wood much more resembling that with which golf is played. And the same peculiar shaped instrument is put into the hand of a cricket-loving lady in a print of 1811 (Miss Wicket and Miss Trigger). What is the date of the bat now used?

the newspapers ; more than one court scandal and state intrigue seems to have been blazoned first to public notice in the well-known shop windows of Humphreys or of Fores, always crowded with loiterers as soon as one of Gillray's novelties appeared. It is no doubt true, and affords a curious subject of speculation to any one who may think the inquiry worth pursuing, that, when Gillray's fame was established, many an amateur of the higher circles seems to have assisted him, not merely in furnishing hints, but also sketches, which Gillray etched and sold for his own profit. Some of his best caricatures, if we are not mistaken, are from outlines supplied by Bunbury, others were composed by Brownlow North. But these are exceptions only, and do not invalidate the general proposition as to the singularity of the circumstance that this drunken son of a sexton was for many years the pictorial Aristophanes of his day, and aided, at least, by those who were behind the scenes, of much which took place in the inner recesses of high life.

His fame as a political caricaturist was first established by his burlesque prints on Rodney's victory (1782). The rueful figure of the unlucky French admiral De Grasse, in one of them, is among the most characteristic of his performances. As we have said, it was some time before he thoroughly emancipated himself from the allegorical style ; and another peculiarity of inferior artists haunted him a long time, the fashion, namely, of overloading his compositions with quantities of letter-press, oratorical or jocose, proceeding from the mouths of his characters, as if his pencil had not been fully powerful enough to speak for itself. He rushed with an energy all his own into the war of squibs which succeeded the Fox and North coalition, and then conceived those ideals of the leading patriot, and of his friend Burke, which he afterwards rendered popular in every corner of the kingdom by a thousand repetitions. A very admirable series of sketches, however, of these two and Lord North, as ' War, Peace, and Neither War nor Peace,' portraits scarcely touched with grotesque, though in skilfully exaggerated attitudes, commonly inserted in the bound volumes of Gillray's works, is, we are satisfied, not his ; it bears much more the appearance of Sayer's workmanship. Fox and his personal following were peculiarly the objects of Gillray's aversion ; and, not many years later than this, the unhappy circumstances of the Prince of Wales's matrimonial career provoked him into a series of the most popular, daring, and spirited of all his works ; some of which, however, it is not easy in our decent age to indicate even by reference, though they seem to have been exposed without scandal in the most frequented thoroughfares of London.

Gillray,

Gillray, however, was 'not a hired libeller,' says Mr. Wright: 'like Sayer and some other of the lower caricaturists of that time: he evidently chose his subjects in some degree independently, as those which offered him the best mark for ridicule; and he had so little respect for the ministers or the court, that they all felt his satire in turn.' After exhausting his power of pictorial invention against the heir apparent, he found a still more congenial subject of satire in the peculiarities of his Majesty George III. himself. Here, however, personal spite is said to have given the inducement.

'According to a story which seems to be authentic, Gillray's dislike of the King was embittered by an incident somewhat similar to that by which George II. had provoked the anger of Hogarth. Gillray had visited France, Flanders, and Holland, and he had made sketches, a few of which he had engraved. He accompanied the painter Louthembourg, who had left his native city of Strasburg to settle in England, and became the King's favourite artist, to assist him in making groups for his great painting of the 'Siege of Valenciennes,' Gillray sketching groups of figures while Louthembourg drew the landscapes and buildings. After their return, the King expressed a desire to see these sketches, and they were placed before him. Louthembourg's landscapes and buildings were plain drawings, and easy to understand, and the King expressed himself greatly pleased with them. But the King's mind was already prejudiced against Gillray for his satirical prints: and when he saw his hasty and rough, though spirited sketches of the French soldiers, he threw them aside contemptuously with the remark, "I don't understand these caricature fellows." Perhaps the very word he used was intended as a sneer upon Gillray, who, we are told, felt the affront deeply, and he proceeded to retort by a caricature which struck at once at one of the King's vanities, and at his political prejudices. George III. imagined himself a great connoisseur in the Fine Arts, and the caricature was entitled "a connoisseur examining a Cooper." It represented the King looking at the celebrated miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by the English painter, Samuel Cooper. When Gillray had completed this print, he is said to have exclaimed, "I wonder if the Royal connoisseur will understand this!" It was published on the 18th of June, 1792, and cannot have failed to produce sensation at that period of revolutions. The King is made to exhibit a strange mixture of alarm with astonishment in contemplating the features of this great overthrower of kingly power, at a moment when all kingly power was threatened. It will be remarked, too, that the satirist has not overlooked the royal character for domestic economy; the King is looking at the picture by the light of a candle end stuck on a save-all.'

If there is any truth in the story, certainly never was artist's revenge more complete. The homely features of the poor old king

ing—his prominent eyes, light eyebrows, protruding lips, his shambling walk, his gaze of eager yet vacant curiosity—are even now better known to us through Gillray's caricatures than through anything which the Muses of painting and sculpture, in their various moods, could effect for him or against him. Gillray's chings, and Peter Pindar's verses, were for years among the minor plagues of royalty. Not, indeed, in the estimation of the out-hearted monarch himself, as impervious to ridicule as to argument whenever he thought himself in the right; no man in his dominions laughed more regularly at each new caricature of Gillray than he; and a whole set, inscribed 'for the king,' forwarded to him as they came out, is said to be preserved at Windsor. But they were more keenly felt by his little knot of attached courtiers, and also by sober-minded people in general, seriously apprehensive, in those inflammable times, of anything which might throw ridicule on the Crown. One of the coarsest and most powerful, and which is said to have given especial offence at head-quarters, is that which represents Queen Charlotte as Milton's Sin, between Pitt as Death and Thurlow as the Devil. Others, of less virulence, such as 'Affability,' or the King and the Ploughman; the 'Lesson in Apple Dumplings;' the conjugal breakfast scene, where George is toasting muffins, and Charlotte frying sprats; the 'Anti-Saccharites,' where the royal pair are endeavouring to coax the reluctant princesses (arming figures) to take their tea without sugar,—these, and numbers more, held up the Royal peculiarities, especially the alleged stinginess of the Court, in a manner in which the usual coarseness of the execution rather tended to heighten the exceeding force and humour of the satire.

But when this country became seriously involved in hostilities with France, republican, and afterwards imperial, a change came over the spirit of Gillray's satire. Thenceforth he gradually ceased his attacks, not only on the Royal family, but on domestic objects of raillery in general, and applied himself almost exclusively to sharpening the national spirit of hostility against the foreign enemy. His caricatures against the French are those by which he is best known, especially abroad, and occupy the greatest space in his works. This was no doubt the popular mode to take, and Gillray worked for money; but it would be doing great injustice to the poor caricaturist's memory to suppose that money was his main object. The son of the old pensioner was full of the popular instincts of his class. It was not the French revolution or conquests that he opposed; it was the French themselves, whom he hated with all the vehemence of Nelson or a Windham. These later compositions of his are,  
indeed,



indeed, marvellous performances. But they are so rather from the intensity of imaginative fury with which they are animated than from the ordinary qualities of the caricaturist. They are comparatively destitute of his old humour and fun. Not that he had outgrown these. His few domestic caricatures are still full of them; such are those on 'All the Talents' (1806), one of which, the 'Funeral of Baron Broadbottom,' is among the most comic of all his productions. The last survivor of its procession of mourners, the late Marquis of Lansdowne, has now been dead for some years; the features of the remainder are quite unfamiliar to this generation; and yet it is scarcely possible to look at it even now without a smile, such as we bestow on the efforts of our cotemporaries Leech or Doyle. But when Gillray tried his vein on a French subject, he passed at once from the humorous to the grotesque, and thence to the hideous and terrible. One of his eccentric powers, amounting certainly to genius, comes out strongly in these later caricatures; that of bringing together an enormous number of faces, distorted into every variety of grimace, and yet preserving a wonderfully human expression. We would signalise particularly two, one almost tragical, the 'Apotheosis of Hoche;' one farcical, the 'Westminster Election' (1804). The tendency to the wild and extravagant now grew on him. Doubtless it was sharpened by the effect on his brain of constant potations, which gradually brought on delirium tremens. His latest art-debauches—if such we may term them—have often a touch of phantasmagoric-pictorial nightmare, like those of Callot, Teniers, and Höllenbreughel. His last drawing is preserved in the British Museum, executed when he was quite out of his mind—a madman's attempt at a portrait, said to be that of Mr. Humphreys, the printseller. He died in 1815; and the inscription 'Here lies James Gillray, the caricaturist,' marks, or lately marked, the spot of his interment in the Broadway, Westminster. His works, once so popular, had fallen so much in fashion a few years ago that the plates were about to be sold for old copper, when they were rescued by Mr. J. H. Bohn, the publisher, who gave to the public those now well-known re-impressions which have procured for the artist a new lease of fame.

Gillray was the Rubens of caricature, and the comparison is really one which does no injustice to the inspired Fleming. The lifelike realism of the Englishman's boldly-rounded, muscular figures, and the strong expression communicated to them by a few strokes of the pencil, are such as Antwerp in all her pride might not disdain. Any one who has studied some of Rubens' crowds of nude figures which approach nearest to the order of  
 caricature

are—his sketches of the ‘Last Judgment,’ for instance, in which Gallery—will appreciate the justice of the parallel. It was undoubtedly coarse to excess, both in conception and execution; so much so, as to render his works mere objects of disgust to many educated in the gentler modern school. But there are also numbers of a taste more refined than catholic, whom in all admiration for Rubens on the very same grounds. The quality Gillray possessed which was apparently distinct from his ordinary character. Many of his delineations of female beauty are singularly successful, and he seems to have taken in them with special pleasure, for the sake of the contrast with his usual disfigurements of humanity. His heroines are certainly not sylphs, but they often are, like the celestials of Rubens, really fine women. Let us refer to a few well-known examples only; such as his representations of Mrs. Fitzherbert at her best time, notwithstanding the prominence of the aquiline nose, which it was his business to enhance; of George III.’s daughters in the ‘Anti-Saccharites,’ and other prints; the figure of Richmond as the ‘Height of Fashion;’ the charming figure entitled ‘Modern Elegance,’ 1795 (said to be Charlotte Campbell, but is it not an older person?), in which though the costume is playfully exaggerated, the features are finely drawn; the beauty (evidently a portrait also) who is the subject of Monk Lewis’s ‘Tales of Wonder’ to a bevy of very young gossips (1802); and even the common ball-room figures of the ‘Broad Hint of not meaning to Dance’ (1804), in which, though the design is Brownlow North’s.

we fear that Gillray must be generally comprehended in the same audacious assertion of M. Champfleury, that ‘satirists, from Molière down to Prudhon, only recognise two conditions of men—those of courtesan and housewife.’ It will be seen from several of our instances are taken from what may be termed the lowest in contradistinction to political, caricatures, many of which are quite equally worthy of the master, although not those which his popularity mainly rests. They are often of a grossness and boldness, inconceivable now-a-days, and equally so in their times; for the generation to which Gillray belonged stood in the highest bad pre-eminence among all others in English domestic art in respect of this particular kind of coarseness—a generation which could see exposed in the shop-windows such shameless and vulgar satires as those directed against Lady Archer, and the dames of gambling celebrity; or the representation of the young daughters of a countess as the ‘Three Graces in a Wind;’ or of a titled beauty nursing her infant in a ball-room as the ‘Fashionable Mamma;’ or of Lady Cecilia Johnston,

an inoffensive lady, of unobtrusive style as well as character against whom it is said the artist had conceived some grudge which induced him spitefully to represent her in all manner of ludicrous situations. Others of this class, it may be said, are related to darker scandals behind the scenes, and may not be met with in the ordinary collections of Gillray's works, though they excited little comment, and no disgust, in his day. To give again, for one moment only, from Gillray's merit as an artist, his specialty as a caricaturist; his strong power of seizing likenesses, and giving them a ludicrous expression, was, no doubt, the chief element of his popularity. In this he surpassed all his predecessors, though he has been equalled by one or two of his successors. But in one bye-quality we are inclined to regard him unrivalled: the faculty of giving by a few touches a look of double expression to a countenance; cowardice under bravado; impudence, affected modesty. See, as a specimen, an exceedingly comic representation of Addington and Napoleon at sword in hand, daring each other to cross the Channel and flow between them. A single figure of Burke as an 'Unitarian Whig' (1791), admirably drawn in other respects, conveys a great deal of this mingled meaning, though not quite so easily decipherable. The sage is leaning against a statue of George III.; he holds in one hand Burke's 'Thoughts on the Revolution,' in the other a cap of liberty; the motto, 'I preserve my consistency by varying my means to secure the unity of my end.' The caricaturist's experience had attained for once to 'something prophetic strain.' His facility of execution was wonderful, must, no doubt, be added, as a natural qualification of praise, that his drawing is often incorrect and careless in the extreme, even after all allowance for what we have never fully explained, the vast difference, in point of excellence, between various copies of what is apparently the same print. He is said to have etched his ideas at once upon the copper, without making a previous drawing, his only guides being sketches of the distinguished characters he intended to produce, made on small pieces of card, which he always carried about with him.

Of Rowlandson (born 1756, died 1827), Mr. Wright speaks in high terms of praise, saying that he 'doubtless stands next to Gillray, and may, in some respects, be considered as his equal. . . . He was distinguished by a remarkable versatile talent, by a great fecundity of imagination, and by a skill in grouping quite equal to that of Gillray, and with a singular talent in forming his groups of a great variety of figures. It has been remarked, too, that no artist ever possessed the power of Rowlandson of expressing so much with so little effort.' We are

that we cannot, for our own parts, subscribe to these eulogies. As a political caricaturist—to which line he resorted as a matter of trade, espousing the Whig side as others did the Tory—he seems to us dull enough. In general subjects he succeeded better, yet appears to us endowed with all Gillray's coarseness, but with little of his satirical power and none of his artistic genius.

James Sayer, cotemporary with these two as an artist, deserves mention as possessed of a certain amount of original talent, though not of a very high order. He was 'a bad draughtsman,' says Mr. Wright—surely too sweeping a criticism—and his lectures are produced more by labour than by skill in drawing, but they possess a considerable amount of humour. His likenesses, generally produced by a small number of hard and carefully-executed lines, seem to us of great merit as such, though wanting in life and energy. He was almost exclusively a political caricaturist, and, unlike the reckless but independent Gillray, he turned his talents to good account, devoting himself to the cause of Pitt, who bestowed on him in return the 'not lucrative offices of Marshal of the Court of Exchequer, Receiver of the Sixpenny Dues, and Cursitor.' His most famous production was the well-known 'Carlo Khan's Triumphal Entry into Leadenhall-street' (on the occasion of Fox's India Bill, 1783), still common in collections. But this succeeded chiefly because it fell in with the humour of the time; though the idea is good, the execution is cold, and it is encumbered with symbolical accessories, after the older fashion which we have described. Among his minor works, an unfinished proof of Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, and others of the Johnsonian clique, with the ghost of the Doctor himself scowling at them from above, exhibits a good deal of his peculiar laborious talent.

Our catalogue of cotemporaries would hardly be complete without including in it the clever and goodhumoured amateur Henry Bunbury, though no dabbler in State affairs, like Gillray and Sayer. Bunbury had (as Mr. Wright says) 'little taste for political caricature, and seldom meddled with it. He referred scenes of social life and humorous incidents of cotemporary manners, fashionable or popular.' It may be added that he does not seem to have often inserted portraits in his pieces. He was rather the forerunner of the modern French school of grotesque artists 'de genre,' of whom we shall have a word to say presently. His drawing, says Mr. Wright, 'was often bold and good, but he had little skill in etching.' After some early essays in that line, 'his designs were engraved by various persons, and his own style was sometimes modified in this process.'

cess.' We have ourselves seen original drawings by his hand, very superior both in force and refinement to the coarse style of the ordinary plates which bear his name. Perhaps the best known and most ludicrous of his compositions are his illustration of 'Geoffrey Gambado's Art of Horsemanship.' Bunbury was brother to the baronet who married Lady Sarah Lennox, and himself husband of one of Goldsmith's favourite Miss Hornecks. He died in 1811, the date of his last work, 'A Barber's Shop in Assize Time,' engraved by Gillray.

Passing over Isaac Cruikshank—a very prolific artist of the same period with Gillray, of whom he was a pretty close imitator—we arrive at his illustrious son George, who still survives to connect our era with the last. He is now almost forgotten as a political caricaturist, in which line he embarked, fifty years ago, under the auspices of his father, but soon abandoned it to achieve his peculiar and unique celebrity as an etcher of small figures, chiefly in the way of illustrations to letterpress, in which humour and the most exquisite appreciation of the ludicrous alternate with beauty and pathos of no common order. 'The ambition of George Cruikshank,' says Mr. Wright, 'was to draw what Hogarth called moral comedies, pictures of society through a series of acts and scenes, always pointed with some great moral; and it must be confessed that he has, through a long career, succeeded admirably.' Every one is aware of the zeal with which the amiable artist has devoted himself to promote the public good by this employment of his brain, of which an amusing illustration is furnished by the current story—for the truth of which, however, we will by no means vouch—that he insisted on formally presenting his 'Drunkard's Progress' to her Majesty! And yet, to our taste, George Cruikshank's most ambitious attempts in this line are scarcely equal to the trifling productions which he has now and then thrown off in mere exuberance of genius and animal spirits. The first edition of a little book, entitled 'German Popular Stories,' which appeared in 1834 (the letterpress was by the late Mr. Jardine), contains, on the minutest possible scale, some of the most perfect gems, both of humour and gracefulness, which are anywhere to be found. The reader need only cast his eye on 'Cherry, or the Frog-Bride'; the 'Tailor and the Bear'; 'Rumpelstiltskin,' and the inimitable procession of country folks jumping into the lake after the supposed flocks of sheep in 'Pee-wit,' to learn how much of fun, and grotesque, and elegance of figures also, and beauty of landscape, may be conveyed in how few lines.

The history of English caricature of the Georgian era would

complete without a notice of the various printsellers who brought the material to the public, and whose shop-windows were, not so many years ago, favourite stages or stations, here, for the wandering Cockney, on his peregrinations East and West; and with this Mr. Wright has accorded us. Perhaps the most celebrated were Humphreys, Bond-street and Piccadilly (whom, however, Mr. Wright mentions), and Fores.

Fores dwelt first at No. 3, Piccadilly, but afterwards established himself at No. 50, the corner of Sackville Street, where he still remains. Fores seems to have been most fertile in ingenious means for the extension of his business. He formed a sort of gallery of caricatures, and other prints, and charged for admission to them; and he afterwards adopted a system of lending them out in portfolios for evening parties, at which these portfolios of caricatures became a very fashionable amusement in the latter part of the century. At times some remarkable curiosity was employed to draw the attractions of his shop. Thus, on caricatures published in 1793, we find the statement that "In Fores's Caricature Museum is the latest collection in the kingdom. Also *the Head and Hand of the Frenchman*. Admittance, one shilling." Caricatures against the revolutionists, published in 1793, bear imprints stating that they were "published by S. W. Fores, No. 3, Piccadilly, where may be seen *the Complete Model of the Guillotine*. Admittance, one shilling." This model is said to be six feet high.

Mr. Wright closes his list with George Cruikshank, as the representative of the great school of caricaturists formed in the reign of George III. But there is another, still living among us, whose experience as an artist goes very nearly back to that of George III. and who may be in the most literal sense called the last of the great caricaturists, as he is considered by many the best—indeed, the world-famous H.B. of the past generation. Those who are longed to it can well remember the height of popularity which his lithographed sketches achieved, the little blockades in the shop-windows in St. James's-street and the Haymarket where a new one appeared, and the convenient topic of conversation which it was sure to afford to men of the clubs, meeting each other on the pavement. For it was to critics and to the public that H.B. particularly addressed himself. His popularity was wanted the popular vigour of those of Gillray and his contemporaries.

But it is to Mr. Doyle's high honour that they were entirely free from the scandalous coarseness of his predecessors, and that he showed the English public how the purposes of political satire could be fully secured without departing from the breadth from the dignity of the artist, or the character of the work.

of the gentleman. As a delineator of figures, we cannot him very successful. They run too much into the long and portions of the outline, the extremities in particular, and almost effeminate in their refinement: when he attempts broad, bluff personage, he is apt to produce the effect of gentleman masquerading as a Falstaff. But it was in the likeness of his portraits, and their expression, that his chief singular merit consisted. And in these, again, his work was extremely various. His fortune, in a professional way, may be said to have been made by three faces—those of the Duke of Wellington, King William IV., and Lord Broke. The provoking, sly no-meaning, establishing itself on the mask of the first; the good-humoured, embarrassed expression of the second; the infinite variety of grotesque fancies conveyed in the contorted features of the third; these were reproduced after week, for years, with a variety and fertility of invention astonishing. In other cases he never could succeed in hitting even a tolerable likeness: of his hundred or so representations of the late Sir Robert Peel, we do not recollect one which came to us any real remembrance of the original. The failure of caricaturists in general, not only of H.B., was a conventional personage; as is, though in a less marked degree, the failure of our present popular artists. Still more remarkable is the failure of H.B., in common with his predecessors, in capturing the likeness of George IV. In all the countless burlesque representations of that personage, from the handsome youth of 1801 to the puffy veteran of 1827, there are scarcely any which give a tolerable resemblance. The courtly Lawrence succeeded in portraying him well enough; the caricaturists, usually so successful, never. H.B.'s published sketches amount to some nine hundred, and afford a capital key to the cabinet and parliamentary life of England, from the Ministry of Wellington to the end of Melbourne's. While numbers of them do credit to the political sagacity as well as his skill, we cannot forbear to mention one which, to our present notions, illustrates the *'nescio hominum fati sortisque futuræ'*—produced when the Tories, whom H.B. apprehended with all his heart, anticipated triumphs of French over English diplomacy under the leadership of our then Foreign Secretary: it is No. 171 in the series, *Lame Leading the Blind:* Lord Palmerston, guided by Talleyrand.

With the renowned H.B. the line of regular British caricature closes. The taste of the nation has sought another direction. But do not let us be misunderstood. The spirit of caricature survives, and will do so as long as England is a free country.

Engli

men retain a sense of the ludicrous ; but its form is so  
ly changed, by the substitution of the cheap illustrated  
r for the comparatively expensive broad-sheet of the  
ury, that a more convenient moment could not be  
closing the old chapter in artistic history and beginning  
e, than that in which Doyle ceased his labours and the  
school of satirists began theirs. The very distinct mode  
ent which the small size of the modern comic newspaper,  
l with the old sheet, necessarily requires, combines with  
uses of difference to render this new school something  
rt from the old one. Its success must needs be obtained  
ough skill in the delineation of individual faces, and  
ness of wit in the 'motive' of the composition, than  
breadth of treatment, or (generally speaking) through  
grouping. In the delineation of faces, however, and  
y in portrait, which is the specialty of political caricature,  
ners with whom we are now dealing have an immense  
e over those of former times, in being able to use the  
f the art of photography. Photographs of faces and  
lways at hand, are a very superior class of auxiliaries  
hasty 'drawings on bits of card' with which Gillray was  
content himself. The popularity which our present  
s have earned is probably more real, certainly much  
ensive, than that gained by their most successful prede-  
from Hogarth to Cruikshank : with whose names that of  
o lately lost to us, and of his living associates and rivals,  
n we need only name Doyle the younger and John  
as specimens, will assuredly find their places in the  
nals of art. But, arrived at this turning point, we must  
well of our subject, devoting only a few pages more to  
mporary history of modern French caricature, on which  
ght (to our regret) does not enter. We had hoped to  
onsiderable assistance for this purpose from a new publi-  
f our friend M. Champfleury, entitled '*Histoire de la  
re Moderne*,' which has just fallen into our hands ; but  
the title is thus comprehensive, the contents reduce  
es to a few lively pages of panegyric on two or three  
rtists, which seem to be dictated in great measure by  
feelings.

general subject can be nowhere so well studied in a  
y way as in the two volumes of M. Jaime ('*Musée  
aricature*'), with very fairly executed illustrations, to  
re can only apply the ancient reproach, '*tantamne rem  
ligenter*;' for M. Jaime has but treated the matter in a  
ory way, as if afraid of dwelling too much on it. It has



not, however, the interest which attaches either to the coarser but bolder style of art inaugurated by the Germans in the sixteenth century, or to that which prevailed in the great English age of political caricature. Callot was indeed a Frenchman, by race at least, though born in Lorraine, then independent; but his associations were more with the school of the Netherlands than that of France. Nor had he any followers of note in the latter country. The jealous wakefulness of French government, and the cold and measured style which French art derived from a close addiction to supposed classical models, were both alike unfavourable to the development of the artistic empire of 'Laughter, holding both his sides.' French artists of the eighteenth century for the most part touched ludicrous subjects in a decorous and timid way, as if ashamed of them. As the literature of the country is said to abound in wit, while it is poor in humour, so its pictorial talent found vent rather in the neat and effective '*tableau de genre*' than in the irregularity of the grotesque; or, to employ another simile, French comic art was to English as the genteel comedy to the screaming farce. And the same was the case (to treat the subject briefly) with that of other nations over which France exercised predominant influence. Chodowiecki was the popular German engraver of domestic scenes in the last century, and his copper-plates have great delicacy of execution and considerable power of expression. He was in high vogue for the purpose of illustrating with cuts the novels and the poetry of the great age of German literature, and his productions are extraordinarily numerous. But he habitually shrank from the grotesque. His admirers styled him the German Hogarth—a comparison which he, we are told, rejected with some indignation, and which Hogarth, could he have known it, would certainly have rejected likewise; for Chodowiecki, with all his other merits, very seldom approaches the ludicrous, and never soars to the height or descends to the depth of caricature.

The unbounded licence of the first French Revolution, and the strange mixture of the burlesque with the terrible which attended its progress, gave of course for some years the most favourable opportunities possible for the exercise of pictorial wit, so far as the nation possessed it. There can be no greater treat to one who loves to tread the by-ways of history, often the shortest cuts to truth, than to turn over the series of those magnificent volumes in the Imperial Library of Paris, in which the whole pictorial annals of the last century or so in France are preserved; everything arranged as nearly as may be in order of date, and not of subjects: portraits, festal shows and triumphs, processions, battles, riots, great events, represented under every form down to the rough

newspaper woodcut and street caricature, unrolling in one vast phantasmagoria before the eye. We have much that is valuable and useful in our Museum, but nothing, in the matter of historical art, comparable to this collection. An inadequate idea of it only can be formed from the miscellaneous contents of the well-known three folio volumes of prints, entitled '*Tableaux de la Révolution Française.*' The earlier part of the caricatures of that age are the most humorous and also the best executed. As the tragedy deepened, fun became more and more out of place; and the satirists who had seen its outbreak having most of them lost their heads or fled the country, the business fell into the hands of more vulgar workmen. One of the first (1788) may be mentioned, not so much for its execution, which is tame enough, as because it is (as far as we know) the real original of a piece of wit which has since made its fortune in every language, and been falsely attributed to many facetious celebrities. Calonne, as a monkey, has assembled his 'notables,' a flock of barn-door fowl. '*Mes chers administrés, je vous ai rassemblés pour savoir à quelle sauce vous voulez être mangés.*' '*Mais nous ne voulons pas être mangés du tout.*' '*Vous vous écarterez de la question.*'

But French art, as we have seen, refined and softened into effeminacy under the class civilisation of the *ancien régime*, and rendered prudish also by its adherence to classical models, had its decorum soon shocked by too coarse intermixture of the grotesque. Indeed, the reason often given by Frenchmen of the last generation for the acknowledged inferiority of their caricatures to ours, was the superiority of French taste, which could not accommodate itself to 'ignoble' exaggeration. On the whole, therefore, those of the revolutionary series of which we have been speaking are more interesting historically, and also from the keen wit often developed in them, than from their execution. There is no French Gillray or Rowlandson. Here and there, however, among a multitude of inferior performances, the eye is struck by one really remarkable as a work of a higher order than our English cotemporary series could furnish. Such is the famous '*Arrestation du Roi à Varennes,*' 1791. The well-known features of the Royal party, seated at supper with lights, are brought out with a force worthy of Rembrandt, and with slight but marked caricature; while the fierce, excited patriotic figures, closing in on them from every side, have a vigour which is really terrific. Another, in a different style, is the '*Intérieur d'un Comité Révolutionnaire,*' 1793. It is said, indeed, to have been designed by a first-rate artist, Fragonard, one who doubtless wrought with a will, for he had prostituted his very considerable talents to please the luxurious profligacy of the last days of the ancient régime,

*régime*, and the stern Revolution had stopped his trade, annihilated his effeminate customers, and reduced him to poverty. Fragonard's powers as a caricaturist are characterised by a well-known anecdote. He was employed in painting Mademoiselle Guimard, the famous dancer, as Terpsichore; but the lady quarrelled with him, and engaged another to complete the work. The irritated painter got access to the picture, and with three or four strokes of his brush turned the face of Terpsichore into that of fury. The print now in question is a copper-plate, executed with exceeding delicacy of touch. A dozen figures of men of the people, in revolutionary costume, are assembled round a long table in a dilapidated hall of some public building. A young 'ci-devant,' his wife and child, are introduced through an open door by an usher armed with a pike. If the artist's intention was to produce effect by the contrast of these three graceful figures with the vulgar types of the rest of the party, he has succeeded admirably. They are humbly presenting their papers for examination; but it is pretty clear that the estimable committeeman to whom the noble is handing his passport, cannot read it. The cunning, quiet, lawyer-like secretary of the committee, pen in hand, is evidently doing all its work. At the opposite end of the table an excited member is addressing to the walls what may be an harangue of high eloquence; but no one is listening to him, and the two personages immediately behind him are evidently determined to hear no noise but their own. But of his favourite figure—and one well worthy of Hogarth—is that of the sentinel off duty: he is seated beside a bottle, pike in hand, enjoying his long pipe, and evidently, from the expression of his face, far advanced from the excited into the meditative stage of convivial patriotism. A placard on the door announces, somewhat contradictorily as well as ungrammatically, 'Ici on tutoient: fermez la porte s'il vous plait!' Altogether there is much more of the comic than the ferocious about the patriot, and one may hope that the trembling family, for whom it is impossible not to feel an interest, will this time be 'quittes pour la peur.'

The popular governments—Revolutionary and of the First Empire—easily tamed the spirit of caricature, as they did their more dangerous enemies, and it only revived when France was replaced under the tyranny of legitimacy. There is a great deal of merit in those on the Bonapartist side, of 1814 and 1815; many of them appear to be executed by some one clever artist, whose name is unknown. We will only notice one of them, the 'Vœu d'un Royaliste, ou la seconde entrée triomphante.' Louis XVIII. is mounted behind a Cossack—the horse and man are admirable dra-

n—while the poor King's expression, between terror and use of the ludicrous of his position, is worthy of the best s of Gillray or Doyle.

ricature continued to be a keen party weapon in France gh the period of the Restoration, and in the early years uis Philippe. The latter monarch's head especially, under semblance of a pear, which Nature had rendered appropriate, opularised in a thousand ludicrous or ignominious repre- ions; his Gillray was Honoré Daumier, a special friend avourite of M. Champfleury, but in whom we are unable ves to recognise more than secondary merit. 'Entre tous, ier fut celui qui accommoda la poire aux sauces les plus es. Le roi avait une honnête physionomie, large et étouffée. ricature, par l'exagération des lignes du masque, par les nts sentimens qu'elle prêta à l'homme au toupet, le rendit ie, et laissa un ineffaçable relief. Les adversaires sont

En politique, un ennemi vaut souvent mieux qu'un ami.' genius of Daumier had some analogy with that of the or-caricaturist Dantan.

the liberty of art, like that of the Tribune, dege- d into licence, and France has never been able in her age of State tempests to maintain the line between the Political caricature was once more extinguished in the as reign, with the applause of decent people in general, by -called laws of September. It had a brief and feverish l under the Republic of 1848; some of its productions in period are worth a moment's notice, both from their ion and their humour: we remember two of the class eral interest; the 'Apparition du Serpent de Mer,' a full of kings, startled by the appearance of the new dlic as the problematical monster of the deep; and the : de Natation,' in which the various Kings and Emperors rope are floundering in a ludicrous variety of attitudes

the billows of revolution, while the female rulers of 1, Spain, and Portugal are kept afloat by their crinolines. nder the decorous rule of the Empire, no such violation of pect due to constituted authorities at home is any longer ed, while ridicule, even of foreign potentates, is permitted nder polite restrictions. Debarred from this mode of sing itself, French gaiety finds one of its principal outlets more innocent shape of social caricature, which was never ular, or cultivated by artists of so much eminence, as

the last thirty years. And here we must notice a sin- change in French workmanship, which appears to us to een occasioned chiefly or wholly by the introduction of lithography.

lithography. We have already observed how much difficulty its artists found in departing from the rules of classical outline and correct drawing, so long as the old-fashioned line engraving prevailed, and the consequent inferiority of French to English caricature in breadth, its superiority in correctness. The introduction and great popularity of lithography in France seems to have altogether changed the popular taste. Artists now dash off, rather than embody, their humorous conceptions in the sketchiest of all possible styles, and that which affords the greatest licence for grotesque distortions of figure and face. Boilly, a clever and fertile lithographer, was perhaps the first to bring this style of composition into vogue. But to such an extent has the revolution now gone, while we, on the other hand, have been pruning the luxuriance of the old genius of caricature, that the positions of the two countries seem to have become reversed, and England to be now the country of classic, France of grotesque art; in the comic line of which any reader may judge for himself, by comparing the style of the cuts in 'Punch,' for instance, with those in the 'Charivari.' We cannot say that we find the change on the other side of the Channel an improvement, or that we have been enabled to acquire a taste for the hasty lithographed caricatures of popular figures and scenes which encumber French print-shops. The works of Bunbury, among English artists of this kind of renown, perhaps most nearly approach them; but these, rough though they are, have, at all events, a body and substance, and consequently a vigour, which their Gallic successors appear to us to lack, and which they endeavour too often to supply by loose exaggeration. However, it is idle to set up our own canons of taste in opposition to that of a nation, and a foreign nation into the bargain; and we may do our readers more service by giving them a few short notices of the leading artists who have risen to popularity in modern France by this style of composition.

Nicolas Toussaint Charlet had an education and parentage somewhat like those of our Gillray; born in 1792, the son of an old dragoon of Sambre-et-Meuse, he began his career in a very noble occupation, being employed in the office where military recruits were registered and measured; and it was that function, possibly, that he picked up and stored in his memory those thousand types of grotesque young conscripts and old grognards, 'enfants de troupe,' 'tourlourous,' and 'gamin' with which he filled the shop-windows while amusing the multitude with their darling 'scènes populaires.' He was not exactly a caricaturist in the peculiar sense which we have given to the word, but an artist 'de genre;' in his own peculiar li  
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he surpassed him. It must be noticed that his sturdy artism evinced itself in some ambitious attempts at more compositions; one of which, 'La Garde meurt et end pas,' established his fame in 1816, while an 'Episode Campagne de Russie' (1836) is ranked at the head of his by some of his admirers. But for our part, we greatly the exquisite naïveté, though without much of the English which characterises some of his popular scenes; such—to one among a thousand—as that in which a peasant, looking with the utmost gravity on a comrade who is lying in the helplessly drunk, exclaims, 'Voilà pourtant comme je serai che!' Charlet, who died in 1845, left some two thousand aphed designs, besides numerous water-colours and rs.

Chevalier Gavarni, born in 1801, ranks at the head of ing caricaturists of France, unless the Vicomte Amédée (under his *nom de plume*, or rather *de crayon*, of 'Cham,' he son of Noah) be supposed to contest with him that ice. The journal 'Les Gens du Monde' (1835), and iently the 'Charivari,' owed to him the greater part of ebrity. If not equal to Charlet in the 'naïf' and simply r style, Gavarni excels him in satirical force and in .

Twenty-five years hence (says Théophile Gautier) through Gavarni that the world will know of the exist- Duchesses of the Rue du Helder, of Lorettes, students, and 1.' Gavarni visited England in 1849, where, according biographer, M. de Lacaze (in the 'Nouvelle Biographie le'), he took so profound a dislike to our English aristo- ocial system (it was the year, be it remembered, in which trine 'la propriété c'est le vol,' took some short hold on n spirits), that he fell into a fit of 'le spleen,' became ropic, and produced nothing for a long time but sketches -shop frequenters, thieves, street-sweepers, Irishmen, and gars of St. Giles's and Whitechapel; but we are happy 1, from the same authority, that he soon recovered his in the less oppressive atmosphere of Paris. His 'Œuvres s' were published as long ago as 1845, in four volumes.

says Champfleury, 'son œuvre est curieuse à consulter l'expression d'un peintre de mœurs épris d'idéal élégant le époque bourgeoise.'

pleting these brief notices of modern French caricaturists ie mere mention of the great artist Gustave Doré, who ely condescended to some clever extravagances allied to ure, and of that eccentric novelty Griset, we must now le our hasty retrospect of the art in general. The insti-

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tution of the 'comic illustrated newspaper' has now made the tour of the world; the United States furnish abundant specimens; Germany and Italy toil manfully in the wake of France and England; we have even seen political caricatures from Rio de Janeiro nearly as good as the ordinary productions of either. But it is impossible to follow a subject so greatly widening in its dimensions; and as cheapness of execution, while it extends the popularity of this class of compositions, diminishes the labour expended on them, we have not to expect for the future either productions of so much interest, or artists of such celebrity, as some of those dealt with in this article.

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ART. IX.—1. *Speeches of Mr. Bright at Blackburn, Birmingham, and Rochdale, November and December, 1865, and January, 1866.* 'Times' Newspaper. London.

2. *An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution.* By John Earl Russell. New Edition. London, 1865.

THE task which the Parliament that is to meet next month will be called upon to perform falls little short in difficulty of any that has ever been imposed upon a similar assembly. It is true that the material condition of the country furnishes no cause for anxiety. Our wealth is overflowing, our commercial prospects are unclouded, save by the excess of our own activity; and nothing seems likely to disturb either the peace of Europe or the profound contentment which this island is enjoying. Those who recognise no political barometer except the returns of the Board of Trade and the budgets of Chancellors of the Exchequer may well disbelieve that there can be any cause for anxiety upon an horizon of such unbroken brilliancy. There certainly is no probability that this Parliament will be called upon to pacify any violent political excitement, or to relieve the depression of any great national interest. But there are responsibilities greater even than those of providing against present disorder or distress. The task of reconstructing the institutions from which all our prosperity and all our tranquil freedom flow is heavier than any other that could be laid upon English legislators; and its weight is terribly aggravated by the fact that the Parliament which must bear it is a Parliament without a leader, and without a purpose. The leader whom it would have followed, and the mission it was charged to fulfil, have alike been removed by the hand of death. It was returned to keep Lord Palmerston in office: and Lord Palmerston is gone.

Whatever

Whatever object it now accomplishes, into whatever legislation it may blindly stumble, it cannot give any effect to the political feelings which called it into existence. That he has left no successor to carry out his ideas, and maintain his political combinations, is due to the peculiarity of the position he had formed for himself. He commanded the affection of his countrymen more than any Minister since the days of Chatham, and he received political support from them in no grudging measure. But the support was given to the man, and not to his ideas. Politicians of pure breed—those who subordinate every other motive of action to their political convictions,—rather acquiesced in him than followed him. Those who, during the last ten years of his life, rendered to him an earnest and enthusiastic allegiance, which never flinched or faltered, were the great non-political mass of the nation. It is quite true that the principle upon which his government was carried on—the combination of Liberal profession and Conservative practice—represented the genuine state of mind of a large portion of the educated classes, imbued to a greater or less extent with Liberal theories, but unable to conceal from themselves that those theories in the laboratory of the world's experience were working out very unsatisfactory results. But the same would have been true whatever the dominant opinions of the day had been. Partly from a sensitiveness to the contagion of opinion, but more from political pliability, Lord Palmerston, in the course of an eventful life, was always found steering in much the same direction as the majority of his countrymen, to whatever quarter the humour of the moment might happen to be carrying them. But this was not the quality which enabled him to establish so firm a hold on the affections of the nation. Suppleness is not a passport to English popularity, as some who have tried to plagiarise Lord Palmerston's character have found. In his earlier years it may have been useful in raising him to a conspicuous position, for it is a quality convenient in subordinates. But the enthusiasm which followed his later years was directed to a very different portion of his character. It was given by people whose political preferences were feeble to the sterling vigour and manliness which events gave him the opportunity of exhibiting during his later years. Opinions among his supporters, so far as they formed any, very often have differed widely concerning the policy he was pursuing; but the homage they rendered was to qualities, not opinions. The bold patriotism of his language when many politicians of all schools were inclined to truckle to the Peace party; the courage with which, unaided by any single leading man, he took up the Crimean war at its most disastrous period, and worked it out to victory;



victory; the brave front he showed to the most formidable parliamentary combinations in defence of subordinates, near or distant, even when they were most utterly in the wrong; the contempt of ease with which, in spite of extreme age, he clung to a laborious office—these were characteristics which may not in all cases assist the historian in pronouncing a favourable judgment upon the policy of his administration, but they appealed directly to the heart of the English nation. If any great disaster had happened under his administration, or if any wild political storm had crossed his path, these claims might not have availed him; but in the profound repose of political feeling which it was his chief aim to foster, they secured for him a personal attachment almost universal throughout all classes of the nation, and which grew stronger and stronger up to the last hour of his life.

The fact that his supremacy was personal, and not political, explains why it is that, powerful as he was for so many years, he has left no successor and no school. Castlereagh and Canning were formed under Pitt, and lived faithfully to carry out his ideas. Peel left behind him a group of statesmen, deeply imbued with his political philosophy, and in more than one instance singularly gifted with the talents needed to carry it out. But the third great statesman of the century leaves behind him no single man of mark whose opinions can be described by his name, or to whom the nation can transfer the affection with which it clung to him. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have their own claims to prefer for the support of their partisans; but though they succeed for the moment to the majority which was returned to keep him in office, they are in no sense heirs to the popular feeling upon which his strength was based.

The conduct of the new Government, so far as it has been open to public view, betrays a consciousness that they hold Lord Palmerston's legacy by a precarious tenure. They did not feel as he did, that their own merits were sufficient to ensure support. They began casting about immediately for new strength in quarters and by means that to some of them must have been galling. The first thing to be done was to mark the victims who were to make the vacancies; and in doing so they felt that a selection could hardly be made without indicating the policy that they intended to pursue. And it must be admitted that both in selecting the officials to be turned out, and the aspirants that were to be let in, they succeeded in symbolising with great distinctness the political camp to which they were about to carry their hitherto somewhat neutral banner. If the rumours that were given to the world by a provincial paper of authority in

lited, their first impulse was to seek for aid among Conservative, or semi-Conservative statesmen. Rebuffed in this; and despairing of any secure support from the combination which had upheld Lord Palmerston, they resolved that there was no resource left to them but to surrender themselves entirely to the Liberals. Mr. Bright's speeches at Blackburn and at Birmingham were probably the heartiest he ever delivered on behalf of any Ministry; and how thoroughly he is satisfied with the overtures they have made. The credit must be given to them of having displayed skill in proclaiming their new policy by their new appointment without the indecency of anticipating the Queen's speech in February. The two subordinates selected for slaughter are said to have been typical of the frailties in the Palmerston Government, which were most obnoxious to the extreme left. Herbert Peel was a fair type of a moderate Conservative, unaffected by no special dislike of change, but cherishing a very real objection both to the encouragement of democracy and to the overthrow of established churches. Mr. Hutt represented the opposite side of the Palmerston Government. He was a Liberal, instinct with that kind of Liberalism which can only float on the surface of the agitations of opposition, but speedily submerge the repose of office. He should have been the special favorite of the Minister who at a time when Reform seemed hopeless adjured the English people to rest and be thankful; but Mr. Hutt rested profoundly from the Radicalism of his former friends and was not unthankful for the results of his tranquillity. His dismissal was a sufficient prognostic of a more active policy than has been recently pursued. But the appointments by which the two places were filled up left no doubt upon the subject. Goschen and Mr. Forster were undoubtedly the two ablest of the Liberals, always supposing that the courage of the Cabinet was equal to the admission of Mr. Bright. But they are not equally able; they have been singularly outspoken. They have not concealed the objects towards which their desires and efforts tend, and they have pledged themselves beyond recall to measures so strong upon subjects so vital, that it can hardly be expected that they have joined any Ministry in whose policy upon these points they have not good reason to confide. In the case of Mr. Goschen, perhaps, this view must be taken with some reservation. If we were really to find grounds for believing that he had made the acceptance of his ecclesiastical views a condition of his adhesion, it would follow that a very serious conflict was impending between the Church and the party now dominant in the State. Mr. Goschen has spoken more strongly of religious teaching, in the sense in which the phrase has been

been understood by every Christian Church, than any other public man. His argument for admitting Dissenters to University offices, delivered only last June, rested upon the principle that Oxford was a lay University, and that doctrinal instruction was not wanted by the laity. This is a principle which, worked out by Mr. Goschen's logical mind, will carry far. It is the bold enunciation of that new form of belief, or unbelief, which asserts that religion is something wholly apart from dogmas, and that its requirements may be equally satisfied, whether a man holds to any creed or no. Our plain-spoken fathers would have called such a theory infidel. We make things pleasanter now, and call it 'unsectarian.' But, by whatever name it may be called, it would, if carried into effect, be the negation of every part of religion except a morality founded upon sentiment. It would sweep utterly away, as a matter without interest for human souls, the distinct system of dogma which has formed the most prominent part of Christianity ever since it came into the world, and would make the enunciation of it as needful to salvation a worn-out prejudice. To the ecclesiastical institutions of this or any other country Mr. Goschen's principle must, of course, be fatal. It is quite clear that a revelation, in which it is of no importance that the laity should be instructed, may be put aside as an historical curiosity; and when this principle is sufficiently established, the practical corollary will not be slow to follow. Institutions which exist for the purpose of teaching this revelation, which is nobody's concern, ought to be swept away with as little scruple as if they existed for the propagation of astrology.

There is every ground to believe that Mr. Goschen was absolutely sincere, and that he will not fail to press to their legitimate conclusion the principles he has so boldly laid down; and if it followed from his taking office, that his views were adopted by his superiors, the Church's death-grapple with her enemies would be at hand. But though Mr. Goschen's appointment indicates indifference upon this subject in the leaders of the Ministry, it can scarcely be assumed to prove any absolute sympathy with his opinions. Ecclesiastical questions have been, to some extent, open questions in Governments for some time past. The arrangement is not very easy to account for. It seems strange that statesmen should insist on uniformity of opinion upon matters of transient interest, and yet should agree to differ upon a question that even in its purely secular aspect is among the most momentous with which a legislature can deal. But so by tacit tradition it has been allowed to stand. No stronger instance of the practice can be adduced than the conduct of Mr. Gladstone, who consents to be the main support of a party which has a habitual

usually acts in the most direct antagonism to what he has hitherto declared to be his convictions upon these points. Differences that are tolerated among colleagues must be doubly insupportable among subordinates. It would be hard indeed upon the Church if the scruples of her adversaries should turn out to be more intractable than those of her professing friends.

At the same time, though there is no ground for assuming that Mr. Russell will adopt Mr. Goschen's extreme opinions, there is undoubtedly a significance in his appointment, taken in connection with Sir Robert Peel's dismissal. It implies that the Government is prepared for a policy more distinctly hostile to the Church than Lord Palmerston's aversion to change of all sorts has hitherto permitted them to adopt. The Church must be prepared for a renewal of the assaults which have been intermitted for a time. The Liberation Society will open its campaign in more promising circumstances than have offered themselves to it for many years past. The Government will be unable to make any appeal to the Conservatives will be present in diminished numbers to resist them, and they will draw a powerful reinforcement from the unbelief which for the last five or six years has been silently spreading among the educated classes.

Dissenters have for some time past been making common cause with the gentlemen who call themselves 'unsectarian,' and believe everything in the Christian religion—except its doctrines. There is booty for them both. If the unsectarians will support the Dissenters to a slice of the Church's endowments, the Dissenters will back up their more intellectual allies in an assault on her formularies. As far as the House of Commons is concerned, the enterprise has every prospect of success. Until a division actually takes place, it is not easy to predict the position in which the Church party will find itself. But we can be little doubt that, though the subject occupied no prominent place at the hustings, the late elections have been fought heavily against her interests on the whole. If Churchmen are to be taught by the wisdom of their adversaries, and learn to protect themselves by political combination, these results must naturally follow.

More certain information as to the intentions of the Government is to be drawn from the other appointment they have made. The question is a question upon which no differences of opinion can be tolerated. Mr. Forster took office perfectly well knowing that he would be required to vote for whatever Reform Bill the Government might bring in. It may be assumed therefore, with certainty, that before he took office Mr. Forster made himself acquainted

acquainted with the intended measure of the Government found that it was one that he could approve. If he is a Radical of the ordinary type, his approval would indicate more than that he had accepted office, and together with other incidents of office had accepted official opinions at the time. There is usually as much difference between a domestic Radical, and the same animal in a state of nature, as there is between a lapdog and a wolf. But Mr. Forster's convictions are too strong to lose their bloom in the relaxing climate of office, and a far higher place in the Government than that which has been conferred upon him would poorly repay him for the loss of the esteem which the known independence of his convictions has procured for him. So far as any event in politics is concerned, it may be taken for granted that the aim of the Ministry's measure will coincide with what has hitherto been the aim of Mr. Forster's political career.

At least then, if we cannot foresee the precise details of the coming measure, this appointment will leave us in no doubt as to the type of Reform Bill to which it will belong. The discussion which this subject has undergone during the last few years has had the effect of ranging opinions upon it in two very distinct camps. The number of those who actually favour a change in the representative system is probably among the educated classes very small indeed. But the influence of the opinions of politicians, working upon the pledges which the lower classes of the present constituency have extorted from candidates, has created a fictitious political necessity to which the present nomination of the House of Commons may induce the Ministry, in spite of its convictions, to submit. A very large number of persons are consequently willing to entertain the question of Reform, from a persuasion that, in the present attitude of public opinion, its solution in some form or other is inevitable. We do not profess to coincide in this opinion. We think that the flocks are overrating both the sagacity and the power of the bellwethers, as docile sheep are somewhat apt to do. But such exaggerations of opinion bring with them their own correction. As often happens in every kind of conflict, victory is achieved only by the hopelessness of those who are fighting. But it by no means follows that because there seems at this time to be a preponderating opinion in favour of some change in the electoral law, that therefore the democratic solution of the question is generally accepted. So far the question is in a more advanced position than it was six years ago. A considerable number of independent thinkers have emerged from the common herd.

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formers, and have laid the foundation of a non-democratic school of liberalism, which may exert no little influence on the future course of English politics.

It is a curious instance of the sterility of the English mind that, for about the first ten years of this later Reform controversy, was assumed almost as a truism that Reform was synonymous with the simple lowering of the suffrage. Moderate men were for lowering it only a few degrees; violent men were for lowering it a great many; but whether the advance towards democracy was a great or small, it still was always an advance. The idea that any scheme could be devised for giving direct representation to a portion of the working men, without advancing on the path that must ultimately lead to pure democracy, found no acceptance at all. Lord Derby's Bill, amid many grave defects, had the merit of introducing a different habit of thought upon the question. It made the political world familiar with the idea that there was no step between giving to the working classes their fair share of the suffrage, and giving to them such a predominance as would enable them to dictate terms to the rest of the community. This view of the question has gained strength constantly from that time, and is now represented by voices of no little power both among the Liberal party in Parliament and among the Liberal press.

But with that school Lord Russell and his immediate followers were little in common. In fact, in the edition of his youthful work upon Reform, which Lord Russell published early in the year, he takes especial pains to denounce the 'securities' which Lord Grey, Mr. Buxton, and others had then recently proposed; and in the popular edition of the work which has appeared still more recently, he has inserted a vehement reply to Mr. Lowe, though without mentioning his name. The appointment of Mr. Forster renders it clear that his Government are with him upon this point. There is no heresy of the moderate Liberal that the new Under Secretary of State for the Colonies has denounced with greater vigour than those propositions which, as he expresses it, 'give with one hand, and take away with the other.' He does not lay much stress upon the precise manner to which the reduction of the franchise should be carried. It is common with other of the more clear-sighted Radicals, he does not consider that the extent so much as the principle of the Reform Bill is of importance. He knows perfectly well that if the franchise were only reduced with counterbalancing precautions, the present equilibrium of power would not be seriously disturbed, and any further advance towards democracy would be difficult to make as it is now. On the other hand, he is equally well aware that a very small addition of purely democratic

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weight to the Liberal scale will suffice to upset the balance irredeemably and for ever. Like his teacher, in the speech at Rochdale the other day, he thinks it wiser to 'proceed by steps.' The advice which Mr. Bright gave to Lord Palmerston's Government in 1859, to bring in a comparatively mild Bill at first, and to rely on it to give the power requisite for more sweeping legislation afterwards, expresses accurately the policy which all the more reflective Radicals are pursuing. 'You will have what a mechanic will call a larger lever, and a better Parliament, which would deal more satisfactorily with all questions that may come before you.' Such was the argument with which he tells us he exhorted Lord Palmerston's Government to begin by a mild Reform Bill. Lord Palmerston had fortunately no taste for putting levers into the hands of Mr. Bright; and therefore he took good care to pass no bill at all. The leader of the Radicals hopes better things of Lord Russell; and with an earnestness not wholly complimentary, implores him not to be 'feeble and tremulous.' But, from his own point of view, he is unquestionably right in the advice he gives. He need not batter down the Constitution at one blow. If he is only able once to insert his 'larger lever' under its ancient walls, all further hope of saving it will be gone. It will be pleasant times then for the advanced Radical. He will sail securely on the full tide of an irresistible majority to the end he has in view. He will be in a position to open his mouth upon many subjects now forbidden, and to advocate changes at which now he does not dare even to hint. His attitude, too, towards political sections will be less constrained and uncomfortable than it is now. That he will trample the Tories under foot, and leave them politically dead, is a matter of course; but that will not be his sweetest pleasure. The delight will be to patronise his Whig patrons, to fling back to them the condescension with which they favour him now, with a scorn which he must as yet dissemble, and if they behave themselves with humility, perhaps to recognise their faithfulness by bestowing upon some Whig duke of exceptional ability the honour of an Under Secretaryship. But for this he must learn to labour and to wait. He must not alarm the allies who are indispensable to him now by asking for too rapid a movement just at first. When a democratic majority is once secure, be it ever so small, it will be possible to move with longer strides, and less of irksome circumspection. But it is in the first step that the difficulty lies. A small addition to a nicely-balanced scale will cause the adverse pan to kick the beam as certainly as if it were doubled or quadrupled in amount. The victory of the Radicals in the present crisis depends upon their address in at once not frightening their allies, and at the same time procuring  
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Reform Bill sufficiently democratic to make their next advance certain. They are more moderate, therefore, in their demands than they were at a time when they had less hope of success. They do not insist upon the disfranchisement of boroughs. They are careful to substitute professions of loyalty for their former eulogies of the American republic, with which their speeches used to be generally pointed, and Mr. Bright will even descend for the moment to allude to Lord Russell's 'ancestral acres.' But at the same time they employ the utmost energy in deprecating any really moderate measure of Reform—any measure which will admit the working class to a share of representation, and which yet shall contain compensating securities, that shall prevent it from being made the first step to uncontrolled democracy.

To this Radical policy Lord Russell appears well inclined to yield. He would not himself probably desire to promote a permanent Radical ascendancy. But he was saved from doing so by the interposition of the Tories at the epoch of the first Reform Bill: and, if any other motive but vanity guides his political conduct, it is possible that he hopes to be saved by similar assistance a second time. But it is probably sufficient for him that all the plans for Reform he has hitherto proposed have been bare extensions of the suffrage. Mr. Gladstone can hardly be insensible to the worship paid to him by the democratic members, and will, presumably, be prepared to go as far in the direction of an extension of the suffrage. That such a measure will be joyfully welcomed by the leading Whigs, whether in or out of the Cabinet, we cannot believe. There are plenty of men among them who are hard-headed enough not to be deluded by sentimental balderdash, and know perfectly well what 'trusting the people'—i.e. putting the poorest and most ignorant of them above all the rest—means, when questions concerning the rights of property or the distribution of taxation come to be discussed. But the party tie is strong; and it has been strengthened under Lord Palmerston's able leadership. The votes of the new Parliament could reflect with accuracy the wishes that are uppermost in each man's mind, no one, who has given any attention to the language in which Reform is spoken of in private society, can doubt about the result. We should be as true to Reform as we are from Fenianism. But whatever the results of the divisions may be by which the destiny of this country for many a long year will be so deeply affected, this at least may be predicted as a certainty, that they will not represent the exact wishes of those who vote in them. If the votes could be given by ballot, and if their result did not involve the political ascendancy of any party, they might be taken to reflect the true feelings

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feelings of the House of Commons. But there are many fear which will combine to produce a defection from the ranks of those who are inclined to defend the Constitution. The fear of being thought a deserter from the Whig party, and the fear lest an anti-Reform vote should tend to help the Conservatives into power, will no doubt operate powerfully; and the influence of these motives will be the most powerful among the old Whigs, to whom Reform is the least acceptable. There is also another consideration which will necessarily work with enormous potency upon any House of Commons engaged in the revision of the electoral body. In dealing with other laws members have only to think how their conduct will be regarded by the existing constituency. But in considering a Reform Bill they are oppressed by the double solicitude to please the existing constituency if the Bill should fail, and the future constituency, if it should succeed. In a Reform conflict, as in every struggle for supreme power, nothing succeeds like success. The moment victory begins to declare itself, the current of desertion sets in from the weaker side. Its defeat is precipitated by the anxiety of its supporters not to extinguish all future hope for themselves by an irreparable quarrel with the conqueror. Those whose zeal would be rolled back in its course by such reflections are certainly not among the noblest specimens that political life can produce; and they probably form but a small proportion of the host to which they belong. But they are numerous enough to turn the scale of an even battle, or to complete the discomfiture of a worsted combatant. Indeed the cost of a seat in Parliament is so great, and the trouble its attainment involves is so burdensome, that few Members of Parliament look with perfect philosophy to the prospect of losing it prematurely. A Whig member voting against any particular extension of the suffrage is rather in the position of a sportsman tiger-shooting. Unless he is tolerably sure his ball will fly true, he had rather not expose himself to the treatment he is certain to receive if the infuriated animal should get hold of him.

The conduct of the moderate Liberals is the uncertain quantity which precludes any attempt to calculate the forces by which the course of Parliament during the coming Session will be determined. If they decide to support a democratic Reform Bill, they will only furnish another instance to the many which history records of the power which the passion of political rivalry possesses to drown every suggestion of common sense. It is probably true, that if such a Bill passes it will execute their wildest desires of vengeance upon their Conservative opponents. The Conservative party exists to secure the balance of all interests and it must disappear before the exclusive domination of a single class

It is for those by whose aid alone the Radicals can have this result to consider whether it will be unmixed gain or harm. Both Mr. Bright and his opponents are agreed that the extension of Reform is only worth entertaining with a view to the result which it is likely to work in the spirit of our legislation. Will it be a change which his more moderate allies will welcome?

They have no desire to see all the burdens of the country, or the mass of them, imposed upon the payers of direct taxation. They do not seek for any organic change in the laws of property, nor wish to see the right of acquiring or disposing of land limited by law. They do not aspire to a system of *ateliers nationaux*, or wish that the law should, by fixing the rate of wages, place the employer at the mercy of the employed. If they were convinced that these would be the results of any measure by which the working classes should obtain a preponderance in the House of Commons, or of any measure by which they should be able to force a further admission of their own body up to that point, or were for party ties, or fear of what might be the issue to themselves, would prevent them from combining their whole strength with the Conservatives for the purpose of resisting such a measure. But Mr. Gladstone, and those who act with him, have taken no pains to convince them that no changes of this kind would attend the lowering of the franchise, that legislation will go on much as it did before, and that the only result will be to increase the vanity of a certain number of persons by admitting them to the polling-booth, without involving any substantial change in the balance of power. The question is whether our confidence in their confidence is the most fully borne out by the probabilities of the case.

What is to answer for the working men? Who will tell us what it is that they will do? We are assured that they are anxious to be admitted to the suffrage. Mr. Forster tells us that they will emigrate to America, if we do not grant it. Mr. Bright says some time back that a rougher hand than his would have refused the concession, if we refused to agree to it now. But the working classes set so much value upon it, they must have reflected carefully upon the advantages it will confer. They must have made up their minds that it will bring with it results of so much importance to their welfare, that, if we cannot compass them peaceably, it will be worth their while to obtain them in America at the cost of exile, or even by insurrection. It is of great importance to ascertain what these advantages are which they have promised themselves that the suffrage will secure them. To whom shall we go for honest unvarnished information? One kind of authority

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we may put aside without hesitation. We clearly cannot trust those advocates of the working-man who are addressing us for the purpose of calming our nerves. They have too direct an interest in ministering to our anxieties by soft promises and sanguine prophecies, and idealized portraits of the working man, to be accepted as safe informants. It would be as prudent to trust a candidate's account of his principles, or a horse-dealer's account of his horse, as to listen without reserve to the descriptions of the working man which we get from such observers as Mr. Fawcett, or Mr. Forster, or Mr. Hughes.

To whom, then, are we to turn? There appear to be at least two unimpeachable sources of information. First, there are the working men themselves. They feel so deeply, as we are told, upon the subject, that they must certainly know their own minds; and though they have elected no formal representatives, still speeches made in their name upon set occasions by leading men among them, and not disavowed by them, may be taken safely to express their views. The other source of information may be found in the language used by popular orators in speeches made, not to tranquillize the upper or middle classes, but to please and stimulate the lower. Such speakers know how to gratify their audiences, as their popularity proves: and when they address themselves to stir the working class to political action, it may be presumed that they will dwell on the topics most acceptable to them, and hold out to their imaginations the prospects best calculated to allure them. If, selecting our informants from these two classes, we arrive at a result different from that to which the Ministerial apologists of Reform would lead us, each of us may decide for himself which of the two is likely to be the most honest witness.

The evidence is, fortunately, not far to seek. Those of the working men who care about politics at all make no secret of their opinions. It was scarcely a fortnight before Christmas that they held a meeting at St. Martin's Hall, to declare the kind of Reform they looked for and the benefits they expected from it. It was summoned by the National Reform League. Its Chairman was Mr. Beales, the man who was Chairman of Mr. Mill's Committee at the last election for Westminster. It was enormously crowded, so much so that it split into two meetings in different halls; and this crowd attended in spite of the counter attractions of a 'philo-negro' meeting at Exeter Hall upon the same evening. The speakers were not such as chose to present themselves, but they were carefully selected by those who organised the meeting. Altogether, it was a well-prepared, very important demonstration; and as, in spite of the notice it had attracted

acted, no section of working men has come forward to state its views as too extreme, it must be regarded as extending the policy of the artisan-politicians of the metropolis.

In addition to these merits it had that of the most unreserved our. Mr. Thomas Conolly, a mason, began his speech, indeed, by observing that 'The Times' asked the working men they would do with the suffrage when they had got it; but he was too old a soldier to tell 'The Times' until he had got the suffrage. But this was harmless thunder: for immediately afterwards, by a transition which to one of Mr. Conolly's action doubtless seemed natural, he proceeded to give a list of the objects which he expected the working men's suffrage would secure. Among other things, he laid especial stress on the necessity of restraining the evil practice pursued by landlords of charging a full rent from those to whom they let their land:—

land should no longer by unjust laws and rack-renting landlords be driven periodically to the verge of despair, and be obliged to seek its disapproval of the Government by rebellion.'

He then concluded by the statement, which was loudly cheered, that the Government might rest assured that he would not rest contented with anything short of manhood suffrage. The speaker who preceded him was still more explicit. It was Mr. Odger, known in connexion with Trade-Union movements, and as an opponent to whom Mr. Gladstone first intrusted his new resolution of entering upon a second Reform crusade. He was therefore, a part of no small importance in the new movement.

He is the connecting-link between Mr. Gladstone and the terrible organisations of the working men. It is impossible for any man to occupy a position more favourable for enabling him thoroughly to understand the objects which the promoters of the new Reform Bill have at heart. Being so deeply in the confidence of the Trades Unions, and so much in the confidence of Mr. Gladstone as to be the first to hear the most momentous declaration he had made in the whole course of his political life, Mr. Odger must be fully qualified to judge of the precise ends which Mr. Gladstone is to assist the working men to gain. At the same time he must know what is the kind of Reform for which the artisans among the working men are raising the cry to satisfy them. The forthcoming Bill is to be offered, and what are the benefits which they expect from the concession. Let us keep in mind, then, what he proposes as the end and object of the movement:—

Mr. G. Odger, shoemaker, in moving the first resolution, said that the House of Commons and former Governments had not kept faith with

with the people on the question of Parliamentary Reform. A Reform Bill was promised, but nothing short of manhood suffrage would satisfy the working men of this country. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) It was necessary, moreover, that there should be no long waiting in this matter. The Poles had allowed themselves to be shot down in the streets of Warsaw rather than live a life of political degradation. The Irish people, who had suffered from Governmental abuses for many years, and from the infliction of a State Church (cheers), had accepted Fenianism rather than continue to be degraded by such a state of things. If the English Government were wise, it would not goad the honest Irishmen into insurrection. It would withdraw the State Church from them, and then Irishmen would go hand in hand with Englishmen. In Jamaica surplus labour had been taken there, and the poor natives were starved by unnecessary competition. [A Voice on the platform.—“Stick to the question!”] That was the question. (Cheers.) If the people of this country, of Jamaica, of Ireland, and of Poland had votes, these acts could not possibly occur. But such acts would always occur where class legislation prevailed. *Give them votes, and they would see that the poor man's daughter, who was worked twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a-day, should have time to go abroad and view the face of nature.* They would prevent the poor man's child from going in early life into mines and workshops before it was educated. *They would prevent the poor agricultural labourer from working for 8s. per week. . . .* He asserted that *all men who were willing to work should have work provided for them.* (Cheers.) Give working men the suffrage, and that would follow.'

Now these are not the shadows of our alarms: they are not the creatures of our imaginations: they are not clothed in the language adverse partisans might employ to give them undue significance and force. They are not the recollections of any older agitation when classes understood each other less thoroughly than they do now, or when political enlightenment was less universally diffused. These are unequivocal declarations made not a month ago by those who wield the political power of the working man: and they sweep away whole reams of platitudes about 'trusting the people' and 'broadening the basis of the constitution.' It is of no use to try and dispose of them by fulsome eulogies of the class whom it is proposed to admit, or by learned quotations from the writings of Lord Somers. Let it be allowed, that these men are demagogues, and have learned with remarkable fidelity the proverbial violence of their profession. But no fact is more patent upon the surface of our social condition than that the working men are ruled by orators of this class. Men whose sustenance requires a daily expenditure of time and strength that leaves little margin for superfluous occupation can give to matters beyond the immediate sphere of their labour but casual  
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attention; and they fall almost inevitably into the hands of demagogues. Certain it is that men of this type have long governed them in all matters relating to their material interests with an exacting rigour, and a despotism rarely questioned, such as can be paralleled in the experience of no other section of our community. And it is precisely upon these questions of material interest that danger will arise, if a legislative preponderance is conceded to this class. The same class of questions, as Mr. Odger clearly foresees, will arise between the working men and the Legislature as now arise between him and his employer. Demands will be made, some having for their object that no man shall have to work on eight shillings a week or any other wages of which the working men may disapprove; and others tending to carry out the great principle that 'all men willing to work shall have work provided for them.' On these very points hinges every quarrel between the Trades Unions and the employers: and these are the points which Mr. Odger looks to Parliament to regulate when working men have the suffrage. In enforcing these demands upon the Legislature, there is no ground for believing that their union will be less close, or their discipline less exact, than it is now when they have occasion to enforce analogous demands on their employers. The only difference will be, that the employers can save themselves by counter-combination; but that, when once the working classes and those whom they influence have the majority at the polls, there will be no remedy left to the other classes of the community but to emigrate or to submit.

It must not be imagined that this meeting at St. Martin's Hall included any of the more extravagant politicians of the working class. There is an 'extreme left' in that class, but it was not largely represented at the meeting in question. Two of them did make their appearance on the platform. They were 'Chartists'; that is to say, that in addition to universal suffrage, which was the dogma of the meeting at large, they also held to the ballot, electoral districts, and triennial Parliaments. To those who view the two sections from a distant political standpoint, the difference does not seem important; but to themselves it seemed world-wide. The majority, which was not Chartist, used the privileges of a majority, as they are understood at the Trades Unions. The last time that the minority was seen, it was descending from the platform in evil plight, very much faster than it came up, under the pressure of those cogent arguments which a democratic majority well knows how to use.

These are the newest specimens of the opinions entertained by the political leaders of the working class. Others not less striking

striking might be quoted by turning but a very few years back but these are quite sufficient to establish the danger to which the interest of every employer of labour in the kingdom will be exposed, if a majority of the electors are either working men, or tradesmen so dependent upon the working men as to be forced to vote with them. Is it then wonderful that, as Mr. Buxton mildly tells us,\* 'the idea is entertained in some quarters that the working classes, were the whole of them endowed with power, would use it to overthrow, or at least to injure, the institutions of the realm' It matters little whether the political leaders of these classes are contemptible or estimable, cultivated or ignorant; their political value remains the same if they represent, as they evidently do, the class to whom it is proposed that the present electoral body shall give way. But is there really any such striking contrast between the educated and the uneducated advocates of Reform in this respect? Does Mr. Bright himself hold language materially differing from that of Mr. Odger? It is not necessary to recur to the fiscal proposals with which he was formerly wont to tickle the ears of his operative audiences. His scheme for transferring the whole taxation of the country, except the spirit and the tobacco duties, to realised property, so thoroughly alarmed the middle classes, that he is not likely to repeat it until the middle classes have ceased to be politically important. But in his late speeches he has indulged in speculations which bear a close relationship to those of Mr. Odger. Like that gentleman, he takes the agricultural labourer under his special protection, and represents to his hearers that it is in the power of the legislature to raise the wages in rural districts. It is only two years ago that he spoke to the people of Rochdale as follows:—

'I should say if we were fairly represented that feudalism with regard to the people of England would perish, and the agricultural labourer throughout the United Kingdom would have been redeemed from the poverty and serfdom which up to this time have been his lot. It would take a night and take a long speech to go into the subject and condition of that unfortunate class. But with laws such as we have, which are intended to bring vast tracts of land into the possession of one man, that one man may exercise great political power. The system is a curse to the country, and dooms the agricultural labourer to perpetual poverty and degradation.'

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\* 'The Ideas of the Day on Policy' (London, 1866): a work in which Mr. Buxton curiously marshals against each other the political opinions which he supposes to be contending with each other for the possession of the public mind—a task which he has performed in some instances happily enough, although we should often demur to his mode of stating the arguments. It is satisfactory to observe that Mr. Buxton, in his calmer hour, speaks with pitying disapprobation of those 'who are swept away by gusts of feeling,' or who 'rage against those who differ from them.'

In the same spirit was his citation the other day at Birmingham, as a proof of the necessity of a Reform Bill, of the case of John Cross, the Dorsetshire labourer, who had to bring up a family on eight shillings a week. The object and spirit of these allusions cannot be mistaken. It is true he did not actually say that the Legislation of a Reformed Parliament ought to pass an Act either for raising wages or for dividing the great tracts of land which are in the possession of one man into a number of freeholds for agricultural labourers. He would not have dared to have violated so openly the political economy he professes: and Mr. Cobden appeared to be very angry with 'The Times' for having put this construction upon his words. Indeed, Mr. Cobden at the same meeting was careful to disclaim such an idea. He was dwelling upon the condition of our peasantry as an argument for Parliamentary Reform: and the point he specially took was that they lived on wages alone, while the peasantry of other countries generally possessed small freeholds: and this he appeared to think would be remedied by a reformed Parliament. But he was careful to add that he did not desire any agrarian disturbance. On another occasion he expressed a hope that his countrymen, having got rid of the monopoly of corn, would proceed to attack the monopoly of land. No doubt he was as sincere as Mr. Bright is in repudiating any desire for measures of confiscation. By what exact steps, however, the Reformed Parliament is to move, in order to convey the Duke of Bedford's property out of his hands, and to cut it up into freeholds for the Duke of Bedford's labourers, without violating his rights of property, Mr. Bright has never thought proper to explain. Neither does he explain by what series of measures of Parliament it is to come about that John Cross shall receive high wages for cultivating the poor lands of Dorsetshire, which, unless they are cultivated cheaply, must cease to be cultivated at all. Probably he has never taken the trouble to make an explanation even to himself. It is equally probable that Mr. Odger has never thought out the particular clauses of the Bill of Parliament by which every man who is willing to work should have work provided for him. We may carry the analogy a step further, and assume it as probable, that when Jack Cade promised that the three-hooped pot should contain ten hoops, that all the realm should be in common, he had not made up his mind as to the precise legislation by which these noble aspirations were to be accomplished. The fact is, that all these three statesmen, when they made these undertakings on behalf of the political changes they were recommending, were thinking a good deal more of present applause than of future policy. The important



portant point is not what meaning Mr. Bright and his late colleagues attached to these words—for they probably attached very little but what desires did they appeal to in the hearts of their audience? Mr. Bright may explain, if he can, his peculiar plan for dividing large estates among the peasantry without plundering the owners and raising wages by Act of Parliament without interfering with the principles of political economy. But the fact remains that he finds it answer to dangle before the eyes of meetings composed of working men, hopes of wages to be raised and landowner's estates to be cut up and distributed among the poor by the action of a Reformed Parliament. That he himself is too enlightened to believe in any such chimera every one will be willing to believe. But such an admission necessarily implies the disheartening estimate of the state of political knowledge and economical opinion among the working men.

These topics strike a responsive chord in their feelings. They do not look upon it as chimerical or absurd to expect that a newly-constructed Parliament shall secure to them freehold of the landowner's estate, or larger wages out of the capitalist's wealth. To any other class it would savour of an insult to propose to them such advantages as the result of a change in the electoral law. There are clerks in abundance who would be delighted to receive an increase of salaries. There is no lack of farmers who would gladly invest their money in a bit of freehold to cultivate alongside their farm. But neither the one class nor the other would care to take the trouble even to go and listen to a demagogue who should promise them these boons as the prize of agitation for a change in the structure of the House of Commons. But the working men listen to such offers gladly. They are made to them by the orators who know them best, as they are fitted to excite them to discontent and agitation; and they receive such suggestions with applause. No doubt is expressed by any of them, whether it is possible for a legislature, however constructed, to raise wages by enactment, or distribute largess of small freeholds: no scruple is felt at using legislative power for such a purpose. Happily these audiences are eager for a statute that shall make bad wages into good, shall convert every tenancy-at-will into a freehold, shall present the power to carry their political desires into effect which they had, we should read these exciting discourses with the languid apathy with which political agitation is regarded now. No one seriously believes that the simple bestowal of the franchise would at once so regenerate the political intelligence of these classes that they would cast from them the abuses which they welcome now. If a Reform Bill is passed carrying

the bare, uncompensated reduction of the franchise to a point even less extreme than that which Mr. Bright apologised for as lameably moderate, the working classes would be masters at the polls. Their own numbers, joined to that of the existing Radical party in the boroughs, which consists of the tradesmen whom they influence, would leave no chance to any one who would oppose their will, so long as they were united; and we have ample experience of their power of union, when their material interests are concerned. Is there any ground to suppose that the speeches which would be made to them then, and in which they could take pleasure, would differ from the speeches of Mr. Bright and Mr. Odger? The only probable change would be, that orations, perhaps not equal in vigour, but identical in sentiment, would be made in every borough in the kingdom. The low wages of the agricultural labourer, the comparative happiness which the peasant freeholder on the Continent is supposed to enjoy, the enormous estates of the landowners, the 'monopoly of land,' which 'divorces the peasant from the soil,' the duty of the Legislature to provide work for every one who is willing to work, and the wickedness of landlords who let their lands at rack-rent, would be as tempting topics to the demagogue and as grateful to the ears of the multitude as they are now. But there would be this fearful difference between the inflammatory harangues of that day and of this, that they would then embody the political creed of the supreme depositaries of power.

Vague generalities are more rife upon this subject than on any other. It seems to be expected that plain, sober men of business will be induced to sign away for themselves and for their children the protection which the Constitution has hitherto afforded them, on no better security than the windy rhapsodies with which Mr. Bright terminates his platform speeches. In most affairs of life people generally secure their property by something more solid than a panegyric; and it may be hoped that those who will assemble in St. Stephen's will guard the property of the electoral body they now represent on the same principles that they would apply in private life to the custody of their own. The dangers that would arise from any unbalanced admission of the working class cannot be called imaginary, except on the assumption that Mr. Odger, and the meeting at St. Martin's Hall, have deliberately misrepresented their wishes, and that Mr. Bright has taken pains to set before them objects of action which their eyes are repulsive or ridiculous. If we believe that these two men, and the meetings they addressed, know anything of the working class, we must admit that a Parliament reformed in a democratic sense would make an attempt to give labourers advantages over employers which they do not now possess, and

to enforce the division of large estates into small freeholds. After the plain warning they have received, the dangers of the employer and the landowner are no more imaginary than the danger of an Irish squire, after he has received a threatening letter. If they turn from the demagogues to the philosophers, they will not find much to re-assure them. The employers, indeed, are for the present gently dealt with. In neighbouring countries they have suffered much at the hands of the theorists; but here their turn hardly appears to have arrived as yet. A few extreme men defend the intimidation by which a portion of the working men successfully endeavour to obtain the co-operation of the rest: and even Mr. Gladstone apologised for it, as being at most a feeling which it was quite natural should belong to the working men. But few men of any considerable eminence among the Radicals have yet gone so far in the track traced out for them by their less faltering friends abroad. It is far otherwise with the land. It is openly maintained, even by the grave and calmest among them, that the sanctity which attaches to other kinds of property does not attach to land; and that, for the purpose of legislation, landowners are to be regarded as nothing but tenants-at-will with a tenant-right. The language of Mr. Mill, the present member for Westminster, the great oracle of the Radical party, is very explicit upon this point:—

‘When the “sacredness of property” is talked of it should always be remembered that any such sacredness does not belong in the same degree to landed property. No man made the land. It is the original inheritance of the whole species. Its appropriation is wholly a question of general expediency. Where private property in land is not expedient, it is unjust. . . .

. . . . Landed property is felt, even by those most tenacious of its rights, to be a different thing from other property; and when the bulk of the community have been disinherited of their share of it, and it has become the exclusive attribute of a small minority, they have generally tried to reconcile it, at least in theory, to their sense of justice, by endeavouring to attach duties to it and erecting it into a sort of magistracy, either moral or legal. But if the State is at liberty to treat the possessors of land as public functionaries, it is going one step further to say that it is at liberty to discard them altogether.’—*Pol. Econ.*, vol. i. pp. 281-2.

These doctrines give an ominous significance to Mr. Bright’s invectives against large properties, and Mr. Cobden’s denunciation of ‘the monopoly of land.’

But what have we, on the other side, to console us? Bright’s topics of encouragement, as they were presented in his speech, were meant to be his conciliatory speech in Birmingham, and were as jejune enough. They consisted principally of the two resources which are the last refuge of a shifty advocate when he finds his evidence

against his client too strong to be broken down. Having he calls witnesses to character, or he abuses plaintiff's

The Reform Bill which he asks for is accused of to subvert the freedom of employers, to impair the rights of owners, and to place upon realized property the whole of taxation. In support of this charge language is adapted that has been used by himself and others of its friends. In defence he can urge is to say that it has been supported by a certain number of statesmen who have much to lose by legislation,\* and that its opponents have opposed other measures which he tells us have succeeded.

His plea is much to the purpose. If revolution was a success, and there were no records of the experience of other revolutions, we might be misled by the argument that several of those who are pressing for reform have a great stake in the country and would not do much as any from revolutionary measures. But the fact of similarity which distinguishes all revolutions of this kind is this, that they are invariably started

by aid of sanguine and benevolent people, who have the slightest thought of bringing about the confusion to which their efforts ultimately lead. Any one who in 1640 prophesied the horrors of 1649 as the probable result of the early proceedings of the Long Parliament, might have been truly assured that no persons could attach greater value to the rights of the Crown and the integrity of the constitution than Hyde and Falkland; but his fears would, in fact, have been justified by the result. In 1847, any one who had predicted that the Reform agitation that was then being stirred by the then Opposition would end, after a brief period of anarchy, in compelling the French to seek from the British empire protection against Socialism, might have been truly assured that no one was more deeply attached to constitutional monarchy than M. Odillon Barrot.

Odillon Barrot's sympathies did not oppose, even for an

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right's followers appear to be fond of the argument which is drawn from the liability of facile politicians. The following is from a recent publica-

proposal to give the borough franchise to occupiers whose houses or premises are let at 5*l.* per annum—a qualification equivalent to a 6*l.* rental—has the authority and sanction of a body of statesmen as Conservative as any who have served under the Crown. Any Tory orator, who may wish to denounce the proposal as “revolutionary,” will have to persuade the House of Commons that the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and the Marquis of Lansdowne were abettors of it.—*Daily News*, Jan. 5, 1866.

Explanation of the conduct of this curiously Conservative body of statesmen during their tenure of office in 1853-55, is that they were kept in power by a party, and were compelled to find measures to please them.

hour,

hour, the slenderest barrier between the monarchy and its ruin. And in the great French Revolution of 1789, in which the whole lore of revolutions is taught by one vast example, and every possible phase of revolutionary action is combined into one terrible drama, the same phenomenon was displayed upon a grander scale. It was not one or two aristocratic enthusiasts, but it was the main body of the nobility, with all their ablest and most earnest members at their head, who in a wild philosophic delirium kindled the conflagration in which they perished. We do not desire to apply these parallels closely, or to venture upon any conjecture as to the extent to which they indicate the impending destiny of this country. But they suffice to destroy any consolation we might derive from the reflection that if the large estates which Mr. Bright denounces were parcelled out, or if employers were made to give good wages to every one who was inclined to work, Lord Russell and his colleagues and supporters would be the first to suffer. We feel that a mode of reasoning by which, in 1789, La Fayette's policy would have been recommended as a safe one for quiet people to support, is not exactly the reasoning on which we should like to risk much in the present crisis.

Mr. Bright, however, relies more on his second resource—abusing the Conservatives; for he has employed it several times. They are the party who, he says, have been always wrong. Their prophecies have failed; the measures they have opposed have succeeded; and he wonders at their effrontery after so many failures, in still presuming to give advice. Mr. Bright's memory for recent history is usefully limited, or perhaps he might have remembered other political predictions which have been laughably belied by the result. There was a school of politicians which opposed the Factory Act with desperate vehemence, and prophesied that English manufacturers, weighed with its obligations, could never compete with less burdened rivals in the markets of the world. It has so happened, however, that the English manufacturer has never been more prosperous than since that Act was passed, and that the Act itself has been to the working men of the North a boon beyond price, rescuing wives and children from horrors compared to which slavery was light and tolerable. The same school—they did not deserve the name of a party—set themselves two or three years afterwards to prophesy an era of universal peace. The world, they said, had grown too wise for war, and the maintenance of armaments for self-defence was a wanton waste of money, only maintained for selfish purposes by a grasping aristocracy. France they particularly pointed out as the country which was far too peaceful and too orderly to be a source of danger to any neighbour.

our. Unluckily, these predictions were delivered just before the year 1848, since which time to the present the nations of Europe have not enjoyed at any time three consecutive years of peace. The same school were remarkable during the Crimean war for the pertinacity with which they proved that the allied armies could not possibly triumph—a prophecy upon whose fulfilment it is not necessary to dwell. After the war was over they devoted themselves to the task of impressing upon their countrymen the excellence of American institutions. The points which they took especial pains to prove were that republicanism ensures cheap government, and the contentment and loyalty of the governed; and they urged upon Englishmen that the nearer they approached to this great model, the more fully would they enjoy these two inestimable blessings. Unluckily, many of them have lived to see their favourite republic staggering under the heaviest national debt in the world, and numbering among its citizens a larger number of persons bitterly hostile to the Government under which they live than any other state in Christendom. May we not, after this long series of failures, after these repeated displays of political imbecility, say of this Manchester school, in the words of Mr. Bright at Birmingham :

‘I wonder for my own part how these men propound any opinions at all. (Laughter.) If you had a lawyer who invariably lost every case with which he was connected, who always gave opinions which the judges on the bench reversed—you would not then, I should think, have much confidence in his legal knowledge. (Laughter.) If you had a doctor, and it was an invariable rule that every house he entered to give advice, he entered again a fortnight or so later to stand his patient to the churchyard, you would not have much faith in such a doctor. (Laughter.) You would say, indeed, that this lawyer and this doctor must have a marvellous effrontery to dare to give an opinion at all, and still more to take a fee for it. (Laughter and cheers.) I should say that men of this character were audacious pretenders.’

It would be a still more marvellous achievement in ‘effrontery,’ if after having repeatedly staked their credit upon these opinions, the lawyer and the doctor were to come forward and proclaim with a loud voice, that they, and they alone, had been always right.

To return, however, to the alleged misdeeds of the Conservatives. The argument that because their evil prophecies concerning the first Reform Bill have come to nought, therefore they are not to be trusted in their condemnation of the second, is a very favourite one with Mr. Bright, which is perhaps fitting, inasmuch as his own existence and hopes are the most conclusive reply to it. But it has been used by others besides him. Even  
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Lord Russell appeals to the supposed falsification of Tory predictions concerning the last Reform Bill in the arguments which he advances in favour of another. We have no intention of pleading the general issue to such charges. The same fate has attended the prophecies of the Tories of 1831 that has attended the prophecies even of the most sagacious human intellects in all times. Part of them have failed, and part of them have come true. It is easy at this distance of time to see that the ideas upon which the Tory resistance of that day was based involved a great truth and a great error. The great error was the attempt to maintain the exclusion of the commercial and manufacturing classes from the share in the government of the country to which their huge stake in it rightfully entitled them. They were the natural friends of order; their interests bound them by the strongest ties to the side of property in the great social struggle of our century. It was a grave error—though one which it is easier to discern after the event than before it—to ignore both the justice of these claims and the wisdom of conceding them. And to this extent the Tory resistance was condemned by the event. The commercial and manufacturing classes infused into the Government of the country a portion of the sagacity and courage which had enabled them to gather the harvest of wealth in every field of enterprise, and in every corner of the globe, and many salutary traces have been left upon the statute-book of the influence they exerted.

But the resistance was also based upon a great and a manifestly obvious truth. The Reform Bill of 1832 was urged upon the country by the mass of its supporters, not as a bill for giving more power to mercantile and manufacturing property, but as a democratic measure: and it was as a democratic measure that it was so strenuously resisted. In that sense it has not failed to fulfil in great degree the evil that was foretold of it. The prediction was, not that our commercial prosperity would suffer, but that the reign of anarchy would immediately begin, but that the Bill would give so much preponderance to the democratic element, that it would eventually overpower all the other elements in the State. Whether that prediction is false or true is a question that yet remains to be fully answered. While the generation of statesmen who were in authority when the Reform Bill passed were still alive, its effects in transferring political power could only develop themselves imperfectly. But all who were or had been Cabinet Ministers then have passed away; now, for the first time, the real strain has come. What its result will be, a few years will now decide. It may be that the Reform Bill of 1832 will prove to be only the first of a series of de-

to the political level upon which, under whatever will of the multitude is supreme. It may be that, in the interested recklessness of party leaders, those who political power will be prudent enough to pause before with it for ever. But whatever the result, no one can at the danger of further progress in a democratic direction sufficiently imminent to bear out the warnings of 1832. His himself is the great reply to all reproaches levelled by any party of that date. His subversive schemes, his wedded attachment to the institutions and the people of a country, and the influence he nevertheless has been able to exert over party leaders here, and the hopes in which he now upon good ground indulges, prove that the gloomy forebodings of thirty-five years ago were not so wholly baseless as they may have seemed.

truth the wisdom or the folly of the Tories of 1832 is the remotest connexion with the questions which lie before for decision at the present moment. If the existence of the measure depended upon the character of those who propose it, there would at least be a pretence for the introduction of the topic into the controversy. But the fact that a sixpenny franchise will produce a democratic House of Commons, a change so adverse to the rights of property, depends upon no testimony. To ascertain what the new constituencies will do, no other witnesses need be called than those orators who have stood in their confidence. To ascertain what they will do, no other test need be applied than that of simple addition. Add the numbers of new electors to the extreme of the existing constituencies, and the result will give the electoral force which will be disposable for the purpose of carrying the views of Mr. Bright, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Odger. We shall all have in our hands the means of making a calculation in every case. The Government have ordered the publication of the statistics, by which we may learn how far the new constituencies will be overwhelmed by those which exceed them. Some of the results which these figures have already crept into the papers; and from them we may gather a fair idea of what the rest will show. We will take as a specimen the case of Preston, as it is analysed in the columns of a legal contemporary. There is no reason to suppose that its position will be either better or worse than other towns of the same size:—

turn of the borough of Preston, made by the overseers, has appeared. It is the first, and it is very instructive. We will give the results of it in the same form in which we purpose to analyse them, and present them to the reader in a shape the most convenient



venient for present information and future reference:—Preston.—Number of male residents occupying houses assessed to the poor rate:—Resident householders rated at 10*l.* and over, 2537. Number rated at 9*l.* and under 10*l.*, 269; number of electors if the franchise is reduced, 2806. Rated at 8*l.* and under 9*l.*, 781; if reduced, 3587. Rated at 7*l.* and under 8*l.*, 1562; if reduced, 5149. Rated at 6*l.* and under 7*l.*, 2130; if reduced, 7279. Rated at 5*l.* and under 6*l.*, 3032; if reduced, 10,311. Rated at 4*l.* and under 5*l.*, 1222; if reduced, 11,533. Under 4*l.*, 786; if reduced, 12,319. Thus it will be seen that, assuming 800 of the present constituency to belong to the working class—and we understand they much exceed that proportion—an 8*l.* franchise would give the working class a majority of two to one over all the other classes together; a 6*l.* franchise would give them a majority of four to one; and household suffrage a majority of six to one. In either case the present constituency would be wholly swamped. But this is not all. It appears from this return that the total rental of all the rated property of the present electors is 242,035*l.*; the rental of the houses, &c., assessed at 10*l.* and over, by which the franchise is now conferred, is 182,061*l.*; while the rental of all the houses rated at less than 10*l.* amounts in the aggregate only to 59,973*l.*; so that the renters of property rated at 60,000*l.* would have 9513 votes, while the owners or occupiers of property rated at 182,061*l.* would have only 2860 votes.—*Law Times.*

This is evidence which needs no skill in prophecy to enforce it. If all Mr. Bright's calumnies were true, or even if the Conservative party had existed from the beginning of the world, and had erred from that time to this in every opinion they had uttered, these facts would not be altered, nor would one iota of their cogency be destroyed. With such statistics and such menaces before us, it is difficult to overrate the gravity of the issue upon which the new Parliament is to be called upon to pronounce. The decision will practically lie in the hands of the party whom Mr. Bright proposes 'quietly to deposit with all due symbols of national reverence in Westminster Abbey.' Neither the Conservatives nor the Radicals will need much argument to lead them to the vote which they will give. The Conservatives would forfeit every shred of a title to the name which they assume, if they tampered for one moment with democracy. Upon the Radicals, on the other hand, the arguments to which we have adverted would act as incentives to press forward any and every instalment of Reform they can obtain. They are votaries of a superstition which is not disturbed by a prosaic regard for the security of property or the maintenance of existing rights. The balance, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, will be inclined according to the action of the large Whig party which lies between the two. Not only their traditions as a constitutional party, but the dearest interests, the very safety,

safety, of the portion of the community to which they belong, will urge them to make no addition to the strength of the democratic element in our institutions, that can be used as a 'lever' for more extensive operations. But the more immediate interests of party, and the solicitations of the present occupants of power, will draw them in the opposite direction. Which set of motives will gain the mastery, probably they themselves would be puzzled to predict. Rumours have been circulated of permanent combination between portions of the Liberal and Conservative parties. To these it is difficult to attach any material significance. Abstractedly speaking, it would be of course desirable that those who value the balanced character of our constitution should combine in its defence at a moment when it is so formidably threatened. But the boundaries which separate great traditional parties are not so easily effaced. It is one of the misfortunes of our political system that parties are formed, more with reference to controversies that are gone by, than to the controversies which those parties have actually to decide. The Reform Bill of 1832, or the Corn Law of 1846, are questions of no practical interest to the existing generation. The democratic proposals of Mr. Bright, and the assaults of the Liberation Society upon the Church Establishment, are questions of vital and pressing moment. But the dividing-line which marks out the limits of existing parties far more nearly approaches to that which separated opinions in 1846 than to that which separates them in 1866. The consequence is that many persons find themselves, in consequence of their fathers' opinions or their own, bound to the organization of parties, with the action of whose leaders upon the most momentous questions of the day they no longer sympathise. But more exciting times than these are necessary for the revision of party boundaries: and a constitutional party based upon a love of freedom, and a resistance to democracy as its most dangerous enemy, is likely to remain the dream of sanguine bystanders rather than to become an achievement within the grasp of practical politicians. It may even be plausibly argued that this is not a time in which such a fusion would be desirable, supposing it to be possible. Movements of that character, however pure the motives from which they may arise, rarely escape the imputation of insincerity upon one side or the other. The ties of party are esteemed to be so strong, that no man or section that permanently disregards them gains credit for any other motives than self-interest. The great battle of the constitution will perhaps be better fought if its tactics are above the reproach of being disturbed by the calculations of party strategy or of individual ambition.

Without, therefore, indulging in any dreams of improbable coalitions,

coalitions, we cannot doubt that the Conservatives, if they honestly strive to purge the new Reform Bill of its democratic leaven, will meet with aid from many Liberals, who have no intention of abandoning their relations to the party to which they belong. The position occupied by the Conservatives in respect to this measure is one upon which many others who do not belong to their ranks will feel inclined to join them. They advocate no finality; they cling to no stationary policy in regard to the representation of the people. The Reform Act of 1832 is not an institution which they feel bound specially to defend. It has not grown with the growth of the people: it has not intertwined itself with any national memories, or become identified with the strength or greatness of the country. There can be no demur from the side of the Conservatives to any improvement upon it which experience may suggest, or the rise of new interests may demand. Only the change must be made in accordance with the old principles of the Constitution. It must be a development, and not a revolution. Since our history began, never has the arbitrament of clashing interests been entrusted to the supreme decision of the class who have no stake in the country save their labour. Any change that directly or indirectly will lead to that issue is, in its inevitable operation, a more tremendous revolution, a more violent departure from the first principles of our polity, than any through which England in her severest trials has passed; for in all of them property has retained its rights, and the fruits of free industry have been secure. That security would be imperilled as it has never been imperilled yet, if the Trades Unions were supreme. Such a supremacy would not only be without parallel in English history; it would be unexampled in the history of the world. Mr. Forster and some others are still fond of appealing to America as an illustration of the safety of the form of Government they recommend. Any one who looks upon the present condition of the United States as offering an enviable picture of what a well-ordered and united community should be like, has undoubtedly a right to claim the respect which is always accorded in this country to a much-enduring faith. Ordinary people, who are attached to the Habeas Corpus Act, and have no taste for civil war, will indulge in a hope that the institutions of this country may never attain to the peculiar species of success which has been granted to the institutions of the United States. But even their example, were it as admirable as Mr. Forster paints it, would be no encouragement. There are two points in which England cannot imitate them. We cannot copy either the wealth of their lower class, or the power of their Executive. An extended suffrage in England would not be any true reproduction of what Mr. Disraeli has well

led the 'territorial democracy' of the United States. If it were, does our Parliamentary Government offer any to the budding Cæsarism of the American Presidency. That in America a suffrage all but universal dictates the fate of the nation. But it is a suffrage to which bounteous affixes a qualification that cannot be imitated in old sparsely-peopled countries: and the suffrage, so qualified, is in effect exercised once in every four years. Our system is constructed to carry out in the policy of the Government the opinion at the moment of the million and a quarter of men by whom the nation is ruled. It is a machine of the exquisite delicacy. The conduction from the electors, the source of power, to the Ministers, is so perfect, that Parliament is sitting they cannot govern for ten days in defiance of the public will. In America the state of things is different. Once in four years universal suffrage utters its

But, that once given, it has as little control over the fate of the Government as the recruit who, of his own free will, has joined the army, has over the military power under which he has elected to serve. At this moment we are witnessing the spectacle of the elective President fighting upon a question of the most vital import, with the majority of Congress, the party that has just gained the majority at the polls: and as the contest has at present gone, there is good ground for believing that the President, armed with his vast patronage, will in America during the last five years have only repeated to the world the lesson that had already been taught by France, that, if you have democracy, you must have something like Cæsarism along with it. The feeble and pliable Executive of England is unsuited to such an electoral body. A Government that must yield to the slightest wish of the House of Commons, is only possible so long as that House of Commons is composed of an educated minority. Such an instrument of government has never yet in the history of the world been devised by a Legislature chosen by the lower class.

For those who love the Constitution to decide whether they will or no to graft this foreign and uncongenial growth upon the old British stock. They are asked to set up a new thing in the history of the world—a Government that shall be chosen by a class which lives on the proceeds of its daily labour, that shall conform to the wishes of that class and be obedient to its impulses, and which yet shall guarantee the rights of property and of capital. And they are asked to perform this bold and wild experiment, not on some small community which might be ruined or effaced without materially affecting the general state of human happiness, but upon the greatest commercial

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and industrial empire in the world. It is an act of stupendous importance that they are about to execute. Be it for good or ill, it for evil, it can never be retraced. From the moment they have completed it, the class to which they belong is political dead. The artisans to whom they transfer the supreme power over the vast and varied interests of this community may not tolerate that those who have summoned them to shall continue to exercise a delegated influence; but the independent power which the educated classes, the aristocracy, the professional men, the merchants, the landowners, the manufacturers, have hitherto exerted, will be gone for ever. By unwearied canvassing or lavish expenditure they may beg or bribe back a semblance of it for a time; but even that shadow, so dearly purchased, of their former influence, they will retain on sufferance. They will hold all their dearest rights by favour. Their sole hope of escaping the whole burden of a taxation, artificially inflated to furnish employment for the working class—their only chance of averting laws that will limit the free disposal of property, and will leave the employer helpless in the presence of those whom he employs—will lie in an unflagging and unfatigued courtiership of the new masters they have installed. And when this fate has come upon them, they will receive scant compassion either from the judgment of history or the opinion of their contemporaries; for it will record a tale little creditable to their sagacity or their courage. It will relate that it was in obedience to no overwhelming necessity that they bowed their necks beneath this grievous yoke. It will tell how these destructive projects had been raised before, and condemned by opinion—how they were revived to gratify the vanity of a pedantic busybody, whose historic name had been used in former days by abler men for their own purposes—and how the traditions of a constitution, splendid with centuries of success and of glory, were heedlessly sacrificed by the credulity of partisans and by the apathy of a community rendered reckless by its own prosperity. It will be for the new Parliament, called to a discussion so strangely at variance with the purpose for which it was elected, to decide whether this reproach shall attach to it. The danger is great; the temper of the times does not rise to the height of this momentous controversy; and we can only hope that before the sacrifice is irrevocably made, the class that now holds political power may be roused to recognise in its true character the infatuation of the statesmen who ask them to give it up for ever.

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## THE ARTERLY REVIEW.

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*Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds: with notices of his contemporaries.* Commenced by Charles Robert R.A.; continued and concluded by Tom Taylor. In 2 vols. With portraits and illustrations. London: 1865.

Most authentic life of Reynolds was published in a quarto pamphlet in 1797, and was prefixed the next year to an edition of his literary works. The brief narrative was by John Galt and executor, Malone; who, notwithstanding his intireledge of the man has only produced a dull and feeble Northcote next took the subject in hand. His life of Reynolds appeared in 1813, and a second and enlarged edition in 1829. 'like it,' said Rogers the poet, 'it may be depended upon and of course Northcote was a very competent critic of it.' He had lived in the house with Reynolds for five years as pupil or assistant, and continued to associate with him many years more. He had a minute acquaintance with the habits of his master in every stage, and a thorough comprehension of their subtlest qualities. His lot was cast in the world and he knew the relation in which they stood to their contemporaries and the opinions they entertained of him. Northcote's life is not unworthy of his opportunities. Though there is an occasional want of arrangement, and though the composition has not the force and piquancy which distinguished his conversational particulars he relates are abundantly interesting, and the great end of all biography, that of conveying a complete picture of the hero of the tale.

Northcote's volumes of Northcote were followed in 1829 by the highly successful Allan Cunningham inserted in his 'Lives of the

This work is written in close imitation of the 'Lives of the great poets.' What Reynolds said of slavish mimicry in art is equally true in literature,—'the model may be copied but the copy will be ridiculous.' The dogmatic and pedantic style of Johnson was the natural product of a robust man blowing out comments upon books and men in the same form in which they were conceived. Allan Cunningham inherited the magisterial tone of his original, and employed the same imposing air to commonplaces and sophisms. The consequence is that there is frequently a ludicrous contrast between the original and the copy.

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between the insignificance of his ideas, and the oracular manner in which they are delivered. Johnson, again, abounds in weighty antithesis, and his copyist emulates him in such sentences as this:—‘He who has been praised by Burke, and who was loved by Johnson, has little chance of being forgotten. Nobody could outdo Johnson in his praise of Reynolds, Burke in his love for him, and to allot praise to Burke, and to Johnson, when both characteristics were united in each, was sacrifice accuracy to a false sparkle of words. Nor could there be a more inane and misplaced reflection than to say that Reynolds had little chance of being forgotten because he had been praised by Burke and loved by Johnson, when he had won far loftier immortality by his own exquisite works,—works which have hardly an inferior rank in painting to the productions of Burke and Johnson in literature. The frequent faults of style, however, were the least defect in Allan Cunningham’s narrative. He had a bitter antipathy to the refined, amiable, and upright Reynolds, and, under the influence of this feeling, the biography has told the story of his life very unfairly, and has converted one whose reputation is almost spotless, into a mean, envious, designing character. Leslie resolved to redress the wrong. He had been the friend of many persons who were acquainted with Reynolds, he was familiar with the traditions which prevail among artists, and everything ‘he had heard or read’ contradicted the degrading charges of Allan Cunningham. For several years Mr. Leslie wanted leisure to execute his project, and when, at last, he entered upon it in earnest, he was overtaken by death. The biography was left unfinished, and the manuscript was put into the hands of Mr. Taylor, that he might revise and complete it.

Mr. Leslie and his editor had very different schemes. The first projected a life of Reynolds; the second conceived that the account of the individual ought to be accompanied by a general history of the times. This appears to us to be a fundamental mistake. Sir Joshua Reynolds lived for his art, and in a select circle of friends. It would be difficult to name an eminent man who was less mixed up with the multifarious pursuits of the big and busy world around him.\* The plan does injustice to Reynolds and to Leslie, as well as to the accomplished editor himself.

\* ‘The very qualities,’ wrote Burke to Malone, May 22, 1795, ‘which made the society of our friend so pleasant to all who knew him, are the very things that make it difficult to write his life, or to draw his character. The former part is peculiarly difficult, as it had little connection with great public events, nor was diversified with much change of fortune, or much private adventure—hardly indeed, any adventure at all. All that I could say of him I have said already in that short sketch which I printed after his death.’

The central figure of the painter is smothered in the mass of incongruous accessories which were intended to adorn him, and the valuable narrative of Mr. Leslie is cut up into little fragments, which lose half their effect when separated by the discursive interpolations of his editor. To counterbalance the redundancies we have far more information regarding Reynolds and his pictures than has been got together before. Mr. Taylor writes admirably on his proper subject, and if he had concentrated upon it the time he has wasted on unprofitable episodes, he might have perfected the work. There is one characteristic which must strike everybody,—the generous, genial spirit with which he treats both persons and things.

The Rev. Samuel Reynolds, the father of Sir Joshua, was born on Jan. 31, 1681. In June, 1715, he became master of the grammar-school at Plympton, and there Joshua was born on July 16, 1723. He was the third son, and seventh child in a family of eleven. Five of the number died young. Samuel Reynolds was more remarkable for the range than for the depth of his attainments. 'He,' said Sir Joshua to Northcote, 'who would arrive at eminence in his profession, should confine his whole attention to that alone, and not do as many very sensible men have done, who spent their time in acquiring a smattering of every science, by which their powers became so much divided that they were not masters of any one.' Northcote replied, 'that is exactly my own father.' Reynolds rejoined—'And it was mine also.' His want of profundity might have been no disadvantage in the elementary instruction of youth, but he was also remarkable for good temper, guilelessness, and absence of mind, and these were qualities which would be likely to render him the dupe of his boys. Whatever was the cause he was unsuccessful in his office, and in spite of his various knowledge and virtues, he was at last left with only a single pupil.

Allan Cunningham asserts, without authority, that Samuel Reynolds was an 'indolent man, who seems to have neglected, more than such a parent ought, the education of his son.' Northcote, whose means of information were abundant, declares, on the contrary, that 'he was very assiduous in cultivating the minds of his children.' The statement is confirmed by the letters of Samuel Reynolds. 'I have ordered matters so,' he writes March 3, 1743, of his first-born, Humphrey, who was in the Royal Navy, 'that I believe there is no admiral's son better-put in hand for the sea than he is. He has, by my means, the whole foundation for the theory of navigation, so that there is nothing that he need take upon trust, nothing but that he may have demonstration for if he pleases,



it having been my way to fill up the intervals of his coming home by going on just where we left off.' The persistency of his father in tutoring him in mathematics every time he set foot on shore, is the strongest evidence of paternal diligence and zeal. Joshua was intended for a general practitioner in medicine, and his training was commenced with equal care. Before he was seventeen he had already 'spent a great deal of time and pains' on the study of medicine, under the direction of Samuel Reynolds, who was in his own opinion, a proficient in the science. He thought of apprenticing his son to the Plympton apothecary, and said he should make no account of the qualification of the nominal master, since he himself should be the actual instructor. The salary of the worthy schoolmaster was only 120*l.* a year and a house, and as, with his large family and small income, he could not afford to send his boys to the University, he had evidently resolved to educate them with reference to their special calling, instead of devoting their entire youth to obtaining a critical acquaintance with the learned languages. He had not, however, less taken care to ground them in the classics. Sir Joshua was as well versed in Latin as the majority of gentlemen. He was at no loss to detect a wrong translation which Mason, a professed scholar, introduced into the version of Du Fresnoy's 'Art of Painting,' and Mr. Leslie remarks that Johnson not only submitted the epitaph on Goldsmith to the judgment of Reynolds, but, when the manuscript was mislaid, assumed that he could write down parts of the composition from memory. Johnson could not be deceived in the acquirements of a constant companion, and he was above the hypocrisy of pretending to give him credit for more knowledge than he possessed.

Joshua had been accustomed from childhood to make little sketches, and copy the poor engravings in Dryden's 'Plutarch,' and Jacob Cats' 'Book of Emblems.' He does not appear to have displayed at the outset any extraordinary skill. His most memorable feat was that he went through the Jesuits' 'Perspective' of his own accord at the age of eight. 'It happened,' he told Malone, 'to lie on the window-seat of his father's parlour, and he made himself so completely master of it, that he never afterwards had occasion to study any other treatise on that subject.' He lost no time in reducing the system to practice, and drew by it the Plympton school-house, which was open below, and rested upon columns at one side, and one end. 'Now this,' said Samuel Reynolds of his son's performance, 'exemplifies what the author of the "Perspective" asserts in his Preface, that by observing the rules laid down in his book, a man may do wonders; for

this is wonderful.' The commendation sunk into the child's mind, and in the zenith of his fame Reynolds repeated the remark Boswell. Joshua next tried his hand in taking likenesses, with only 'tolerable success.' Year after year he continued to pass his leisure hours with his pencil, and when the choice of his profession was under discussion 'his very great genius for drawing' raised a question whether medicine should not give way to art, but it was still 'the perspective' upon which he had principally employed himself, and it is mentioned by his father as the especial characteristic of his 'pictures, that they strike off wonderfully, if they be looked on with a due regard to the point of sight, and the point of distance.' They may have had other excellencies less purely mechanical, which were lost upon the stored eyes of the school-master; for when the drawings were shown by one Warmell who, like Pope's friend Worsdale, was a painter and player, he remarked that 'if he had his hands full of business he would rather take Joshua for nothing than for her with 50*l*.'

His claims of medical science and art were nearly balanced in the mind of young Reynolds. He said 'he would rather be an apothecary than an ordinary painter; but if he could be admitted to an eminent master, he should choose the latter.' He was Northcote in after years, that if the profession of an apothecary had been selected for him, 'he should have felt the same inclination to become the most eminent physician as he then did to be the first painter of his age.' He always maintained the theory that skill in a pursuit did not depend upon special talents, but upon the aggregate amount of mental power. His experiments with the pencil had not hitherto gone far enough to create an indomitable preference. Up to the period when he was the subject of his profession was in agitation, he had not been tempted to colour. His acquaintance with the very nature and requirements of painting was extremely slight. 'His readiness for art,' we know from Johnson, 'was excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise;' and hurried along by the praise and discriminating criticism on Raphael, he thought himself prior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern painters. But, as Northcote observes, language could give him no insight into the beauties of masterpieces he had never seen. He saw a few pictures of any excellence in his native county, but he felt the deficiency. Northcote, himself a Plymouth man, who, not for art, had never set eyes upon a work of sterling merit, when he went to London in his twenty-fifth year; and there was at least reason to suppose that the boy Reynolds had been well educated. His imagination was merely inflamed, and his ambition

ambition excited by the enlightened and contagious enthusiasm of Richardson. Thousands, who have mistaken juvenile taste for genius, have entered upon their career with more apparent warrant than Reynolds; and we need not wonder that his instinct was not manifested with greater vehemence, although the alternative was to be apprenticed to a Plympton apothecary.

Joshua had been 'very much pleased' with a print he had seen, from a picture by Hudson, who was the most popular portrait-painter of the day. He was a native of Devonshire and was shortly expected to pay a visit to Bideford, where Samuel Reynolds had an intimate friend in Mr. Cutcliffe, attorney. The schoolmaster requested him to show some of Joshua's drawings to Hudson, and ascertain if he would receive the lad for a pupil. The fond father, with a prophetic faith in the result, pronounced it to be 'one of the most important affairs in his life, and that which he looked upon to be his main interest some way or other to bring about.' The difficulty proved less formidable than he anticipated. 'Everything,' he said, 'jumped out in a strange, unexpected manner to a miracle.' The arrangement was concluded through the mediation of Mr. Cutcliffe; and Joshua was to be boarded, lodged, and instructed during four years for 120*l*. Half the money was to be raised by Samuel Reynolds in the course of the four years, and the other half was advanced by one of his married daughters, Mrs. Palmesley, as a loan to her brother. The poor clergyman, kept down by his narrow circumstances, appears to have been despised by the wealthier and vulgar part of his fellow-townsmen. With his confined provincial notions, he fancied he had obtained a considerable accession of dignity by binding his son to a painter in the metropolis. 'It seems to me,' he wrote triumphantly, 'I see the good effects of it already in some of his behaviour.' The principal inhabitant at Plympton was Mr. Treby; and the exulting and simple Samuel Reynolds expressed his sense of the great man's dignity, and Joshua's interest in declaring it to be his opinion, 'that if Mr. Treby had his children, an apprenticeship under such a master would be below one of them.'

Young Reynolds was received into Hudson's studio in November, 1740, and found his highest expectation fulfilled. 'He is very sensible of his happiness,' his father wrote Mr. Cutcliffe in December, 'in being under such a master in a family, in such a city, and in such an employment.' The intense satisfaction of Samuel Reynolds was allowed to be somewhat period by domestic trials. His eldest son, Humphrey, who had reached the rank of lieutenant, was drowned on the

ndia ; and immediately afterwards the youngest son, Martin, fell ill and died. It may be inferred from the expressions of the father that his confidence in his own qualifications to treat disease had induced him to assume the office of doctor ; and his study,' he said, 'of physic was very much damped' by the issue. 'Yet his mother,' he adds, 'has cured a hundred as bad as he ; but there was a strange infatuation in his management—a series of blunders, and all occasioned by acting with precipitation.' With the vein of self-complacency which peeps out in the schoolmaster's letters, and which led him to imagine himself an adept in medicine, there was combined a meek resignation, and a religious tranquillity, that are strongly exhibited in his reflections on the death of his sons while his sorrow was fresh, and 'the subject,' he said, 'was still too tender to dwell upon.' 'I have enjoyed them for some time,' he wrote to a friend, 'which, notwithstanding the grief of parting from them, is better than not to have enjoyed them at all. And I think with pleasure of some of their actions, which our Saviour points out in children, and which it is good always to have before our eyes. They are little preachers of righteousness, which grown persons may listen to with pleasure. Actions are more powerful than words ; and I cannot but thank God sometimes for the benefit of their example.' He was not only grateful for the blessings they had brought him, but he had a satisfaction in bowing down with unquestioning homage to the supreme wisdom which had taken them away. 'There is a pleasure,' he said, 'in submitting to the will of God which I never yet attempted to decipher, any more than the love which we bear to those persons who are most dear to us ; for I am in doubt whether all these things are not better left undeciphered. It may seem an extravagant thought of the Archbishop of Cambray, speaking of the death of the Prince of Burgundy, but I admire it : "If there needed no more than the moving of a straw to bring him to life again, I would not do it, since the divine pleasure is otherwise." I doubt whether Tully can say anything more noble. Thoughts that impress themselves so strongly on the mind, I have no wish to criticise upon.' The feelings of Joshua were expressed in the new language which was beginning to absorb his thoughts. He drew, with a pen, a sketch, which has been preserved, of a child leaning upon a tomb, and pointing to a scroll on which are the words, 'Humphrey, Samuel, Martin—all, all are gone.'

When Joshua arrived in London, painting had sunk to be an ordinary manufacture. 'The art,' he said, 'was at the lowest ebb ; it could not indeed be lower.' The painters were incapable of appreciating fine works as well as of executing them ;

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for from being trained in a false, conventional taste, they have come to prefer defects to beauties. Reynolds told Northcote that they would have laughed any one to scorn who had ventured to place the masterpieces of Vandyke in competition with the frigid mannerism of Kneller. Hudson was the last of this school who acquired a reputation. There are portraits by him which would not be thought contemptible if they were from the pencil of an artist without pretensions; but his choicest works are poor performances for the most celebrated painter of a generation. Horace Walpole speaks of his 'honest similitudes,' which is a correct description of his pictures. They are formal, commonplace, matter-of-fact representations; and this degree of skill, we know from Sir Joshua, could be acquired as readily as a mechanic trade. 'He used to say,' relates Northcote, 'that he could instruct any boy that chance should throw in his way to be able in half a year to paint a likeness in a portrait; but to give a just expression and true character to the portrait was infinitely difficult and rare to be seen, and when done was that which proved the great master.' The great master is nowhere visible on the canvases of Hudson, which are without one touch of genius to raise them above the level of respectable mediocrity. What power he possessed was confined to drawing the head. 'He was obliged,' says Northcote, 'to apply to one Van Haaken to put it on the shoulders, and to finish the drapery, of both which he was himself totally incapable.' On the death of Van Haaken, a caricature, by Hogarth, represented the whole company of portrait-painters attending his funeral in the anguish of despair. Hudson could not immediately discover another limner of bodies, and he was alarmed for a time lest he should be driven to relinquish his business for want of a coadjutor. There could be little freedom of conception where the action of the figure and the expression of the face were the work of different minds; and it was an inevitable result that spirit and variety should be superseded throughout by formality and tameness. 'Most of our portrait-painters,' said Reynolds, 'fall into one general fault. They have got a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately; the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings.' Art was reduced to such narrow proportions and servile monotony that the attitude most in vogue was adopted, according to Northcote, to evade 'the tremendous difficulty of painting the hand, which was hid in the waistcoat.'

The young apprentice, in his ignorance, shared the contemporary opinion of Hudson's capabilities. Faith and docility were serviceable qualities in a youth who had nearly everything  
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; and a considerable amount of rudimentary practice acquired in the studio of a man who had at least the producing 'honest similitudes.' 'As for Joshua,' his reports, in August, 1742, 'nobody, by his letters to me, better pleased in his employment, in his master, in me. "While I am doing this, I am the happiest creature in his expression.' He had then been a pupil little more than a year and a half, and by his talents and enthusiasm he was eclipsing his instructor. At the end of two years he had a portrait of an elderly female servant, which is said by authority to have roused the jealousy of his master. Acting on the irritation of envy at perceiving himself outdone by his pupil, he is alleged to have dismissed him not long afterwards on the frivolous pretence. They certainly parted in consequence of some dispute; but a letter of Samuel Reynolds to Mr. Malone on Aug. 19, 1743, disproves the current story that Joshua had been guilty of gross injustice. 'There is no controversy as to whether I was ever let into,' said the father, 'wherein I was so much concerned with either party. In the mean time I bless God, for the success of your son, and you for the extreme success that has attended Joshua hitherto.' He had served an apprenticeship of two years and nine months. The Hudsons of the day could do nothing further, and relying on his local connections at Plymouth Dock, where before January, 1744, he had painted twenty portraits, and had commissions for ten

Joshua once observed to Northcote that Plymouth had the admirers of pictures and prints of any town of its size which he was acquainted. Northcote confirms the remark, that no print of value had ever been seen there in a long time. The appearance in the place of a native artist, who had been a pupil of the most noted portrait-painter in the metropolis, and of those novelties which excite a temporary curiosity, Northcote went back to Plymouth, after passing five years in the studio of Reynolds, he was, in like manner, overwhelmed with commissions. He did not wait to execute them but set off at once with the money he had earned to complete his education in Italy. On his return from the continent he was disappointed to find that not a single person would renew the old orders. Sir Joshua reproved him for his simplicity, 'You should have painted them out before you left.' The business of Reynolds was probably as fleeting, for in January, 1744, he was again in London. His time, in the meantime, had not been well spent. He told Malone that 'about the year of nineteen or twenty he became very careless about his profession,

profession, and lived for near three years at Plymouth, in a great deal of dissipation.\* The age of twenty exactly corresponds with the period when he parted from Hudson, and became his own master. His first taste of freedom from all control, conjoined with his love of sociality, naturally drew him from his easel to indulge in the pleasures of companionship. He said 'he saw his error in time, and sat down seriously to his art about the year 1743, or 1744.' This reduces the season of idleness to rather less than eighteen months. Hudson's ill-will, if it had ever existed, was of short duration. When his discarded pupil reappeared in London, and opened a studio at the close of 1774, he got him elected into a club 'composed of the most famous men in their profession,'† which was a recognition of his right to take immediate rank with them. Samuel Reynolds calls the conduct 'exceeding generous,' and a letter to Mr. Cutcliffe, on May 24, 1745, furnished further proof of the cordial confidence which had survived the brief misunderstanding. 'Joshua's master is very kind to him. He comes to visit him pretty often, and freely tells him where his pictures are faulty, which is a great advantage, and when he has finished anything of his own, he is pleased to ask Joshua's judgment, which is a great honour.' There are no more records of his son's progress from the kind, simple, elated old man. He died on Christmas Day, 1746, and Joshua once more withdrew from London and took a house, with his two unmarried sisters, at Plymouth Dock.

It is said by Malone that Reynolds 'always considered the disagreement which induced him to leave Mr. Hudson as a very fortunate circumstance, since by this means he was led to deviate from the tameness and insipidity of his master, and to form a manner of his own.' The change was not immediate. His works for some time were of the Hudson school, and he is not known

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\* 'This temporary neglect of his art,' says Mr. Leslie, 'was the only instance of such a neglect in the whole course of his life;' to which Mr. Taylor subjoins the comment, 'I do not understand Reynolds' remark to Malone to imply neglect of his art.' The phrase in Malone's original memorandum,—'he became very careless about his *profession*,'—is conclusive evidence of the correctness of Mr. Leslie's interpretation.

† Mr. Taylor remarks that this was 'probably the club that met at Old Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane, of which an account will be found in Smith's *Life of Nollekens*.' But Smith does not say one word about a club. After mentioning that Ware the architect was 'a pretty constant visitor of the coffee house, which was much frequented by several eminently clever men of the day, he goes on to state, that 'as the reader may like to know some of their names, he will insert a few, with their places of residence at the time they and Ware made this their house of meeting.' The names which are given by Mr. Taylor as members of the club are the names of these frequenters of the coffee-house. There was an Artists' Club held at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, to which Sir Joshua belonged, but we do not know whether it existed so early as 1744.

to have produced anything in a better style until he painted the portraits of Captain Hamilton, and the boy engaged in reading.\* When he saw these productions late in life, he 'lamented that in such a series of years he should not have made a greater progress in his art.' Both pictures are ascribed by Malone to 1746, but the reading boy bears the date of 1747, and the portrait of Captain Hamilton may not have been earlier. While Reynolds was living in dissipation at Plymouth, after his rupture with Hudson, and was 'very careless about his profession,' he was not likely to innovate upon the routine practice in which he was trained. On his return to London in December, 1744, he was once more exposed to the influence and criticisms of his old master, and he does not seem to have emancipated himself from the thralldom till he settled at Plymouth Dock, on the death of his father. Whatever may have been the exact period of the change in Reynolds's style, Northcote and Leslie agree that the hints which kindled his genius were derived from the works of William Gandy. This gifted man was an itinerant artist, who roved through Devonshire and Cornwall, and died about the time when Joshua was born. Lazy, gluttonous, improvident, and irascible, he dashed off likenesses at a couple of guineas a piece, with no other care than to obtain with as little trouble as possible the money which would purchase him a luxurious meal. 'His portraits,' says Northcote, 'are slight and sketchy, and show more of genius than of labour; they, indeed, demonstrate facility, feeling, and nice observation, as far as concerns the head; but he was so idle, and so unambitious that the remainder of the picture, except sometimes the hand, was commonly copied from some print after Sir Godfrey Kneller. Some of his pictures are very fine, and many more good for nothing, though the worst of them still look like the careless productions of a good painter.' Sir Joshua said 'he had seen portraits by him that were equal to those of Rembrandt.' One of the precepts of Gandy was that a picture ought to have a richness in its texture, as if the colours had been composed of cream or cheese, and the reverse to a hard and husky, or dry manner.' The remark was repeated to Reynolds, and how largely he profited by it is apparent from the circumstance that it would be difficult to describe more accurately the usual surface of his own paintings. The germ of his distinctive qualities may be clearly discerned in particular specimens of Gandy's works, but these merely furnished the spark which lighted up the latent powers of a far greater man.

\* This picture is now in the fine gallery of Lord Normanton, which contains many masterpieces by Reynolds.

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When once the mind of Reynolds was released from trammels of Hudson's authority, he looked at nature for him and began to transfer to his canvas effects and incidents as fresh from life, and portrayed with the individuality of charming genius. Though the picture of the reading boy inferior in execution to the productions of his riper years, conception and general treatment display unmistakeably peculiar style, and show that his studies abroad only perfected and developed a form of art which he had already struck out the force of his talents. 'A self-taught painter,' said Constable 'is one taught by a very ignorant person.' Reynolds, profited by everything he saw, owed too much to his predecessors to be an exception to this pointed remark, but no one could be broken through the frigid mannerism which prevailed with his helps.

In April, 1749, Commodore Keppel put into Plymouth on his way to take the command in the Mediterranean, and paid a visit to Lord Edgcumbe, who was one of the local patrons of Reynolds. The young painter yearned to study the masterpieces of the world. The 'height of his wishes' was to visit Rome, and at the request of Lord Edgcumbe the Commodore offered him passage to Italy. They sailed in the *Centurion* on May 11, after seeing Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Algiers, they landed at Port Mahon on August 23. Reynolds won his way wherever he went by his admirable qualities. From the guest he became a friend of Keppel, and at Minorca General Blakeney, governor, provided him with quarters free of expense, and invited him to live at his table. During his stay on the island he met with a serious accident. His horse fell with him over a precipice, his face was much bruised, and his upper lip was injured to such an extent that it became necessary to cut a portion away.\* Nearly all the officers on the station availed themselves of his presence to get their portraits painted, and he remained two or three months among them, 'greatly to the improvement,' says Northcote, 'of his skill and fortune.' Among his sitters was a Mr. B., whom Miss Burney represents as speaking of him thus in after days: 'I knew him many years ago in Minorca; he drew my picture there, and then he knew how to take a picture at a moderate price; but now, I vow, ma'am, 'tis scandalous—scandalous—'

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\* The delightful picture of himself in the National Portrait Gallery, where he is represented shading his eyes with one hand to get a better view of the subject he is painting, is said by Northcote to have been done in 1746. Mr. W. Carpenter pointed out to Mr. Leslie that the form of the mouth showed the likeness could not have been taken till after the accident. The erroneous position that the picture was painted three years before Reynolds went to Minorca would give an exaggerated idea of his juvenile powers.

lead! to pay a fellow here seventy guineas for scratching and. I don't want to run the man down: I like him well in his proper place. He is as decent as any man of that tier knew, but for all that his prices are shameful.' There of this coarse and insolent babble, which had doubtless foundation in fact, but no dependence can be placed on the of Miss Burney's reports. The characters in her novels and caricatures, and her professed sketches from real life the same vein of unmeasured exaggeration, which has yet seemed them from garrulous insipidity. It is certain, ; that many in that generation ranked the rarest genius with mere mechanic callings. 'The world in general,' ss Reynolds, in reference to her brother, 'think no more nter than they do of a fiddler, or a dancing-master, or a of pianofortes.'

December, 1749, Reynolds sailed from Port Mahon to , and proceeded by way of Florence to Rome. He was n the presence of the finest productions of Raphael, and xtreme mortification he was unable to relish them. Sur- s often been expressed that with the skill he had already he should have failed to appreciate the extraordinary s of the frescoes at the Vatican.\* A remark he made hcote explains the mystery. 'Every painter,' said Rey- has some favourite branch of the art which he looks for cturc; and, in proportion as that part is well or ill ex- he pronounces his opinion upon the whole. One artist r colouring, another for drawing, another for handling; pendent spectator looks for expression.' He himself for colouring, or, in his own words, 'for superficial and beauties,' and the pictorial effect of nature, dignity and emed tame and insipid when it was not conjoined with ivating hues of the Titians and Correggios. 'I felt my ce,' he says, 'and stood abashed. All the indigested which I had brought with me from England were to be lone away with and eradicated from my mind. Not- iding my disappointment I proceeded to copy some of cellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even to feel their merits, and to admire them more than I id. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions o dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had ori- formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that at painter was well entitled to the high rank which he

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ney visited the Vatican in 1773, in the company of Edwards the painter, latter exclaimed, in the excess of his disappointment, 'We are fairly y George.'

holds in the estimation of the world.' Thus the first lesson which Reynolds learnt in Italy proved the supreme import of his journey. He had greatly enlarged his conceptions, and to his previous aims he added a fuller insight into the noblest class of effects. His delight in colour, and light and shade remained undiminished, but he had acquired a keener eye for the severer beauties of form and expression, which characterise what has often been fitly called the epic of art. He was inspired above all by the sublime creations of Michael Angelo. 'I let,' he says, in one of his Roman note-books, 'into the Cape Sistina in the morning, and remained there the whole day, a great part of which I spent in walking up and down it with great self-importance.\*' Passing through, on my return, the rooms of Raphael, they appeared of an inferior order.' Sixteen years later, when Barry was at Rome, Burke wrote to him and said, 'I found that Reynolds's expectation of what would be your great object of attention were the works of Michael Angelo, whom he considers as the Homer of painting. I could find that his own study had been much engrossed by that master, whom he still admires the most. He mentioned, indeed, his having some months confined himself to the Capella Sistina.' The result can be traced in all the finest productions of Reynolds. When Wilkie, Phillips, Hilton and Cook visited the Sistine Chapel in 1825 they were struck by the resemblance 'in his manner and figures, groups and hues of colour,' to many of his pictures, but they were more especially impressed by the similarity 'the high aim, and the power of expressing the deep thought of the inward man, that now gives to his works their great value.' In this glorious faculty his happiest efforts may be compared with anything in the world. Nothing, to mention one example out of numbers, can surpass the picture, in Lord Normanton's collection, of the girl who leans against a bank with her bow in her hand, and who, oblivious to everything around her, is lost in the dreamy contemplation of the fairy visions of her imagination. Or take the portrait of Lady Scarsdale and her child, and we have a beautiful instance of his power of elevating plain countenance by informing it with the loveliest qualities of mind. The child upon her lap has its arms round her neck and is endeavouring to attract her attention, but she looks

\* The cause of the 'self-importance' is rendered clear by a sentence in the Sixth Discourse: 'Merely from a consciousness of being able to relish the beauties of the great masters, the mind swells with an inward pride, and is almost powerfully affected as if it had itself produced what it admires.' That Reynolds should have walked up and down the Sistine Chapel for the greater part of a day in this state of exultation is the strongest evidence of the intensity of his feelings for art.

ght before her into space, carried away by the current of maternal reflections, and absorbed in meditation upon theitude of the blessing. It is extraordinary how numerous be mental states he has depicted which no other artist had upted, and as they are the embodiment of thoughts which too deep for words,' so, by their poetry and pathos, they : unutterable thoughts in the spectator.

eynolds,' says Allan Cunningham, ' lectured on Michael elo, and discoursed \* on Raphael ; but he studied and ned of Titian.' There are other passages in Cunningham's h which intimate his conviction that Sir Joshua's admira- for these illustrious painters was partially feigned. The sole nce for the imputation was the inability of the biographer ce the connexion between the art of Michael Angelo and rt of Reynolds, or in other words, his charge proceeded from ance. His knowledge of pictures was superficial, and he ailed to discover that, in the expression of intellect and sen- it there was more affinity between Reynolds and Michael elo, than between Reynolds and Titian. But had it been wise, the accusation would still have been based, as Mr. e remarks, ' upon the vulgar error of supposing that a great cannot appreciate conceptions very unlike his own.' Allan ingham would at once have seen the absurdity of his theory had been put forth on any subject with which he was con- nt. He himself was a writer of songs, and he would have ed the notion that his praise of Milton must therefore be cere, or that every poet who felt the power of 'Paradise ' must of necessity compose epics. With the assimilating ty of genius Reynolds caught the spirit of Raphael and ael Angelo, and infused it into his portraits of actual

It was mainly through the principles he acquired in Vatican that he restored a degraded department of painting s former splendour.† It was there that he imbibed the general

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t must not be inferred from Allan Cunningham's distinction between 'ring' and 'discoursing' that Reynolds had one method of descanting on el Angelo, and another of descanting on Raphael. The sentence is only tance of the false antithesis which runs through the 'Lives of the Painters.' o little was Allan Cunningham aware of the enormous benefit which olds derived from his stay at Rome, that he sneeringly intimates his con- n that there was no good to be got there. 'A visit,' he says, 'to the Sistine el confers on an artist that kind of dignity which studying at an university rs on a scholar; and one would imagine from the importance attached to a pilgrimage that excellence in painting could be acquired like knowledge eek. But the power to remember is one thing, and the power to create is er.' The objection equally applies to the study of all paintings whatsoever. ow is it possible 'to create' a picture without an acquaintance with the iples of art, and how are the principles to be ascertained except by the aid of

general greatness of his style. It was there that he obtained his power of investing his figures with an innate dignity and grace. It was there that he learnt to rise in the representation of mental qualities to the height of the real, or to soar into the regions of the ideal. He was precluded by the defect of his early training from a more direct competition with the masters he venerated. Hudson could draw nothing except the head, and no facilities existed in his school for drawing bodies. When Reynolds arrived in Italy, and he perceived how important was the art of delineating the figure with anatomical precision he thought it too late to supply the deficiency, but he declared at the close of his life, that, had he to begin the world again, he would labour to tread in the footsteps of Michael Angelo. His success might have been less than in his present domain, and those who can rightly estimate his works must rejoice that the experiment was never tried.

The mode of study which Reynolds adopted at Rome may be easily gathered from his writings. Before he left England he had formed an intimacy with Dr. Mudge, a Prebendary of Exeter, and from him he acquired a turn for generalisation. He carried the propensity so far that even Burke doubted whether he did not push it further than 'the variety of principles which operate in the human mind, and every human work, will properly endure.' 'I had seen much,' says Reynolds himself, when speaking of the materials of his *Academical Discourses*, 'and I had thought much upon what I had seen. I had something of an habit of investigation, and a disposition to reduce all that I observed and felt in my own mind to method and system.' There can be no question that he applied the habit to the masterpieces before him. He endeavoured to separate and classify their various excellencies, and ascertain the laws which governed the several parts of the art. He has given us an example of the process in his account of the means he took at Venice to find out the rule by which the Venetians managed their light and shade. 'When I observed,' he says, 'any extraordinary effect in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this, without any attention to the subject, or to the drawing of the figures. After a few experiments I found the paper blotted nearly alike

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of existing models? A man who attempted to dispense with the discoveries of his predecessors would only 'create' such barbarous deformities as marked the infancy of painting. 'The benefit,' said Reynolds, 'to be derived from a strict examination of the best pictures is to draw such conclusions as may serve in future as fixed rules of practice.'

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general practice appeared to be to allow not above a fourth of the picture for the light, including in this portion the principal and secondary lights; another quarter to be kept as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or shadow. Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less; scarce an eighth. By conducting Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant, but it is too much. The rest of the picture is sacrificed to this one. 'That light will certainly appear the brightest which is mixed with the greatest quantity of shade, supposing equal in the artist.' His contrivance showed also the shapes of the lights, and the degree in which the objects were either separated or united with the ground. 'Such a blotted paper,' he said, 'held at a distance from the eye will strike the spectator as being excellent for the disposition of light and shadow, though he does not distinguish whether it is history, a portrait, a landscape, dead game, or anything else; for the same principle holds to every branch of art.' By submitting the colour, the position, the forms, the attitudes, to a similar kind of analysis by investigating on every occasion the cause of a fine or a defect, he got a firm grasp of the principles which should be in his hand, and always worked upon a clear, consistent principle. Servile copying he held to be 'a delusive kind of study.' An investigation of many pictures, instead of regarding a few, was necessary to frame extended theories, and to fill the mind with the varied ideas which were disseminated by numerous models. In copying, moreover, the intellect remained dormant, and the capacity for devising original compositions was left entirely uncultivated.\* The travellers who had home copies of pictures from Rome employed Reynolds little, and 'that little,' he says, 'I always considered as so much time lost.' His advice to students was to get imbued with the conceptions of the great masters, and not to make facsimiles of them; to strive to rival their works, and not to reproduce them. With this view he recommended beginners to sketch first from Michael Angelo or Raphael, which should be a standard for the rest of a composition, or to borrow an attitude from them and change its purpose, or to adopt their subjects, and enter into competition with them. He had probably used

Mr. Arington says that the failure of Sir Joshua's pupils to become good artists was caused by their constant employment in copying his pictures, and painting after him. They had never been accustomed to think for themselves; and when he left his studio, and attempted compositions of their own, they were feeble imitations, or helpless novices. The scholars of great masters have seldom attained such distinction.

all these methods himself, but whatever plan he tried his object was always to kindle his mind with their inspiration, to sympathise their practice, and to transfer to the portraits of individual nature the grace, dignity, and poetry of imaginative art.

The profound and comprehensive scheme of study adopted by Reynolds, and the incessant effort to reduce his conclusions to practice, demanded unremitting industry. In after life he bought at an auction a fan on which Pope had painted the story of Cephalus and Procris. When asked his opinion of the little picture, Reynolds replied 'that it was such as might have been expected from one who painted for his amusement alone—the performance of a child.' 'This,' he proceeded, 'must always be the case when the work is taken up only from idleness, and laid aside when it ceases to amuse any longer. But those who are determined to excel must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night, and will find it to be play, but, on the contrary, very hard labour.' He continued his life to act on this conviction. As long as he could handle his brush he seldom left his studio during the day, and if obliged to go out, 'the strangeness,' he said, 'made him feel as if everybody was looking at him.' Not only was he never idle, but he threw at each moment the whole of his energies into his work. 'I always,' he said, when reviewing his professional career, 'endeavoured to do my best, and I was never weary of changing and trying different modes and effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. I was constantly endeavouring to do my best. I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility which at first was the effort of my whole mind.' Michael Angelo said of Raphael that he owed his art to long study, and not to nature. Nature and study must combine, and all the prodigal endowments of Reynolds would not have raised him to greatness without his enlightened investigations, his indomitable perseverance, and his unflagging struggle to improve. His toil became his pleasure. He pronounced his occupation to be employment without fatigue, and he passed his time in the delightful sense of present triumphs, and the animating pursuit after fresh excellence. His confinement to the house during the sunny hours was made the means of increased enjoyment to his happy disposition. 'No man,' he said, 'relishes an evening walk like him whose mind has been employed the whole preceding day.' He paid one severe penalty for the knowledge he had gained. While painting in the Vatican he caught a cold which left him deaf for life, and obliged him in company to use a trumpet. In conversation with an individual, as with a sitter, where the talk was exclusive

ely addressed to himself, and there were no contending  
to interfere with the sound, he heard readily without  
ial aid.

remained at Rome for two years and four months. He  
ed on May 3, 1752, and proceeded to Florence. Here  
s in doubt whether to remain a little longer in Italy or  
at once to England. 'I remember,' he says in a draft  
etter preserved among his papers, 'whenever my father  
reed on education it was his constant practice to give this  
of advice—"Never to be in too great a hurry to show  
lf to the world; but lay in first of all as strong a founda-  
f learning and knowledge as possible." This may very  
e applied to my present affairs, as, by being in too great a  
I shall perhaps ruin all, and arrive in London without  
tion, and without anybody having heard of me, when by  
g a month longer my fame will arrive before me, and, as  
before, nobody will dare to find fault with me, since my  
et will have had the approbation of the greatest living  
rs. Then again, on the other hand, there are such pressing  
s for my returning home, that I stand as between two  
pulling me different ways; so I stand still, and do nothing;  
e moment I take a resolution to set out, and in a manner  
eave of my friends; they call me a madman for missing  
advantages I have mentioned.' Mr. Leslie relates that the  
sh nobility who overwhelmed Canova with commissions  
red not to know that Flaxman existed. Canova rebuked  
insensibility to the genius of their countryman, and said,  
English see with your ears.' This was truer still during  
rly manhood of Reynolds. 'The manner,' he said, 'of the  
sh travellers in general, and of those who most pique them-  
on studying vertu, is that, instead of examining the beau-  
f those works of fame, and why they are esteemed, they  
inquire the subject of the picture, and the name of the  
r, the history of a statue, and where it is found, and write  
own. Some Englishmen while I was at the Vatican came  
and spent above six hours in writing down whatever the  
ary dictated to them. They scarcely ever looked at the  
ngs the whole time.' This numerous class of travelled  
tors gave the law upon pictures at home. Taste was  
extinct; the contemporary art of Italy was falsely believed  
the first in the world, and the opinions picked up there by  
ant tourists were accepted for oracles by the London public.  
olds had reason to conclude that his English fame would  
d upon the verdict delivered to pretended connoisseurs by  
a painters, and he was anxious to wait till his name was



in the mouth of his Florentine brethren. He afforded them an opportunity of judging his powers by a portrait of Joseph Wilton, an English sculptor, which was, says Farington, 'a brilliant display of those qualities in which he so eminently excelled.'

The motives for prolonging his sojourn in Italy prevailed. Reynolds stayed at Florence till July 4, and after visiting Bologna and Modena he arrived at Venice on July 24. He again set out on August 16, having spent but three weeks in the head-quarters of that school of colour, which he copied and rivalled. His craving to return to England was increased by a circumstance which occurred one night at the opera-house in Venice. The manager, out of compliment to the English part of the audience, ordered the band to play a popular air which was heard in every street in London at the time when Reynolds and his companions left home. The recollections the simple strain conjured up brought the tears into their eyes. Reynolds did not again halt above a day or two on his homeward journey till he got to Paris, where he remained a month, and painted a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Chambers, the wife of the architect. Between Turin and the Alps he fell in with Hudson, who, for the sake of appearances, had determined to visit Rome. He only stayed a couple of days. He was back at Paris before Reynolds had gone away, and they returned together to England.

Reynolds reached London October 16, 1752. His health was impaired, and he went to Plymouth for a three months' holiday. He had no sooner recovered than he set off for London, and hired a studio in St. Martin's Lane. He had brought with him from Rome an Italian boy named Marchi, and he exhibited a head of this lad in a Turkish turban, 'richly painted,' says Northcote, 'something in the style of Rembrandt.' Ellis, a fashionable manufacturer of portraits, exclaimed, when he saw it, 'Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer: why, you don't paint in the least degree in the manner of Kneller.' Reynolds denied that Kneller was the standard of perfection; and Ellis, astonished and enraged at the heresy, rushed from the room, calling out as he went, 'Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!' Hudson was reported to have spoken of the work with equal disparagement. 'Reynolds,' said he, 'after watching its progress day by day, 'you don't paint so well as when you left England.' There is no reason to doubt that the opinion was sincere. 'The aim of the artist, and the sitter's wish,' said Fuseli of the Hudson and Ellis school of portraiture, 'are confined to external likeness; that deeper, nobler aim, the personification of character is neither required, nor, if obtained, recognised.'

cognised.' The men who had spent their lives in the exclusive practice of this frigid, mechanical style could not be expected to comprehend the intellectual and subtle art of Reynolds. 'The only great painter,' he said, 'seeks to take possession rather of our soul than your eyes,' and the soul had slumbered in them; it was no longer capable of being roused. The public, with every prejudice, but not less ignorant, might have been years before they flocked to the brilliant innovator, if the good management of his patron had not procured him the custom of the rank and fashion of the day. 'It is well known,' says Mason, the artist,\* 'that when young Reynolds returned from his studies in Italy, Lord Edgcumbe persuaded many of the first nobility to sit to him for their pictures, and he very judiciously applied to such of them as had the strongest features, and whose likeness, therefore, it was the easiest to hit. Amongst those personages were the old Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton, and of these the young artist made portraits, not only expressive of their countenances, but of their figures, and this in a manner so novel, simple, and natural, yet withal so dignified, as procured him universal applause, and set him in a moment above his old master, Sir Godfrey Kneller.' A likeness easy to hit was not a condescension to the unskilfulness of Reynolds, but a marked countenance was so easily recognised by common eyes, and many would admire his pictures for their resemblance to the originals who were completely blind to their deeper merits. A full-length portrait of his friend Keppel speedily followed, and greatly increased his reputation. The Commodore, in early life, had lost his ship running, in foggy weather, upon a rock when in chase of a French vessel. The painter has represented him walking briskly along the shore, and as he points with one hand to an object out of the picture, he is evidently delivering with rapid urgency some pressing order required by the emergency. The accessories are in keeping with the incident,—a rocky coast, a stormy sea, and tempestuous clouds. 'Keppel,' says Mr. Leslie, 'is the first of many heroes painted by Reynolds, who was never excelled, even by Velasquez, in the expression of heroism.' The fine perception of its varieties is admirably illustrated by a comparison of this portrait of Keppel with that of Lord Heathfield. The Commodore at the time of the shipwreck was but thirty-one years of age. He is depicted with the elasticity of youth; his countenance teems with fire; and his face and action are alike indicative of the impetuous urgency demanded by a

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Mason, who dabbled in painting, became intimate with him on his return from Italy, and had free admission to his studio.

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sudden crisis. Lord Heathfield was past sixty when the of Gibraltar commenced, and it continued four years. He upon the rock, holding the key of the fortress, and the attached to the key is twisted twice round his hand. The courage of age, the lasting power of endurance, the fixed never to yield, are here exchanged for juvenile spirit and insatiable ardour. The iron grasp of the hand, the commanding rigour of the head, the resolute confidence of the eyes, the determination of the mouth, all bespeak his self-possession, defiance and unchangeable tenacity.\* No two phases of his life could be more appropriate, and more distinct.

His sister Frances, who was six years younger than him and who died unmarried in 1807, removed with him to London and kept his house for several years. Johnson rated her very high, and had such an opinion of her worth that he said to Mrs. Thrale, 'I never knew but one mind which could stand the microscopical examination, and that is dear Miss Reynolds and hers is very near to purity itself.' He maintained affectionate friendship with her till his death, and bequeathed her a book 'as a token of remembrance.' She excelled in painting miniatures, and appears at one time to have pursued the art professionally, for Johnson, writing of her to Langens in January, 1759, says, 'Miss is much employed in miniatures. She sometimes attempted large pictures in oil, which were exceedingly bad that her brother remarked jestingly 'this made other people laugh, and him cry.' Mr. Taylor drew from the criticism, and says that the engraved portraits of Johnson's blind friend, Mrs. Williams, and of Hooke, translator of Ariosto, are 'very characteristic.' Both, we are told, were taken from miniatures, and are no exception to the case of Reynolds, which was confined to her pictures in oil. He painted a portrait of Johnson the size of life, which turned

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\* A trifling incident related by Dr. Carlyle in his Autobiography is a confirmation of the unbending character of Lord Heathfield. On several occasions, but entered into his ordinary every-day nature. In 1746, when Captain Elliott, he supped at a tavern in London with a party, which was composed of his brother officers. A Mr. Philips was in the chair, and succeeded that morning to an estate of a thousand a year, he wished to secure his good fortune by paying the bill. The rest resisted the proposal, but to him they agreed that the point should be decided by each of them playing odd and even with him by turns, when he contrived to lose to all of them. Elliott stood out, and said 'he never played for his reckoning.' His steady refusal to gratify Philips, and act like the rest of his comrades, gave Carlyle the impression that he was 'sour and intractable,' and this chance piece of testimony, firmness in little things may assure us that the expression in his portrait is an invention of the painter to typify his deeds, but was the genuine look of a man. When Dr. Carlyle was inclined to censure his obstinacy he found that Elliott was held in high esteem by the officers for his talents and worth.

wretched daub, and he called it 'Johnson's grimly ghost.' As Reynolds discouraged her abortive efforts she carried them on by stealth. He once came suddenly into the library, where she was copying one of his works, and in her hasty endeavour to hide it she let it fall, when to their excessive mortification a large portion of the head was detached from the canvas by the jar. In her countenance she had a strong resemblance to her brother. In character they differed widely. He had an unruffled temper, and allowed nothing to disturb the even tenor of his life, while everything with her was the subject of morbid vacillation, and she passed her days in anxious doubts and changing resolves. They finally parted. His philosophy must have been tried to the uttermost by her perpetual worry, and she, on her part, complained of his 'ungrateful return to her unfeigned love.' He allowed her an income sufficient for her wants, and after a fruitless attempt to find happiness in Devonshire, she returned to London, and lived in lodgings.

Before the close of 1753 the increasing reputation of Reynolds enabled him to raise his price to the sum charged by Hudson, and to exchange his quarters in St. Martin's Lane for a house in Great Newport Street. He had lived with strict economy abroad, for he once said that he knew from experience that 50*l.* a year was enough for a student at Rome. A part of the money was furnished by his married sisters, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Johnson, and he must have been indebted to relations or friends for the capital which started him in London. His immediate success placed him at once above pecuniary care. His terms for a head were three guineas before he went to Italy, five when he set up in St. Martin's Lane, and twelve when he removed to Newport Street. A half-length was double the price of a head, and a full-length double the price of a half-length. In spite of his fame he had the mortification to find that his art was ill-understood. 'It is a melancholy reflection,' he said, 'to a painter who has ambition, to think that a picture painted in the style and manner of the greatest masters should not please the nation where he is obliged to live.' He appears to have aimed a good deal in his early works at the solemn effects which impressed him in the Roman frescoes, and the simple colouring of some of his pictures appealed in vain to the lovers of flaunty tints. 'Give me day-light,' was their constant cry, and in order to become what was called 'a pleasing painter,' it would, he said, be necessary to set aside Raphael, and imitate the bright and gaudy uses of the fan-painter. He was resolved that he would not abase his powers to the level of ignorant patrons, but he at the same time declared that 'it required an uncommon share of boldness

boldness and perseverance to stand against the rushing tide of gothicism.' When he subsequently exerted his utmost skill in producing a rich and mellow harmony, which was nearly as unintelligible as his more subdued tones to those who were caught by meretricious glare, he still maintained that Venetian colour would impair the majestic dignity of the highest style of art. He was led to this questionable doctrine by the process he had passed through. He had been incapable of admiring the frescoes in the Vatican in consequence of their deficiency in this very colour, and in correcting the first prejudice he had not unnaturally fallen into the second. He finally modified his opinion, and admitted that a judicious selection of qualities from the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools of colour would add a certain degree of sweetness and grace to the strength and grandeur of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Reynolds had now established himself in his profession, and we may follow him into his studio. From the insight he had acquired into the whole round of art, he had not to grope his way to a result. He could frame the entire plan beforehand—could conjure up in prospect the composition, the light and shadow, the hues and arrangement of the colours—and one of his maxims was, 'Never give the least touch with your pencil till you have present in your mind a perfect idea of your future work.' When his imagination had been wrought up to the highest pitch he took his conception at its best, and quick as lightning dashed off a rough sketch, which 'he always executed,' says Northcote, 'in oil colours, in a very slight manner, merely to determine the general effect.' Before long he could dispense, except on special occasions, with this preliminary aid. His vivid conception of the ultimate work—the well-defined object presented to his mental view—gave him another advantage which he shared in common with every painter of genius. It enabled him to advance the whole of the picture together and make every portion contribute to the predominant purpose. Nothing, he said, required such continued exertion and circumspection, such study and practice as the art to combine the parts in the manner which would tell most effectively on the common end. He kept up his standard of excellence by the constant contemplation of the great masters. He did not deem it sufficient to have sat at the feet of his preceptors in his youth, but held that it was necessary to maintain an habitual intercourse with them to the end. In their presence he said, it was impossible to invent in a mean manner, or to tolerate a style which did not relish of simplicity and grandeur. He mentioned as an especial benefit that without the actual examples many 'niceties of expression' might be  
though

able of execution, and it was the marvels of this in Raphael and Michael Angelo which had led to his the same department. He expended large sums in reference the finest productions he could come possessing portraits,' he said, 'by Titian, Vandyke, &c., I considered as the best kind of wealth, and beginning to save money I laid it out faster than I got the best examples of art that could be procured ; borrowed for this purpose.' He told Northcote that he was willing to sell everything he had in the world to buy a fine picture by Titian, and then subjoined, with a sigh, 'I would be content to ruin myself.'

He began a portrait without the determination that it should surpass all his previous efforts. He had observed that the great aptitude to be the parent of carelessness, and he kept the fact before him that no great work could be produced if the hand and hand were sometimes put to a strain. The most successful was also the most delightful plan, and we have his own account of his perpetual struggles to surpass himself gave to his employment.\* Every picture was a separate effort, and any common-place attitude or trite invention was rejected. He had indeed in his studio a collection of casts from his pictures, and he would repeat the positions which his sitters took a fancy ; but he did not the least eclipse the pattern portrait in effect and expression. He never relaxed in his exertions because the person before him belonged to the higher types of mankind. 'Great or small subjects or bad, all,' he said, 'had nature,' and this was the efficient basis for pictorial power. He spoke of his hesitations, from his never being sure of his hand, by saying that he frequently failed to realise upon canvas the conceptions of his imagination. 'The art,' he said, 'of painting has beauty for its object. It is an idea that exists in the mind ; the sight never beheld it, nor has the artist created it ; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.' He would not only repaint particular parts dissatisfied him, but sometimes when his work was far advanced would efface the whole and begin again. In his

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who had always the same conviction that the picture he was painting at the moment would turn out his masterpiece, says in a letter, 'It is a great temptation to keep such an idea alive, or I should not be able to go on. I should not be very happy if I thought I should do nothing but what I have already done. It is in human nature to look with a contempt on what we have conquered.'

incessant

incessant endeavour to improve upon what he had done, the attempts he obliterated were often finer than those which replaced them.\* He said of his *Infant Hercules* that 'there were ten pictures under it, some better, some worse.' When a friend remarked that every work he dismissed from his easel had probably been superior in some antecedent state, Reynolds acquiesced in the justice of the criticism, but added that the ceaseless struggle after perfection developed his skill, and that if you were not bold enough to run the risk of losing, you could never hope to gain. To secure the advantage without the detriment, he would occasionally paint his fancy subjects in duplicate, that any felicitous hit in the one might at once be transferred to the other, and ensure the preservation of the happy stroke in the event of his further touches impairing the prototype. As his visions of excellence were always in advance of his execution, the choicest products of his pencil rarely satisfied himself. 'What a beautiful head you have made of this lady,' exclaimed Burke, when he saw the portrait of the *Duchess of Leinster*; 'it is impossible to add anything to its advantage.' 'It does not please me yet,' replied Sir Joshua; 'there is a sweetness of expression in the original which I have not been able to give in the portrait, and therefore cannot think it finished.'† Such was his sense of his deficiencies,

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\* Reynolds was not the only artist who suffered from these mischances. When Opie was engaged on his picture of the death of James I. of Scotland, Northcote, who was his imitator and rival, became alarmed at the reports which reached him of its extraordinary merit. The uneasiness produced by his jealous fears drove him to pay a visit to the studio of Opie, that he might judge for himself. 'When I entered the room,' he says, 'I was astounded. The picture had the finest effect I ever witnessed; the light on the figures gleamed up from below a trap-door by which the murderers were entering the King's chamber. "Oh!" I said to myself, "go home, go home; it is all over with you." I did go home, and brooded over what I had seen. I could think of nothing else; it perfectly haunted me. I could not work on my own pictures for thinking of the effect of his. At last, unable to bear it any longer, I determined to go there again; and when I entered the room I saw, to my great comfort, that Opie had rubbed all the fine effect out.'

† 'The artist,' says Allan Cunningham, 'had reason to be proud of the affection of Burke. He sometimes asked his opinion on the merit of a work; it was given readily. Sir Joshua would then shake his head and say, "Well, it pleases you, but it does not please me; there is a sweetness wanting in the expression which a little pains will bestow,—there! I have improved it." This, when translated into the common language of life, means, "I must not let this man think that he is as wise as myself, but show him that I can reach one step at least higher than his admiration."' Thus an anecdote which is told by Northcote to illustrate the modesty of Reynolds is distorted into a charge of pretentious artifice. Northcote says that the incident happened once, Cunningham that it occurred from time to time. Northcote says that the remark of Burke was spontaneous; Cunningham that it was wont to be drawn from him by the inquiry of Reynolds. Northcote confines the part of Reynolds to the simple observation that he considered the picture unfinished, because of its inferiority to the original; Cunningham represents him as invariably performing a sort of legerdemain feat, and

cies, that he said he felt 'terror at seeing his works in the bright light of the sun,' and it was doubtless the humility of disposition and fastidiousness of taste which led him to declare that, though while engaged upon a picture he might have been content to labour at it for life in the hope of finishing it, yet it was no sooner out of his house than he fully trusted he should never set eyes on it again. In all that Northcote associated with him, as a pupil or a friend, the allusion to his own merits which fell from his lips was such that lovers had told him that 'their mistresses appeared more lovely to them than before by their excellences being so truly portrayed.'

He welcomed comments from every quarter, and scouted the notion that none but painters could judge of pictures. 'The only persons,' he said, 'of which no use can be made are those of the most refined connoisseurs, who have quitted nature and have not the power to paint.'\* 'I cannot but think,' he wrote again, 'that Apelles's method of exposing his pictures for public criticism was a very wise one. I do not know why the judgment of the vulgar on the mechanical parts of painting should not be as good as any other; for instance, as to whether such or such a part be good or not. If one of those persons should ask why half the face is black, or why there is such a spot of black, or snuff, as I call it, under the nose, I should conclude from thence that the shadows are thick, or dirtily painted, or that the shadow under the nose was too much resembling snuff, when, if those persons had exactly resembled the transparency and colour of the face they would have no more been taken notice of than the

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ting the improvement produced by the magic touch. 'His strong sense,' says Malone, 'to all false pretensions, and to anything indirect, or affected, formed a striking part of his character,' and Burke has borne emphatic testimony, that 'the least degree of arrogance or pretension was never visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct.' Even if Reynolds had been capable of the paltry practices imputed to him, he surely would not have tried the shallow deception on a genius he must have known to have had the vulgarity to think of Burke as 'this man.'

These superficial smatterers exposed their shallowness before him he engaged in the barren task of refuting them. 'He shifted his trumpet and snuff.' Once he was roused to indignation by a shameless case of plagiarism. Madame de Genlis, then a refugee in this country, assured him that a ring which she wore was executed by herself. 'I have done with her,' Reynolds told Burke; 'to tell me such a tale! Why, my dear sir, it is no living artist in Europe can equal it.' Her ignorance must have been fatal when she fancied she could deceive the deep science of Reynolds, who had to be a mistress of all trades and all knowledge, and one of her counsellors, in a sarcastic manner, 'that she was preparing to re-write the Encyclopædia in her old age.' Her multifarious books, which are now unreadable, are the result of commonplace. 'Good for everything, good for nothing,' says the overb.

shadow



shadow in nature itself. Yet I have seen painters lift up eyes at such observations, and wrapping themselves up in their conceit, complain of the want of connoissance in the world order to value their works as they deserve, never suspecting fault to be wholly in themselves.' He even thought that unsophisticated critics might in some respects be truer judges than those who were liable to contract conventional prejudices which have their foundation in nature. He related as an instance of 'just incontrovertible criticism' by a little girl, that on passing through a portrait-gallery she had imitated by her actions 'the airs of different heads,' and 'the awkward effect of the ill-disposed limbs.\*' But though he argued against despising the verdict of the multitude, no one was more determined in his resistance to their errors. 'It is certain,' he said, 'that the lowest style is the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself.' Unless the taste has been refined by cultivation, the error is imposed upon by exaggerations of 'the mode of the nature.' They are carried away by pomp and glare, by the airs and gaudy colours. Hence 'good pictures,' he said, 'do the least show to ordinary eyes;' and he especially noted the inability of the herd to appreciate delicacy of expression. He must have observed a thousand times how entirely the true poetry in his pictures was lost upon persons devoid of sense. They were destitute of the faculty to which he appealed. They were hardly more competent to pronounce upon the high quality in his works than if they had been blind. He could not descend to the degrading artifices of a mob orator and panders to coarse and obtuse perceptions. To a gentleman who objected that he had not sufficiently finished the ruffles, nor made distinctly the pattern of the lace, he answered tartly, 'That manner, that is my manner;'† and when a young painter pa-

\* Allan Cunningham's version of this anecdote is another specimen of usual inaccuracy. 'He watched the motions of the children who came into the gallery, and was pleased when he saw them forget themselves and mimic unconsciously the airs and attitudes of the portraits on the wall.' Northcote states that the circumstance was confined to a single occasion; Allan Cunningham speaks as if it was a common occurrence. Northcote says that the scene took place in the gallery of a nobleman; Allan Cunningham asserts that it was in the gallery of Reynolds, from whence it would be inferred that they were portraits which were mimicked. Northcote mentions that the child was unconscious of being observed; Allan Cunningham that the mimicry was unconscious, which destroys the whole point of the story. The expression with which Northcote relates the incident was to show that the child could detect defects in the attitudes, and meant by her mimicry to ridicule them.

† A student pointed out something in a picture of Poussin as bad. 'No, Sir, Reynolds; if it had been better, it had been worse.' To sink minutiae in the sake of the general effect is an essential principle of good art, or, as Mr. Reynolds expresses it, 'they must never be obtruded so as to interfere with the more important truth.'

in a portrait by the excuse that it was committed to his sitter, Sir Joshua replied, 'It is you who are to under-our own business, and not your employer.' Joshua's heads,' says Mr. Leslie, in his delightful 'Hand-Young Painters,' 'are always inimitably drawn in every and the forms of the features, though marked with great and precision, never seem so bounded by an outline as them in the works of many other painters. The form is perfection, while the outline here and there eludes us as in nature. We may learn nearly everything relating to from Reynolds. Those deviations from the exact correctness of the sides of the face, which are so common in are never corrected by him, as they sometimes are by artists under the notion of improving the drawing. He a marked difference in the lines surrounding the eyes greatly aids the expression of the face. He took advantage in painting the fixed despair of Ugolino, no doubt finding a model; and in a very different head, his front face of , he has, by observing the difference of the eyes, given richness of expression, and assisted its intelligence without the face less handsome.' His practice, and it was the with Gainsborough, was to sink subordinate details, and der the predominant lines of the face. 'The excellence,' 'of portrait-painting, and even the likeness, the character, tenance, depend more upon the general effect than on the precision of peculiarities or minute discrimination of the The chief attention of the artist is therefore employed in ; the features in their proper places, which so much contribute to giving the effect and expression of the whole.' His was to look at the sitter with eyes half-closed, that the transient elements might be lost or subdued, and the essential lasting portions preserved. Some of the distinctive details were retained might still be finished into undue prominence he cautioned students to be on the watch while labouring the features, that they might stop short before the general impression was impaired. He had once a temporary rival in the person of Liotard, a native of Geneva, whose manner was the reverse. He painted with slavish fidelity freckles, marks of small-pox, and all the trivial accidental circumstances in a portrait, excite the wonder of the crowd. The verities the enlightened few prevails. The mean and easy art of flattery raised him to celebrity for a couple of years. During the term of popularity the London world thought him 'a sensation,' and when the fashion passed away his place was vacant.

The principle of Reynolds was vindicated by the result he was famed for his power of producing a likeness. The compiler of the 'Testimonies to his Genius,' which was published shortly after his death, states that his portraits are of 'incomparable similitude.' Malone says he was 'eminently happy in it, and enumerates the portraits of many celebrated men in proof of his assertion. In his private note-book he speaks of the portraits of Windham and Sheridan that 'they are so like the originals that they seem almost alive and to speak to you. Painting in point of resemblance cannot go any further.' In another place he mentions that the portrait of Gibbon is 'as like the original as it is possible to be,' and William Forbes makes the same remark on the portrait of Boscawen. 'Sir Joshua alone,' says Mrs. Piozzi, 'could give a good portrait of Dunning. His picture of Lord Shelburne, Lord Ashburton, Colonel Barré has surely no superior—the characters so admirably the likenesses so strong.' 'I know several of his picture children,' says Mr. Leslie, 'the originals of whom I have seen in middle and old age, and in every instance I could discover a perfect likeness. He painted Lord Melbourne when a boy, and with a genuine laugh that was so characteristic of the future Prime Minister at every period of his life, and no likeness between child and a man of sixty was ever more striking.' The resemblance was sometimes strong in descendants. Constable was acquainted with the grandson of Lord Rodney, and states 'he was enough like the picture of his grandfather to have passed for it;' and we have seen other instances which were equally remarkable in families of less celebrity. When Reynolds failed to give a likeness, it arose, according to Northcote, 'from his attempting to give character where it did not exist; but the deficiencies of his portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture.' Mrs. Piozzi complains in her own case that neither the features nor the character belonged to her, which is the worst and most we could have on the subject; for Mr. Leslie remarks that 'we are no judges of their likenesses.' He quotes the instance of Lord Thurlow, who said in his old age to Phillips, 'At one time there were two factions—the Reynolds faction, and the Romney faction: I was of the Romney faction.'\* Mr. Leslie conjectures that his preference proceeded from deluded vanity. In the portrait by Romney he was handsomer than in the portrait by Sir Joshua, whose far more masterly work displeased him because it was truer to the life. Reynolds has perpetuated with his most vig-

\* 'This careless expression,' says Allan Cunningham, 'was bandied to the sore annoyance of Reynolds.' He had been dead for years when T. uttered the remark.

and 'the black scowl' which a violent and imperious temper had imprinted on the face of the original, and the 'extraordinary pience' which provoked the sarcasm of Fox 'that nobody could be so wise as Thurlow looked.' Time had not corrected his judgment, and he told Mr. Phillips that he considered Reynolds to be 'a great scoundrel and a bad painter.' The 'scoundrel' was supposed to refer to the want of permanence in some of Sir Joshua's colours.

Likeness of feature was the least achievement of Reynolds. His master faculty was the power of painting the qualities of the sitter—the power which, along with the lineaments of Thurlow, could depict his sapience and temper. 'Sir Joshua dived,' says Malone, 'into the minds, and habits, and manners of those who came to him, and accordingly the majority of his portraits are so appropriated and characteristic, that the many illustrious persons whom he has delineated will be almost as well known to posterity as if they had seen and conversed with them.' Northcote, who has stamped this passage with his approval, adds his own opinion on the character of the portraits of Reynolds surpassed those of every painter in the world. His range was unlimited. He was great in rendering the traits of all ages, temperaments, and callings—men and women, boys and girls, soldiers and men of letters, the gay and the thoughtful, the vicious and the good. Whatever may be the look it has the air of being native and spontaneous. Amid the vast variety of expression in his female heads, the most frequent is some form of pensive tenderness, which was doubtless the quality that usually preponderated in the originals. His best works of this kind are an absolute impersonation of all that is gentlest and purest in womankind. They are steeped in exquisite poetry, and possess the same enchanting union of truth and idealness which charm in the creations of the poets of literature. They exercise dominion over us not only by what they express, but by what they suggest. 'Real greatness,' said Sir Joshua, 'represents less by far to the sense than to the imagination.' His portraits exemplify his maxim. There is a species of mystery about them which invites speculation, and lures us on to try andathom the ulterior depths of thought and feeling which are rather indicated than defined. His choicest productions have, in general, the beauty of extreme simplicity. A priceless portrait at Goodwood of a lady,\* who sits with her eyes bent upon her work, may serve for an instance. An incident so familiar and unimpassioned would be nothing with an ordinary artist; but Reynolds has

\* It is, we believe, the portrait of Lady Charles Spencer. The tenderness of the colouring is marvellous.

infused into the countenance such a bewitching softness, and heavenly serenity, that it touches the inmost heart of the spectator and holds him entranced like a spell.

Reynolds never appears more in his glory than in his representations of children. In spite of the host of affections which gather round the young, the distinctiveness of their ways, the attractiveness of nature fresh and unsophisticated, this peculiarly winning and picturesque stage of life had been altogether overlooked by preceding masters. The painters of religious subjects represented children as seraphic beings, and the painters of portraits represented them with the formal air which they wore when they sat for their pictures. The happy idea occurred to Reynolds of representing them as they are seen in their doings, when animated by the emotions which typify their life to us. The fondest parent could not observe them more closely or take a keener delight in their dawning traits and engaging simplicity. He said 'that all their gestures were graceful, that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitudes commences with the dancing-master.' He has recorded on canvas the round of boyish and girlish existence. He presents them to us in their games, their pursuits, their glee, and their gravity. Their archness and their artlessness, their spirit and their shyness, their seriousness with which they engage in their little occupation of the sweet and holy innocence which is common to the minds of the young, are all embodied with unrivalled felicity. This class of his works abounds equally with examples of that true expression which, he said, 'lasts less than a moment, and must be painted in as little time.' He called it 'shooting flying' and considered that the power of fixing these passing emotions was 'the greatest effort of the art.' Northcote truly asserts 'there never was a painter who gave them so completely as Reynolds himself.' Though his fancy pictures of children are often not less exquisite than his portraits, yet they are some inferior, and Mr. Leslie says in his 'Handbook,' that the 'Nettles and Muscipulas' are the only instances 'in which he obtruded mannerism in expression and attitude in the place of what is natural.' The expression to which Mr. Leslie particularly refers is a simper adopted from Correggio, where 'the lip is pinched by a smile into something of the shape of the letter e.'

His hand did not lose its cunning in passing from the representation of the graces of women and children to the attributes of men. His heads redound with masculine vigour, and are distinguished by the strongest traits of individuality. 'Sir Joshua's portraits,' says Northcote to Hazlitt, 'have always that determined air and character, that you know what to think of them, as if you had seen

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engaged in the most decided action.' The power is best appreciated by taking instances from men of the same calling, and observing how appropriate is each, and how entirely different. His portraits of three of the most famous authors of the day—Sterne, Goldsmith, and Johnson—are fine examples. Humour personified in the Sterne, and blended with the humour there, says Mr. Leslie, 'the sly look, for which we are prepared by the insidious mixture of so many abominations' in his writings. The look, we think, is more than sly; like the abominations, it is evil. The wig is slightly awry, and no one ever failed to remark what assistance is given by the circumstance to the expression of hair-brained levity. Sterne was tall, thin, and contemptive, and Mr. Leslie points out that in the midst of his gaiety the feebleness of ill health is apparent from the way in which he props himself up. Both Goldsmith and Sterne were masters of humour, and masters of pathos. A reader of the life, works, and letters of Sterne would have a perfect assurance that he was governed by his love of fun and folly, and that his sentiment, then exquisite in itself, was an artificial product, which had little hold upon his heart. A reader of the life, works, and letters of Goldsmith would conclude with equal confidence that his exuberant humour was merely the rich embroidery on a sterling fabric, and Reynolds set aside the wit to commemorate the fundamental and nobler qualities of the original. 'In that thoughtful, patient face,' says Mr. Leslie, 'the traces of a life of endurance, and the consciousness of being misunderstood and undervalued, are as unmistakeable as the benevolence that is meditating how to amuse and make better a world, by which it was considered a vulgar face, and which had treated the owner of it so scurvily. This head of Goldsmith is to me the most pathetic picture Reynolds ever painted, not only because in looking at it I think of the "Deserted Village," but far more because the sufferings of a whole life, and of the tenderest of hearts, are written in it.' The portrait of Johnson, in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, which we have heard an eminent living artist pronounce the finest portrait in the world, exhibits more open marks of suffering than the portrait of Goldsmith, but it is the suffering of bodily pain, and not of a wounded spirit. His massive head and weighty intellect bespeak a robust and dauntless understanding, which was not to be borne down by the neglect or ill usage he had sustained. His bane was the constitutional malady which had rendered his life one long disease, and the expression, says Fuseli in the words of Johnson himself, is that of 'mental and corporeal strife.'

When Reynolds was at Rome, it was a whim of the English residents to be painted in caricatures. He executed two or three works of the kind; but he told Northcote that although his comic productions 'were allowed to display much humour and spirit, he abandoned a practice which must have corrupted his taste as a portrait painter, whose duty it was to discover only the perfections of his sitters.' The limits he put to the doctrine become obvious when we look at his pictures and remember the testimony of his contemporaries to their fidelity. 'There can be no doubt,' says Mr. Leslie, 'that he invariably softened harshness of feature or expression, and diminished positive ugliness as far as he could do so without losing character. His portraits could never be called ridiculously like, an expression sometimes used in the way of compliment, but in reality pointing exactly to what a portrait should not be.' He did precisely what Titian and Vandyke had done before him—he kept the likeness, but refined it. Northcote remarked to a friend that the highest merit and greatest difficulty in painting portraits was to give them all the look of ladies and gentlemen. His friend replied that it might well be a perplexity to the painter, for nature herself found it no easy matter. Where the high-breeding is provided by nature, art is still embarrassed to transfer it to the canvas without the taint of pretension, and it is the very essence of the quality that it should appear ingrained and unconscious. The difficulty did not exist for Reynolds. 'Even with a vulgar head before him he would not,' says Mr. Leslie, 'or rather could not make a vulgar picture. Hence in turning over a collection of engravings from his portraits, or from the portraits of any other truly great painter, we seem to be living with a race of men and women superior to those who surround us.' In the sentiment he impressed on the countenance, he had often the choice of many moods, and he always appears to have selected the ruling passion. He once said of Johnson, 'that in order to mark characters he overcharged them, and gave people more than they really had, whether of good or bad.' He himself probably acted on the principle, for one of his maxims was, 'Portraits, as well as written characters of men, should be decidedly marked otherwise they will be insipid.' When he departed from the literal flesh and blood facts, he may not always have exalted or magnified the mental traits. He may more often have overprinted the inner man upon the outward form, in a greater degree than it appeared in the living model. Miss Reynolds thought that his masterpiece in this direction was his imparting 'dignity to Goldsmith's countenance, and preserving a strong likeness

when the actual man 'impressed every one at first the idea of his being a low mechanic.' But the effect on the original was not so great as it appeared to observers. Unless in moments when nature is restrained, the lineaments of the face obey the emotions of the genius, tenderness, and plaintive sadness which Goldsmith must often have been visible to the eye of a connoisseur. The highest view of his countenance, which in as he was, presented a more faithful as well as a truer portrait than a rigid facsimile of the plebeian framework, made him look the low mechanic he was not. There are few to whom the cartoons are little more than an assemblage of common forms. Those alone see them truly who perceive dignity, grace, and dramatic power.

prominence to the genuine character, to enforce, and it had no affinity to the practice which Allan Cunningham ascribes to Reynolds of investing his sitters with characters the reverse of their own. 'Had Colonel Charteris,' says Mr. Cunningham, 'sat to him, he would, I doubt not, have given an idea of a President of the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade.' The testimony of his contemporaries refutes the assertion that only unprofessional spectators, but critical artists like Sir John Barry, and Farington, applauded the correctness of his expression. The pictures themselves are unanswerable evidence that he was never tempted even by deference to rank or to the nature from which he drew as often as a dominant vice in the original. 'In his whole he resembles the Duke of Orleans,' says Mr. Leslie, 'the debauchee more than the Prince.' The temper in the face of the Duke and the evil in that of Sterne, are similar instances. More flattery for Royal Dukes, Lord Chancellors, and celebrated authors, than for the frail, unhappy women of the day. The portraits, Mr. Taylor tells us, are distinguished by 'a lazy voluptuousness.' When from his objection to the policy Reynolds attempted 'to give character where it was wanting,' we may be sure that he expanded some hint in the countenance before him, and that he did not plan imputed to him by Allan Cunningham of a subtle expression which was furthest from the truth.

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For we may be said to have nothing new,' writes John Gray to a letter quoted by Mr. Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith*; 'but we have a new print of the new poet, Dr. Goldsmith, in the print-shop. He is in profile from a painting by Reynolds, and resembles him very much. Forster has given a charming sketch of Sir Joshua, and does ample justice to his great and good qualities.'



If we turn from the heads of Reynolds to his figures, we immediately perceive that brilliant merits are mingled with defect. The limbs which animate the dress are often too slightly traced and the drawing itself is not seldom inaccurate. 'This,' remarks Mr. Leslie, 'is simply the result of his ignorance of anatomy, for nobody can draw truly the various forms of an elaborately constructed machine without a competent knowledge of its contrivance.\*' Constable said that no painter except Rembrandt and himself, who were both the sons of millers, ever drew a windmill correctly. It is certain that no painter ever drew a ship rightly who had not been much at sea, and even though Turner had been often at sea, the ships in his *Battle of Trafalgar* at Greenwich afford a constant topic of ridicule to the old pensioners.' It is the same with architecture. The draughtsman must possess a distinct knowledge of the component parts of a style or he will in vain attempt to give a faithful delineation of a cathedral or a temple. But though Reynolds and Turner could not disentangle in general view the complicated details with which they had little independent acquaintance, they had an accurate perception of form in the mass. Mr. Stanfield informed Leslie that the vessels of Turner are admirably characterised, and that British can always be distinguished from foreign ships in his pictures. Mr. Leslie himself testifies for Reynolds that 'no painter ever had a truer eye for the shapes of objects,' and that the faculty is shown in his birds, horses, and dogs, as well as in the figures of his men, women, and children. The consequence is that, notwithstanding the blemishes, they are all endowed with a wonderful life and character. He does not excel more in expressing perfect repose than in imparting animated movement, or in giving ease and spirit to active and daring postures. His attitudes of every description have the never-failing accompaniment of grace and dignity, and they are always in unison with the expression of the countenance. His figures were quite as much portraits as his faces, and we learn from Northcote and Mason, the poets, that the attitudes were also in an eminent degree characteristic of the originals.

The drapery which Reynolds frequently adopted in his female portraits with the intention of ennobling them deprives them in reality of part of their charm. He painted a picture of Miss Kennedy for Sir C. Bunbury, and wrote to him in September 1770, when the question of the costume was under con-

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\* Reynolds lamented the defect, and warned others against it. 'The artist he said, 'who possesses the knowledge of the exact form which every part of nature ought to have, will be fond of expressing that knowledge with correctness and precision in all his works.'

eration, 'The Eastern dresses are very rich, and have one t of dignity, but it is a mock dignity in comparison of the plicity of the antique.' He about the same time remon- ated with West for his intention of clothing the personages in

Death of Wolfe in the uniform of English soldiers instead n the garb of ancient warriors. When the work was finished molds acknowledged his error. 'West,' he said, 'has con- red: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a slution in art.' Reynolds had been governed by the associa- s he contracted at Rome, and he was slow to discover that classic draperies looked tame and frigid by the side of the e complex and picturesque varieties of modern fashion. It s not reconcile us to the anachronism that he sometimes esents the ladies of the eighteenth century in the guise of hen goddesses, or engaged in heathen rites. This does but a second fiction to the first, and one which strikes at the t of the sentiment, for, however exquisite the sentiment may in itself, our sympathies are arrested when it becomes false its object. The principle upon which he proceeded in nging his costumes is explained in his Discourse to the ents of the Academy in December 1776. 'The familiarity,' aid, 'of a modern dress is alone sufficient to destroy all ility. The portrait-painter, therefore, dresses his figure some- g with the general air of the antique for the sake of dignity, preserves something of the modern for the sake of likeness. this conduct his work corresponds with those prejudices h we have in favour of what we continually see; and the h of the antique simplicity corresponds with what we may the more learned and scientific prejudice.' The success of compromise with Reynolds was generally in proportion to deviation from the antique type, and his approximation e modern, but though his hybrid robes have a stately beauty seldom please like the contemporary fashions, which he ys managed with inimitable skill. Nor must the artist look the special interest which attaches to the faithful record ostumes when the generation has passed away. 'I would portraits,' said Johnson to Boswell, 'in the dress of the s, which makes a piece of history. Truth, sir, is of the est value in these things.'

his notes to Mason's translation of 'Du Fresnoy,' Reynolds es that Rubens was asked to take a young man for a pupil had already acquired the rudiments of painting, and could t him in his backgrounds. Rubens smiled at the simplicity e applicant. He told him that backgrounds required the

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most comprehensive acquaintance with art, and that the youth who could execute them had no need of instruction. 'This,' said Sir Joshua, 'painters know to be no exaggerated account of a background, being fully apprised how much the effect of the picture depends upon it.' He assured the students in his Discourses that there was no difficulty to equal the contrivance of the background so as to set off the design to the greatest advantage; and his practice bore testimony to the strength of his opinion. 'He has frequently declared,' says Fuseli, 'that whatever preparatory assistance he might admit in the draperies, or other parts of his figures, he always made it a point to keep the arrangement of the scenery, the disposition and ultimate finish of the background to himself.' Sir Joshua has enumerated a portion of the beauties which depend upon it. 'It regulates,' he says, 'where and in what part the figure is to be relieved. Sometimes a light is introduced in order to join and extend the light on the figure, and the dark side of the figure is lost in a still darker background; for the fewer the outlines are which cut against the ground the richer will be the effect, as the contrary produces what is called the dry manner.' He applauded in Correggio 'the gliding motion of his outline, and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground,' and it was one of his own especial excellences. 'There was nothing,' said Northcote to Hazlitt, 'he hated so much as a distinct outline, as you see it in Mengs and the French school. Indeed he ran into the opposite extreme; but it is one of the greatest beauties of art to show it waving and retiring, now losing and then recovering itself again, as it always does in nature, without any of that stiff, edgy appearance which only pedants affect or admire.' In a second particular Northcote claims for him the merit of an originator. 'Delighted,' he says, 'with the picturesque beauties of Rubens, he was the first that attempted a bright and gay background to portraits.' Whether or not the assertion is literally true, the fact that he gave it increased prominence in the most important department of all, is confirmed by Mr. Leslie. 'By no other painter, except Gainsborough,' he says, in his 'Hand-book,' 'has landscape been so beautifully or effectively brought in aid of portrait. Vandyke generally subdues its brightness to give supremacy to the head, and Lely and Kneller did this still more; but Reynolds, without lessening its power, always contrived it so as to relieve the faces most effectively.' The poetic force of his landscape alone is often sufficient to fascinate the beholder. To the other functions of backgrounds must be added the signal part they can be made to play in assisting the expression of the countenance, sometimes by harmony and sometimes by opposition. Fuseli quotes

a happy instance of the last. 'A subject,' he says, 'born on the usual or common may become sublime or pathetic by the ground alone. A female leaning her head on her hand on might easily suggest itself to any painter of portrait; but the art of making this figure interesting to those who are not used to the likeness, were not to be picked from the mixture of the palette. Reynolds found the secret in contrasting the activity and repose of the person by a tempestuous sea, and a rocky shore in the distance.' With his tender feeling for humanity in man, and sentiment in nature, Reynolds could not but make them tell upon each other, and intensify both the union.

Reynolds recommended the learners of art to paint their figures instead of drawing them. 'This,' he said, 'will give them a facility in using colours, that in time they will be able to draw themselves under the pencil, even without the attention and that conducts it.' He told them that the advice was the result of his experience; and his pictures testify to the freedom of his touch. 'His constant use of the brush,' writes Mr. Leslie, 'gave him a command of the instrument, if not called, certainly never exceeded; for there are marvels of accuracy and finish in his execution, combined with a facility of spirit unlike anything upon the canvases of any other painter.' His execution is a mixture of the rarest tenderness and delicacy, and the utmost boldness and vigour. His power is not material, the easy dexterity with which he fashioned it, 'leaves no marks,' as Farington well observes, 'of any manual process; so that in copying his pictures it is difficult to trace either the mode of producing them, or the stages of progress.' The sure and rapid hand with which he embodied his conceptions on the canvas was the wonder and envy of his contemporaries. 'It was very provoking,' he says, 'after I had spent many hours labouring on the drapery of one of his portraits to see him, with a few masterly sweeps of his brush, destroy nearly all my work, and turn it into something better; and yet but for my work it would not have been made it.' There is doubtless truth in the concluding opinion. The careful and elaborate work of his assistants formed an excellent basis for the transforming power of his brush; and his multitude of commissions, was more advantageous to him than if no foundation had been laid for him. Mr. Leslie states that Reynolds had an early and a later

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Mr. Leslie explains that he does not mean that other masters did not possess excellences which were wanting in Reynolds, but that he, too, had merits no one could compete with him.

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manner. The later is marked 'by violent freedoms of execution and dashes of the pencil; and the colour, though excellent is sometimes more artificial than chaste.' The early manner 'more minute and fearful, but the colouring is clear, natural and good.' Northcote might seem by his language to give preference to the early works, but he told Hazlitt that 'the late works were the best,' which is still inadequate to express the great superiority. The gradual change in the execution was the consequence of the increased facility acquired by practice. The change in the tone and arrangement of his colours was occasioned by changing views, and was more uncertain in its result 'My unsteadiness in this respect,' says Reynolds, 'proceeded from an inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence that I saw in the works of others, without considering that there is in colouring as in style, excellences which are incompatible with each other. . . I tried every effect of colour; and by leaving out every colour in its turn, showed every colour that I could do without it. As I alternately left out every colour, I tried every new colour, and often, as is well known, failed.' He mentions that the masters who paid particular attention to colour often changed their method like himself; and his perpetual experiments had certainly the effect of enlarging his knowledge and advancing his skill. The influence of his famous predecessors may be seen in varying degrees in different works, but, amid all the diversities of his manner, his general characteristics are easily distinguished—and these are a singular fondness for light and shadow, with a colouring rich, transparent, and harmonious. He delighted most in golden tones; and numbers of his figures may be said to be bathed in the glowing radiance of the sun. Northcote praises the form as well as the brilliancy of his lights, and the just proportions of light and shade.

Lely was the last painter in England who possessed any of the qualities of a good colourist before the rise of the great school which comprised Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, and Reynolds. 'There is not a man on earth,' said Sir Joshua, 'who has the least notion of colouring; we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art.' He imagined that the effects of the Venetians, Dutch, and Flemings might have been due to their materials as well as to the skill with which they employed them; \* and, in departing from the practice

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\* In his anxiety to discover the composition of the Venetian colours and trace the system of laying them on, Reynolds is stated by Malone to have rubbed off the layers of paint from several valuable old pictures.—Mr. Leslie doubts the value. 'It is not credible,' he says, 'that he who told Northcote he would  
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the Hudson tribe, he tried colours which were true and beautiful, but fleeting. Northcote endeavoured to persuade him to employ durable vermilion in his flesh in the place of evanescent reds and carmine. He looked at his hand and answered, 'I see no vermilion in flesh.' 'But,' returned Northcote, 'did Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion?' 'What signifies,' said Reynolds sharply, 'what a man used who could not colour?' That Kneller and his successors could not colour was a circumstance that led Reynolds astray. He despised their art, which, as regarded their pigments, were the sound traditions of old experience. Gainsborough, without concert with him, had been influenced by the same fallacious theory; and alone states that he had been informed that 'the perished pictures' from his pencil were as common in collections as the faded works of Sir Joshua. The portraits of Gainsborough were not so numerous as those of Reynolds; but from the many we have seen, in which the carnations had vanished, we should conclude that the *proportion* of his faded pictures was quite as great. He does not seem, however, to have suffered in an equal degree from ignorant cleaners. Their solvents remove the varnish in which Reynolds too frequently mixed his colours; and scores of his productions, which had stood perfectly, have now wantonly ruined. 'I remember,' says Mr. Leslie, in his *hand-book*, 'some of his most beautiful works at the British Gallery, in 1813, almost as they came from his hand, which I have since met with, rubbed down to the dead colour, and then again, after a short interval, smeared over with brown varnish, under the pretence of restoring the tone.' The operators apparently were sometimes aghast at the devastation they had committed; for we have seen undoubted Sir Joshuas which had now repainted from head to foot, until not a single mark of his

attempt to ruin himself to obtain a really fine work of Titian could destroy an excellent work of any master. There is always an abundant supply of inferior pictures, of the schools and times of all the great painters, in the hands of dealers; and as such pictures were painted with the materials in use by the best artists of their own time, it could only be such that Reynolds destroyed.' Northcote, however, confirms the account of Malone, and says that the experiments were conducted at an immense expense. He remembered, in particular, that Reynolds had scoured down to the very panel a capital production of Parmegiano. Sir Joshua frequently restored damaged works of the old masters, 'and often made a picture,' says Northcote, 'both in effect and colour vastly superior to what they had been in their original state.' He retouched a ruined portrait by Velasquez of the son of Philip IV., 'and to such purpose,' says Mr. Leslie, 'that few by Velasquez now look better.' He painted a new background to a portrait by the artist of a Moor blowing a pipe, 'and with this, and some few other small restorations,' says Northcote, 'it became one of the finest pictures I ever saw.' These restorations of Velasquez,' adds Mr. Leslie, 'would, I am persuaded, amply compensate for whatever pictures he destroyed.'

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brush was left. Northcote reports a dictum of Gainsborough, that 'the pictures of Reynolds, when in their most decayed state, were better than those of any other artist when in their best.' This was no hollow compliment. Time, in causing some of their hues to fade, has left untouched a large part of their poetry and grace; but when the whole surface has been abraded by reckless mechanics, the work is destroyed.

A feature which enters into every element of the art of Reynolds, is what Mr. Leslie terms in his 'Hand-book' 'the general greatness and grace of style stamped on all his works.' 'In painting, as in architecture,' said Reynolds himself, 'the very essence and perfection of the grand style is simplicity; not to be too much encumbered with little ornaments, which produce no effect at a distance, but only make a confused heap of littlenesses. On the contrary, a picture should be composed of few and large parts, which fill the eye distinctly. Large parts and few are the foundation of a grand gusto.' This principle alike predominates in his heads, in his outline, and in his broad masses of colour, and light and shade. 'Breadth,' says Fuseli admirably, 'is the judicious display of fullness, not a substitute of vacuity. Breadth might be easily obtained if emptiness could give it.' There can be no satisfactory generalisation of surfaces unless the painter has the power which Fuseli ascribed to Titian, 'of penetrating the essence of the substances before him.' Then the objects are shown as they are seen at a little distance in nature. The pervading characteristic of the horse's coat is depicted without the individual hairs, the foliage of the tree without each separate leaf. The faculty has been given to few, and though it cannot be denied to Reynolds, a more complete specification of parts would frequently be desired. Faces which teem with mind and feeling, compositions which are replete with sentiment and poetry, cannot, indeed, be accused of vacuity, but he departed too far from the realistic school of painting, and his pictures are often deficient in the solid material qualities of tangible things. There are beauties in art which are antagonistic, and it is impossible to extract the utmost effect in one direction without some loss in the opposite. His distinction is that having abjured the principle of a thorough elaboration of forms, partly from defects in his training, and partly from choice, he has known how to appropriate to the full the advantages which are favoured by his adopted style. He has attained in a rare degree to unity and breadth, to lightness and spirit, to the representation of the ethereal attributes of soul and intellect, and the subtle poetry of the human and natural world. His pictorial silence is constantly more expressive than if he had exhausted  
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the technical vocabulary of art, since what he denied to the eye is richly outweighed by the feast he presents to the imagination. It must be admitted that he adhered to his system in points where nothing would be sacrificed by careful finish. His hands are in general slightly painted, and are often incorrectly drawn, but even here he did not lose sight of character, and Mr. Leslie was accustomed to say that they were superior to the hands of Vandyke\* from their evident individuality, and the natural manner in which they are employed. A glance at the portrait of Dr. Johnson at Knole is enough to assure us that the peculiar way in which the fingers are arranged, and both the hands held up as he talks, was one of the ordinary actions of the man when engaged in conversation. A masterly portrait of Garrick, who sits with his hands resting on a table, hangs by its side, and the features of the actor are hardly more his exclusive property than the fingers clasped together, and the thumbs pointing upwards, and pressed one against the other. Reynolds mortified a lady who was proud of her hands, and who offered to sit for them, by telling her 'that he would not give her so much trouble, as he commonly painted the hands from his servants,' but it is clear that he sketched them in from the original, and merely finished them from his models.

'How various he is!' exclaimed Gainsborough, after going the round of the portraits by Reynolds at one of the Academy exhibitions. The larger the series the more conspicuous this feature of his genius becomes. 'In the collected works of no other painter,' says Mr. Leslie in his 'Hand-book,' 'do we find so great a diversity of individual character illustrated by so great a variety of natural incident, or aided by such various and well-chosen effects of light and shadow, many entirely new to art, as, for instance, the partial shadows thrown by branches over whole-length figures.' Like Raphael, he did not hesitate to aid his invention by adapting to his purposes the conceptions of his predecessors. The parts which he borrowed he improved, and he

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\* 'The hands of Vandyke,' says Mr. Leslie in his 'Hand-book,' 'have an affected grace adopted from Rubens, though carried further from nature, and which may be traced from Rubens to Correggio. The hands in Vandyke's portraits are always of one type, thin and elegant, with long tapered fingers. He was followed in these particulars by Lely with still more of affectation.' Horace Walpole, who fancied that Vandyke and Kneller excelled every master in the world in hands, condemns altogether the hands of Reynolds. Their merits were beyond the scope of his confined perceptions. He was a critic on many subjects,—painting, architecture, landscape-gardening, antiquities, literature, and politics,—and in all he was shallow, and more often wrong than right. In the entire circle of his criticism there is not a single acute remark, and in art he only saw the qualities which were superficial and obvious. His talent was that of a lively but cynical narrator of gossip.

invariably



invariably set upon them the stamp of his individuality. But the grand source of his inexhaustible fertility was observation of nature. He told the young men in his school that they would abridge their labours if they used masters to acquire a taste for the grand and the beautiful to distinguish what was noblest in the world around to reject the commonplace. With minds impregnated by this lofty standard they were then to investigate nature at first hand; or they could never represent it with fidelity, originality, or power. 'The art,' he said, 'of seeing nature is in itself a great object to which all our studies are directed.' W. Lawrence called upon him with a specimen portrait in which Reynolds turned to him with the remark, 'You have been at the old masters, but my advice is this—study nature.' He warned his hearers against relying upon recollection, however strong their impressions, for 'nature,' he said, 'is refined, subtle, and infinitely various beyond the reach of memory.' Those who trusted to recollection became pedants, which he defined to be a compendious mode of painting according to a receipt, and which substituted an insipid monotony for the endless versatility of truth. He mentions in one of his letters that the celebrated Vernet was 'a pearl of the character of water' when he carried 'his pencils to the water-side;' but growing careless with fame, he lost the faculty and worked by a false and stereotyped pattern. Any model, in the opinion of Reynolds, was none. Guido was asked from whence he borrowed his beauty. He sent for a common porter, and drew from the lovely countenance of a Madonna. Sir Joshua quotes the anecdote, and insists that it is far preferable, in imitation, to have a model which requires correction than 'to have a fixed idea to determine the idea.' He would not dispense with aid for an hour. 'Unless,' says Mason, 'he was engaged in retouching some old master, he was never without a sitting model, some beggar or poor child, because he always chose to look at nature before his eyes.' These beggars and children, which were selected for their picturesqueness, were kept in a room where they were called up during the intervals between his applications to the Academy. His scrutiny of nature was not confined to the hours in which he stood before his easel. His life-long practice is recorded in his description of the worthy aspirant in his Discourse, who is equally vigilant, whether at home or abroad, in the street or in the fields. He regards all nature with a view to his art, and combines her beauties or corrects her defects. He studies the countenances of men under the influence of passion

catches the most pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or deformity. Even bad pictures themselves supply him with useful documents, and, as Leonardo da Vinci has observed, he improves upon the fanciful images that are sometimes seen in the fire, or are accidentally sketched upon a coloured wall.' From these multiplied sources he enriched his mind with ideas which no imagination could have supplied. 'Such habits of intercourse,' he said, 'with nature will create that variety which will prevent my one from prognosticating what manner of work the painter is likely to produce, which is the most disagreeable character an artist can have.' He eschewed academic postures, and was careful to copy nature unadulterated and unconstrained. He let his models place themselves in the requisite attitudes, which were often, he said, superior to set arrangements by the hands of the painter. When with a free cast he had flung the drapery upon his lay-figure, he was cautious of altering a single fold, 'for fear of giving it inadvertently a forced form,' and thought it 'better to take the chance of another casual throw.' He considered it 'a great matter to be watchful to take advantage of accident,' and he had a quick eye to detect and a quick hand to fix occasional felicities. A fine picture hung in his studio, which attracted the notice of a nobleman who was sitting for his portrait. 'He could not,' says Reynolds, 'keep from turning his eyes from me and fixing them on this picture in raptures, with such an expression in his countenance as may be imagined from a man of his tender feelings. I snatched the moment, and drew him as he then appeared to me in profile, with as much of that expression of a pleasing melancholy as my capacity enabled me to hit off. When the picture was finished he liked it, and particularly for that expression, though I believe without reflecting on the occasion of it.' A beggar child, who was his model, fell asleep with fatigue. Charmed with the look of innocence and repose, Reynolds caught up a fresh canvas and rapidly painted the head. The child turned in its slumbers, and he immediately sketched a second view of the head and converted the double portrait into the *Babes in the Wood*.<sup>\*</sup> With his usual modesty he repudiated the praise bestowed

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<sup>\*</sup> 'When,' says Mr. Leslie, speaking of the great picture of the Marlborough family, 'Lady Anne, a child of four, was brought into the room to sit, she drew back, and, without turning round, clung to the dress of her nurse, crying out, "I won't be painted." Sir Joshua sketched the attitude, and to account for the alarm of the child, introduced the elder sister in front of her holding a mask before her face. The incident is borrowed from an antique gem, but to Sir Joshua belongs the merit of the happy application of it.' The combination of coincidences throws a doubt on the truth of the anecdote. The Duke was a collector of antique gems, and

bestowed upon his transcripts of the realities presented to his eyes. To the commendations he received for the happy truthfulness in his portrait of Sharpe, the lawyer, he answered that there was no more merit 'in making an exact copy of the attitude in which the old man sat than in copying from a ham, or any object of still life.' Northcote justly adds that the merit was in perceiving the value of the attitude, and in representing it with such living force and ease.\* His discrimination was incessantly displayed in adopting attractive incidents, which were at once every-day occurrences and perfect novelties in art. His constant endeavour to strike out fresh conceptions and attain to fresh excellence, rendered the majority of his portraits in some degree experimental, and all could not be equally successful; but no one can have looked at many of them and not sympathise with the enthusiastic language of Romney, who, when some of his friends thought to please him by running down Reynolds, exclaimed, 'No, no, he is the greatest painter that ever lived, for I see an exquisite beauty in his pictures which I see in nature, but not in the works of any other painter.'

In our next Number we shall follow Reynolds to the end of his career, and show how completely unfounded are the charges which have been brought against him by Mr. Cunningham.

ART.<sup>2</sup> II.—1. *The Judges of England; with Miscellaneous Notices connected with the Courts at Westminster, from the time of the Conquest to the Present Time.* By Edward Foss, F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. 9 vols. 8vo. London, 1864.

2. *Tabulæ Curiales; or, Tables of the Superior Courts of Westminster Hall. Showing the Judges who sat in them from 1066 to 1864; with the Attorney and Solicitor Generals of each reign from the Institution of those Offices. To which is prefixed an Alphabetical List of all the Judges during the same period,*

and holds a gem in his hand. To connect the groups, and give unity to the composition, Reynolds supposes the girl with the mask to be acting over the little story she had seen upon a gem, and it is not probable that the circumstance had a twofold origin. The lovely mother and daughters in this fine picture are models of high-bred grace.

\* The portrait of Sharpe was painted in 1785. 'He is seated,' says Mr. Taylor, 'in his square chair, with one hand resting on the thigh, the other supported by the table, as if listening to the statement of a case in consultation.' Mr. Taylor gives a good description of the expression in the masterly portrait of John Hunter, which belongs to the same year: 'The anatomist sits with the head raised and abstracted eyes, as if following out some train of thought, closely linked and reaching far, till it can be fixed by the pen held in the relaxed hand.'

*distinguishing*

*distinguishing the Reigns in which they flourished, and the Courts in which they sat.* By Edward Foss, F.S.A., Author of 'The Judges of England.' London, 1864.

WE congratulate Mr. Foss on the completion of his long and arduous task, which he has performed with the accuracy of an historian and the conscientious industry of an antiquary. He has produced a work which is a biographical dictionary in itself, containing not less than 1589 lives. We confess that when we first saw the announcement of his intention to write the lives of all the Judges, we had some misgivings to the success of his plan. Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices are men who occupy so prominent a position that their career is often interwoven with the history of their country; some of them, like Glanville, Bacon, Coke, Clarendon, Hale, Somers, Holt, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Erskine, Eldon, have left behind them an imperishable name. But of the puisnes and the great mass were mere lawyers, whose lives, even if there were materials for writing them, must be as dull and uneventful as those of town-clerks or aldermen. What could be said that would be worth the telling? Immersed in the routine of their legal duties—oracles of the common law, but untinctured by philosophy and unilluminated by genius—they impressed no mark on their day and generation, and passed noiselessly away; with nothing to commemorate their existence except perhaps a anonymous epitaph in some village church, which attests how common a lawyer and how forgotten an individual sleeps below. Well, however, there is a natural curiosity to know all that can be told of our fellow men. It has been said that no man's life is so insignificant as not to be interesting in some degree to others; and we agree with Mr. Foss, when, speaking of the description given by Fortescue, in the reign of Henry VI., of the mode of appointing the Judges, he says:—

When we recollect that this is not the description of a new institution, but of one which at the time it was written had already existed more than two centuries; and when we see, after the lapse of an additional four hundred years, that the old practice prevails at the present hour without any essential alteration; it is impossible not to be interested in the account thus given by an eye-witness; and the reader can scarcely be chargeable with romantic feelings if he acknowledges a degree of veneration towards a body with so ancient a pedigree, and the learning, integrity, and firmness of which have been rendered more brighter and more apparent by contrast with the failings of a majority of its members, who at intervals during the course of ages have disgraced their position.'

But the difficulty was how to get the materials for an account of  
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of these ordinary men, when the records even of the greatest events that happened during the earlier reigns of the Norman and Plantagenet Kings are so scanty. And a great number of the old Judges no doubt must be and are dismissed with the briefest and driest mention of their names and the offices they held, with the dates of their appointment. But even with regard to these, it is interesting to see the mode in which Mr. Foss has been able to fix and verify dates. Nearly one hundred and fifty charters are collected in the *Monasticon*, to which the names of chancellors are attached. 'Some of these,' says Mr. Foss, 'are dated; and the dates of the others may be discovered with sufficient nearness from the witnesses who attest them; so that a diligent inquirer, even without other aid, may make a considerable advance in ascertaining the order of their succession, and, in connection with other known facts, almost the date of their appointments.'

It must indeed have been a task of no ordinary difficulty to obtain correct information as to the career of men so many of whom are now utterly unknown. But we are bound to say that Mr. Foss seems to have left no stone unturned in his patient and exhaustive search. Every possible source of information has been laid under contribution. Charters and deeds, and rolls and fines, family archives and monuments and tombstones, have all been ransacked by him with as much diligence as if he were investigating great problems of history; and sometimes we are disposed to regret that such industry and acuteness have been lavished upon subjects where the value of the result bears so little proportion to the zeal of the inquiry. But whatever is worth doing is worth doing well; and accuracy in small matters is a guarantee for accuracy in things of greater moment. The man who hunts out a date in the nooks and corners of obscure records and mouldering parchments with as much eagerness as a Dutch burgomaster, according to Sydney Smith, hunts out a rat in a dyke lest it should flood a province, is not likely to take facts on trust, and make scissors and paste supply the place of a critical examination of original authorities.

The plan adopted is, we think, judicious and convenient. Each reign is kept separate and distinct, and the lives of the Judges who flourished under each monarch are arranged alphabetically; but where Judges sat on the bench during more than one reign, their lives are given in the last; while the office they severally held, and the year of their appointment, appear in due order in each reign of their career. To the commencement of each reign there is prefixed a 'survey of the reign,' containing a description of the nature and progress of each court, and of the officers

ers of the various departments, with short accounts of the  
of Court and Chancery, and their origin; of the serjeants  
other advocates; and of the reporters and legal writers;  
ling whatever appeared interesting in the history of the time  
connected with the judicature of the country, and collecting  
illustrative anecdotes of Westminster Hall as seemed to  
and a place.' Mr. Foss modestly disclaims any attempt to  
rd the history of the law itself, and pleads his incapacity for  
a task; but we think he has underrated his powers. His  
contains a great deal of valuable matter, which elucidates  
history of the law; and he pursues the inquiries in such an  
ligent and searching spirit, with such a resolute determina-  
to spare no trouble in arriving at the truth, and with such  
mpetent knowledge of the subject, that we believe few  
ers are better qualified to trace the progress of English law  
ugh all its mazy channels from the Norman Conquest to the  
ent day.

efore we deal with the Lives, properly so called, we will say  
w words, in no very definite order, upon some of what may  
alled the antiquarian questions of the law, which Mr. Foss  
discussed with great learning and acuteness.

le shows, with every appearance of probability, that there  
e originally only three Law Terms—those of Hilary, Easter,  
Trinity; and that which we now call Michaelmas Term  
altogether excluded as a distinct and separate division, the  
le of it being comprehended in the third or Trinity term.  
ongst other proofs we have this: That the Curia Regis, as  
know, followed the King's movements, and was held when  
happened to hold his Court, or, as it was called, 'wore his  
own.' Now, there were three special periods of the year in  
ich William the Conqueror and his immediate successors  
re their Crown,' namely, at Christmas, Easter, and Whit-  
tide, and never at or about the time of Michaelmas. No  
uns now exist for determining the precise period when the  
nge took place; but Mr. Foss thinks that it was dictated by  
nature of the agricultural employments of the people:—

At some period between May 31 and November 28, it would be  
cessary to relieve the people from their attendance for the purpose  
hair collecting the hay and corn harvests; and there can be little  
bt that there was a regular adjournment of the Court while they  
e thus employed in getting in the fruits of the earth. Such an  
ournment would be attended with little inconvenience to the  
lors, and it is not likely that there was in those times sufficient  
iness to occupy so long a period as that which had been appro-  
ted to legal affairs.'

Another reason for adjourning to Michaelmas was the sheriffs of the several counties who were collectors of the rents, and the other debtors of the Crown, were called up to give in their accounts half-yearly, at Easter and Michael in that branch of the Curia Regis called the Scaccarii Exchequer, where the same Judges and officers sat on occasions of accounting as in the principal Court.

The three Courts of King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, had been formed out of the old Curia Regis before the end of the reign of Henry III., but for some time afterwards the precise duties of each were not clearly defined. And even in the reign of Edward I. it is not in all cases possible to distinguish to which Court the different Judges belong. There is clear evidence that common pleas still continued to be tried in the Exchequer, notwithstanding repeated prohibition statutes and by royal ordinances. The title of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was, according to Dugdale, first used in the reign of Henry III. when Gilbert de Preston filled the office and Walter de Norwich who was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer in 1311, in the reign of Edward II., seems to have been the first who was styled Chief Baron, although Du Cange applies the term to William de Carlton in the 31st year of Edward I., and some authors so designate Adam de Stratton who was disgraced and fined a few years earlier. Mr. Hallam, however, shows that these are mistakes.

The time when the division of the Courts of Common Pleas first took place, a subject on which legal antiquaries have differed, is discussed by Mr. Foss with great care and ability but we have not space for his arguments, and can only state the conclusions at which he arrives. He dissents from the opinion of Sir Edward Coke, that the Common Pleas, as a separate Court, was erected before Magna Carta, and holds, Lord Bacon, that the Court of Common Pleas was not distinguished from the principal Court until after the Charter of John.

'The progress with regard to civil suits seems to have been slow. At the time of the Conquest the ordinary and regular place for trial was the Sheriff's Court. They were there allowed, on the payment of a fine, to be removed into the Curia Regis; but this privilege which at first could only be claimed by a few. Gradually however, the advantage of having Judges who had no local prejudice was felt, and the practice became common. The business of the Curia Regis consequently increased so much that in the first place itinerant circuits were appointed to relieve it, to try common pleas, as well as pleas of the Crown in the counties where the differences arose. Next, it was found necessary to nominate legally-educated men to perform those duties at the principal Court, which, from other occupations

ed complexity of the proceedings, the barons, who were the ministrators of the law in the *Curia Regis*, were no longer to perform.'

the 36th year of Edward III. the pleadings in the re carried on in Norman-French. But the people complained of this. They said that their rights and nd lives were subject to laws which they could not d; and they knew not what was said either for or em 'by their serjeants or other pleaders.' A statute was passed, in 1362, which enacted that all pleas should be defended, debated, and judged in the English tongue, hey should be entered and enrolled in Latin. Nothing, ould be more barbarous than the language used in the Law. In the preface to the 'Year Books' \* of Edward I., ve been ably edited by Mr. Horwood as part of the series under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, the s: 'That the Norman-French was not the mother tongue ders will (it is thought) be the conclusion of the reader. ination of their phrases seems to show that they thought b, and clothed English ideas and sentences with foreign And the practice of jumbling together French, Latin, lish, in pleadings and indictments, continued until atively recent period. During the Protectorate of an Act was passed for the introduction of the English into the pleadings, but at the Restoration, although all gs in private causes which had been commenced since of Charles I. were legalised, that Act was limited in to August 1st, 1660. After that period, as Mr. Foss 'the absurd use of "an unknown tongue" was renewed, ued to be employed for seventy years longer, till in the George II. English was again substituted by an Act of lature, and litigants were permitted to understand the s for and against them.' To give an idea of the jargon anguage in old times we will quote the following from nal notes of Chief-Justice Treby to 'Dyer's Reports':—  
dson C. B. de C. B. at Assizes at Salisbury in summer 1631 lt per Prisoner la condemne pur Felony;—que puis son ion joct un Brickbat a lo dit Justice, que narrowly mist. o immediately fuit Indictment drawn pur Noy envers lo et son dexter manus amputo et fixe al Gibbet sur quò luy mediatement hange in presence de Court.'

glad to see that the evil of the multifarious contemporaneous reports law and lawyers were tormented is likely to be got rid of, and a new series of Year Books established, under the auspices of the Council of ing.



The Chief Justiciary, or Justiciarius Angliæ, was the chief officer next the King in the Curia Regis. 'In the Sovereign's absence,' says Mr. Foss, 'he presided there in all criminal and civil causes, and also in the Exchequer, having by virtue of his office the principal management of the royal revenue; and in addition to this, the entire government of the State was entrusted to him, as Regent, when the King was absent from the realm. After a period of two hundred years, this officer was discontinued in the reign of Henry III., when his principal judicial duties were transferred to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench.' The title of Chief Justice of the King's Bench was not given to the head of the King's Court until 1268, in the 52nd year of Henry III., when a salary of one hundred marks was assigned to the office, although a yearly allowance of one thousand marks had been formerly granted to the Chief Justiciaries.

All who have attended the Courts at Westminster must have observed the massive gold chain worn round the neck by each of the chiefs of those Courts, and perhaps remarked the letters S.S., which form its distinctive ornament. The meaning and origin of these letters are lost in obscurity, and antiquaries have puzzled their brains in vain to give a satisfactory explanation. Indeed it has been doubted whether they are letters at all, or merely links of the chain accidentally formed in that shape. We will not go through the various conjectures which have been hazarded on the subject, but content ourselves with saying that we are by no means satisfied with that of Mr. Foss, who is inclined to adopt the opinion that the S. stands for *Souvenez*, and has come down to us from the old days of romance when emblems were placed on collars to express some sentiment, or as the abbreviation of a motto. Mr. Foss declares that no authentic trace of the S.S. chain has been found on the monument of any Chief Justice until the reign of Edward VI. That of the present learned Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is said to have been worn by Sir Edward Coke. Lord Ellenborough had the one which adorned the neck of Sir Matthew Hale, but kept it on his retirement in 1818. Lord Denman gave his to the Corporation of Derby, 'whose Mayors will thus in future be decorated with the livery collar of the Earl who took his title from that town, and who as Henry IV. first attached it as a mark of honour to the members of the royal household.' Lord Campbell bought and kept his chain; and the present Lord Chief Justice wears a new one purchased by himself.

The Chancellor, Cancellarius Regis, was another officer of the Curia Regis, but at first his rank was very inferior to that which he afterwards attained. He probably acted as a kind of secretary,  
and

this rendered it almost necessary that he should be an *illiterate*, for few except the clergy in those days could read or write. The Barons of the realm were like the children of the *illiterate* Douglas:

‘Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne’er could pen a line.’

In his province to prepare the various writs and precepts that issued out of the Curia Regis, and to supervise the royal charters and grants to which the King’s seal was attached. The seal was kept in his custody, or at least under his direction. The earliest example of this was thought to be a ‘Charter of Confirmation to the Abbey of Westminster,’ quoted by Dugdale, preserved in the British Museum with the seal of the Emperor, and the words, *Mauritius, Regis Cancellarius relegit et laudavit* attached. But Mr. Foss says that this charter is now proved to be a forgery. The allowance to the Chancellor was only five shillings a day; a *simnel* (a sort of sweet bread or cake) and two seasoned *simnels*; one sextary of clear wine, and one sextary of household wine; one large candle, and forty pieces of silver.

We have no information as to the mode in which a mere clerk or secretary began to exercise judicial functions until at last he became a High Officer of State, but most probably questions would arise before him as to the form of the writs which he was required to issue, and the grants and charters he had to prepare so that he gradually assumed the functions of a judge. In the prologue to ‘The Life of Saint Thomas (Becket), Archbishop and Martyr,’ by William Fitz-Stephen, the biographer informs us that he was one of Becket’s clerks and an inmate in his family, and that by express invitation I was called to his service, I became a *sempre* in his Chancery, a sub-deacon in his chapel where he celebrated, and when he sat to hear and determine, a reader of the bills and petitions; and sometimes when I was pleased to order it, I even performed the office of an advocate.’ But it would not be right to infer from this that the Chancellor had at that time any separate jurisdiction. The office of business which is styled *cancellaria* was not a court, but a *chambre* or *bureau*; and the description of Becket as a judge is only true to the time of his archiepiscopate. This appears from the frequent mention of Fitzstephen’s assisting at his celebration of Mass for the points of connexion with his master are mentioned in order of time, and it was only on the day before his consecration as bishop that Becket received the priestly ordination which enabled him to celebrate; and also from the biographer’s speaking

speaking of himself as pleading causes, which clergymen were bidden to do in any other than ecclesiastical courts. On the other hand, the statement of some writers that Becket was employed 'in causis perorandis et decidendis' (Roger, in *Mig* 61; Joh. Sarisb. *ib.* 147; Wendover, ii. 293) belongs to before his appointment to the chancellorship—while he was a member of Theobald's household, and took part in the proceedings of the archiepiscopal court. (And see Lord Campbell's *Life of Chancellors*, ed. 3, i. 4; Foss, i. 14.) The title of Lord Chancellor seems to have been first introduced in the reign of Henry II., he having been previously called Cancellarius Regis. On two occasions he is styled Angliæ Cancellarius. But he remained the head of the King's Chapel, 'Chef de la nostre Seignour le Roy.'

When the King went abroad, as was so often the case, the English Crown had dominions in France, he used to take the Great Seal with him, and another seal was given to the Chancellor to use until the King's return. Thus, when Edward I. went to Flanders, in 1297, the Chancellor delivered to him the Great Seal at Winchelsea, in a ship called the 'Cog \*'. Prince Edward, who acted as Regent during his father's absence, gave the Chancellor another seal, which was restored to the King 'at his bedside' on his return. When the office of Chancellor was vacant, it seems to have been the custom to give the seal in the custody of persons selected by the King. In 1302, in the reign of Edward I., it was delivered to three persons to be kept under their seals until the King should provide with a Chancellor. One of these was Adam de Osgodby, Master or Keeper of the Rolls, which is the first time an officer was *eo nomine* appointed to act in such a capacity. Former writers have assumed that the persons with whom the seal was thus deposited were what are technically called keepers of the Great Seal. But Mr. Foss satisfactorily proves that they were merely keepers or other officers of the Wardrobe, the usual place of custody for the seal, and that they had no power to use it in any way. The others were clerks of the Chancery, who were on most of these occasions entrusted with the ministerial duties of the office.

In the reign of Edward IV., there were *two* Chancellors.

\* Cockboat.

† The title of 'Custos Rotulorum Cancellariæ domini Regis' is at the first time to the name of John de Langton, in an entry in the Patent Rolls of 14 Edward I., 1286; but Mr. Foss shows that he was not the first person to hold that office. As in the appointment of Adam de Osgodby, in 1295, the Great Seal of the Rolls was given to him in the same manner, 'Quo alii custodes consueverunt temporibus retroactis.'

same time—Alcock, Bishop of Rochester, and Rotherham, Bishop of Lincoln—which Mr. Foss accounts for by the preparation the King was making for the invasion of France, where he had a Chancellor to accompany him. The custom had been on such occasions to appoint a temporary Keeper of the Seal, now, perhaps because Bishop Alcock was a favourite, whom the King wished to honour with a higher designation, the unusual custom was adopted of appointing him Chancellor, without excluding Bishop Rotherham, and several bills are addressed to him with that title in the Rolls of Court.'

Foss revels in the various descriptions of the Great Seal in different times, and the increasing splendour of the bag in which it was carried, until it culminated in its present costly and ostentatious idery, which, it seems, was due to the 'ostentatious splendour' of Cardinal Wolsey. He hints, however, a doubt as to the gilt mace carried before the Chancellor—the origin of which he is inclined to attribute to the proud churchman's love of occasional pageantry—was carried before him as chancellor, not only as legate and cardinal, and we confess we are unable to solve the important problem. We may here mention that the Great Seal is not in truth carried about in these days in the bag or case in which it is theoretically supposed to be kept. In fact it is never put into the purse except on two occasions, viz. when it is received from the Queen, and when it is delivered up.

At other times the Great Seal reposes in a small plain leather box, the key of which the Lord Chancellor alone has, and the Great Seal should always be where he is. The quantity of wax now required for one year's consumption in the issue of Patents for inventions alone is upwards of 1 ton.

Though the term Baron of the Exchequer was used as early

as the reign of Henry I., it was then applied solely to the Chief Baron of the realm, who also performed the functions of judges. It was not until the eighteenth year of Henry III. that this title was applied to private individuals selected for that special duty. But even as late as that even at a later period, the Chief Baron was not originally a lawyer, for the statute of Nisi Prius, 14 Edward III., enacts 'that if it happen that none of the Justices of the Bench nor the other come into the country, then the Nisi Prius shall be granted before the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, or a man of the law.'

In the fifth year of Richard II., the Commons petitioned the King that in future no one should be made a Baron of the Exchequer unless he were a man well learned in the common law, otherwise in the legal courses and usages of the Exchequer.

But

But this prayer seems to have been disregarded. At all events, the position of the puisne barons was greatly inferior to that of the other judges. Even up to the reign of Elizabeth, they were not previously made serjeants; they were not included in the summonses to Parliament, nor were they privileged like the judges to have chaplains. Robert Shute, who was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1579, was the first serjeant who was raised to the Bench as a puisne baron, and in his patent it is ordered that 'he shall be reputed to be of the same order, rank, estimation, dignity, and pre-eminence, to all intents and purposes, as any puisne judge of either of the two other Courts.'

As the proceedings in the Curia Regis were carried on in a foreign tongue, either Norman, French, or Latin, the parties engaged in causes were obliged to employ persons who were familiar with the language of the court. These were called *conteurs*, or in Latin *narratores*, and none others were allowed to be heard. Their office was a 'Serjeanty' and they were appointed by a royal mandate, or writ, the form of which was continued when the Court of Common Pleas was established and has remained substantially the same to the present day in the case of all barristers who are called to the degree of the co. The origin of this professional badge Mr. Foss states to be as follows:—

'Few men in those ages were learned in the laws except the clergy who were bound by their order to shave their heads. The serjeant countours being originally part of this body were, of course, obliged to follow the rule: but for "decency and comeliness," or rather, perhaps for warmth, were by degrees allowed to cover their baldness with a wig. This was at first a thin hair cover, gathered together in the form of a skull or helmet, the material being afterwards changed into white silk, and the form eventually into the black patch at the top of the forensic wig, which is the distinguishing mark of the degree.'

Some of these ancient barristers seem to have set a bad example, if we may judge from the following anecdotes. In the fifty-second year of Henry III., as Robert de Fulham, 'Justice of the Jews, was going to Westminster Hall, Robert de Colevil "narrator de Banco," laid violent hands on him, taking him by the breast. The contumacious barrister was brought before the Barons of the Exchequer and "Justices of the Bench then sitting in the Exchequer," with his tunic ungirt, and his head uncovered and making a lowly submission to the pleasure of the court, his offence was pardoned, and he was admitted *ad osculum*, "the kiss of peace."

'In 34 Edward I., Roger de Hegham, a Baron of the Exchequer complained that, having pronounced a judgment against William

Brewer

he said William contemptuously mounted the bar, and, with bitter words, called in question the said judgment, and insulted the Judge as he was passing from the Court. On the King, after alluding to his having dismissed his son, Prince of Wales, from his house for nearly half a year for age towards the King's officers, ordered that William do with his body ungirt, his head uncovered, and his coif laid aside go from the King's Bench at Westminster through the Hall, when the Court was full, to the Exchequer, and Roger de Hegham's pardon and apologise for his offence to that for the contempt done to the King and his Court, he committed to the Tower, there to remain at the will of the

jury, of course, were the persons most likely to possess qualifications for this office, and some of them were noted for knowledge of the law. In the great cause in the reign of Henry I. between Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, respecting some land belonging to the Archbishopric which Odo had seized, it was tried before Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, at a place called Penenden Heath, Agelric, the venerable Bishop of Exeter, was by the King's command brought to the Heath to sit with the judges in the ancient laws and customs of the land.

At the end of the reign of Edward I. another itinerant court was erected, the judges of which were called Justices of the Peace, for the origin of which term various explanations have been offered. Nicolas Trivet in his 'Annals' says, that it was given them by the people, because it means *trahe* which Holinshed translates 'traile, or draw the staff.' It has been supposed that these justices were so styled from *leading the staff of justice*. Sir Edward Coke, who was the worst etymologist in the world, declares that they were so called from the rapidity of their proceedings, which equalled a blow with a bâton—a singular exception to the tardy English law. Mr. Foss discards all these explanations, and says that there is little doubt that the word *trailbaston* originally signified the offence or the offenders, and not to the judges, although the latter being assigned to try them were commonly so denominated. It appears that in Edward's reign, the words of the Commission appointing Justices of the Peace, 'many malefactors and disturbers of the peace, perjurors, homicides, depredations, fires, and other wrongs, both by day and night, wander about in woods, parks, and divers other places of the counties named; and these are harboured, to the great

great danger of those travelling through those parts and resident in them, and in the King's contempt, and the manifest breach of his peace.' No allusion is made to the arms these sturdy rogues bore, but they are said to 'beat, wound, ill-treat, and kill;' and it has been conjectured that they carried no other weapon than a cudgel or club, and thus obtained their name. In an extract quoted by Mr. Foss from Langloft's 'Chronicle' they are thus mentioned:—

'Traylbastons sunt nommez de cel retenaunce;  
En fayres et marchez se proferent fere convenaunce,  
Par tres sous ou iiii; ou par la valiaunce,  
Batre un prodhomme ke unk fist nosaunce  
A cors cristicene, par nuli temoygnaunce.' \*

And in an old contemporary song, which professes to be written by an outlaw who had fled to the woods to escape the cruelty of the judges, and which the late Mr. Lockhart modernized, the author attacks two of the justices in the following savage lines:—

'I'd teach them well this noble game of trailbaston to know,  
On every chine I'd stamp the same, and every nape also;  
On every inch in all their frames I'd make my cudgel go;  
To lop their tongue I'd think no shame, nor yet their lips to sew.'

There is a curious petition to the Parliament of 35 Edward I. alleging that persons who had been convicted before the Justices of Trailbaston for conspiracies and other misdemeanours, and had paid their fines for them, got themselves afterwards placed on inquisitions and juries to confound those who had honestly indicted them. An order was therefore given forbidding this in future. One clause of the oath taken by each of the Justices of Trailbaston was that 'he shall take no gift of any one for pleading, or other thing which he may have to do before him, except it be to eat and drink *à la journée*.'

It appears, then, that 'writs of Trailbaston' were in the nature of special commissions issued for a temporary purpose—as in the case of the Rebecca riots in Wales within our own memory—and they continued to be issued at intervals until the middle of the reign of Richard II., when they finally ceased. The appointment in fact, of Justices Itinerant, as distinct from the regular judges, fell into disuse after the passing of the statutes of Nisi

\* Mr. Wright, in his 'Political Songs,' gives the following translation of the passage:—'This Company are called trailebastons; they offer to make conventions at fairs and markets for three or four shillings; or, merely to show their courage, to beat a good man who never did hurt to any Christian body by the testimony of no one.'

trius in 13 Edward I. and those of gaol delivery, and persons appealed in 27 and 28 Edward I. Stow, whom Mr. Foss quotes, tells us that in the year 1294, and at other times, the Justices itinerant sat outside of London at the stone cross in the High Street near the Strand, over against the Bishop of Coventry's house, and sometimes within the house itself.

When was the custom with which we are so familiar, of judges going circuit, first introduced? Mr. Foss says that there is a reasonable presumption for fixing the first appointment of itinerant justices in the reign of Henry I., although the precise year cannot be ascertained. An ancient roll in the Exchequer, of the date 31 Henry I. (A.D. 1130), shows that they had previously to that period been appointed, and had travelled their circuits. During the lawless reign of Stephen they appear to have been discontinued, as might naturally be expected in such a time of strife and disorder. Hallam says ('Const. Hist.,' ii. 37, 1860), 'Because few, comparatively speaking, could have course to so distant a tribunal as that of the King's Court, and perhaps also on account of the attachment which the English felt to their ancient right of trial by the neighbouring freeholders, Henry II. established itinerant justices to decide civil and criminal pleas within each county.' This excellent institution referred by some to the 22nd year of that prince, but Maddox places it several years higher. But long after the separation of the three Courts, the King's Bench was an itinerant Court and followed the royal movements, and in the 38th year of Edward III. the Commons presented a petition to the King complaining that, as the Bench is wandering from county to county, the people are made to come before the justices in each county, to their great distraction and cost, and that many are defeated for want of wise council, whereof they can find none because of the uncertainty of the place. They pray, therefore, that the Bench, if it may be established in Westminster or York. The King, however, refused to give up his prerogative to order his Bench to sit wherever he pleased. And even the Common Pleas, in direct violation of Magna Carta, was not held in one fixed locality, for we find in the 'Year-Book' of 8 Edward III. a Counsel saying, 'The Common Bench is not in a certain place, but sometimes here (in York), and at other times in London, changed according to the King's will.' But it seems from a petition of the commons a few years later, that the changes were confined to Westminster and York.

It is not quite clear when a law officer of the Crown first assumed or was called by the title of Attorney-General. Before the sixth year of Edward I. two instances occur where the designation



designation 'Attornatus Regis' is employed without a being given. The ordinary mode, however, of describing an officer was *qui sequitur pro rege*. But Mr. Foss says that in the years, regularly under the reign of Edward I., two were regularly employed 'who may perhaps be supposed to answer modern officers the Attorney and Solicitor-General.' There was an established advocate on the part of the King, probable from the fact that, in the last year of Edward I., John de Mutford was called before the Treasurer and the Exchequer to inform them of the King's right in the case of a petition then presented. The first name to which of 'Attornatus Regis' is attached is that of William Bokenham in 1277, but a few years before several cases are recorded. Lawrence de Broke is described as one who 'sequitur pro rege' and he may, perhaps, be considered as the first known progenitor of the long line of distinguished men who have filled the office of Attorney-General.

It has often been said that the Judges owe their appointment 'quamdiu se bene gesserint,' instead of 'durante bene ge' of George III.; but this is quite a mistake.\* So early as the reign of Charles I., if not earlier, the patent was often made in the form of 'good behaviour.' Thus when the King wished to deprive Chief Baron Walter of his office for some unknown cause of displeasure, the spirited Judge refused to submit, although by his patent he held his post 'quamdiu se bene gesserint.' He demanded a *scire facias* to show whether he did 'bene ge' or not; and the King did not insist on his dismissal, but contented himself with forbidding him to sit in court. Some years afterwards Sir Humphrey Davenport was appointed to the place, and in that case the patent was made out in the form of 'durante bene placito.' And in the reign of Charles II. the words were, we believe, almost universally introduced into the Judges subservient to the Crown. At the time of the Revolution, in the debates previous to the Declaration of Rights, several speakers insisted on making the commissions of the Judges run *quamdiu se bene gesserint*. 'But,' says Mr. Hallam, 'omitted in the hasty and imperfect Bill of Rights. The commissions, however, of William's Judges ran *quamdiu se bene gesserint*. But the King gave an unfortunate instance of injudicious tenacity of bad prerogatives in refusing his assent to a Bill that passed both Houses for establishing

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\* An attempt was made in the reign of Edward IV. to transfer the payment of the salaries of the Judges to the Parliament; but the King refused assent to the proposal, declaring that 'it is necessary that they be tried that it be at the King's pleasure.'

e of the Judges by law and confirming their salaries. this important provision to the Act of Settlement, not, as e and adulation have perpetually asserted, to his late George III.'

ees paid to Counsel in old times were not large, even lowance is made for the change in the value of money.

three Counsel in Serjeant's Inn received 3s. 1d. each from or and Aldermen of Canterbury, for their advice on the that city. They were sometimes *treated* by their clients.

following items occur in a bill of costs in the reign of III:—

	s.	d.
breakfast at Westminster, spent on our Counsel . . .	1	6
other time for boat-hire in and out and a break-		
ast for two days . . . . .	1	6'

Counsel were retained for the Assizes, a regular inden- sometimes executed.

oss does not mention the fact, but it was the custom for iff of Northumberland to send an escort with the Judges ey rode from Newcastle to Carlisle across the wild border and a regular receipt was given by the Sheriff of Cum- when their bodies were safely delivered to him. To pay nses of this the Mayor and Aldermen of Newcastle used the Judges a present of a sum of money, and this custom t up until a very recent period. We believe that Lord was the last who received it in the shape of a gold

We have seen several of those coins which that learned and e Chief Justice kept and employed as counters at whist. e the time of Mary, the Judges rode to Westminster Hall ; and Mr. Justice Whyddon, who was appointed a Judge ing's Bench in the first year of her reign, is said to have first who bestrode a horse in the solemn procession.

'forum litibus orbum' has never been a good sign in times, and accordingly the lawyers seem to have had a e of it in the reign of bloody Mary. Heylin tells us that ear before her death there was at the King's Bench bar man of law and but one Serjeant in the Common Pleas, aying little more to do than to look about them, and ges not much more to do than the lawyers had.'

xpenses of the Judges on circuit were, previously to the Elizabeth, borne by the Sheriffs; but this was found so me, that an Order in Council was made, in 1574, that stices shall have of Her Majesty several sums of money r coffers for their daily diet.'

iting the 'Lives of the Judges,' Mr. Foss has found it impossible

impossible not to notice the remarkable volumes of Lord Campbell, which contain those of the Chancellors and Chief Justices. Those works, which contain evidence of much labour, are written in a lively and popular—if somewhat jaunty—style. But they were written too fast, and Lord Campbell did not take sufficient pains to insure accuracy in his statements, which he too often accepted at secondhand, without giving himself the trouble to examine the original authorities. We will mention a few of Lord Campbell's blunders, some of which show that he contented himself with carelessly borrowing from preceding writers; and in more than one case, without any acknowledgment. He copied Oldmixon's mistake in calling Arfastus, the first officer under William the Conqueror to whose name the title of Chancellor was added in the charters contained in the 'Monasticon,' Bishop of Helmstadt in Germany, although Spelman, the only authority whom Lord Campbell cites, describes him as Bishop of Thetford. The fact is, he was previously Bishop of Elmham in Norfolk, the original seat of the bishopric, which was removed to him to Thetford and by one of his successors to Norwich, which may account for Oldmixon's error. Lord Campbell places Baldric amongst the Chancellors under William I., and speaks of the charter in the 'Monasticon,' to which his name is attached as granted 'to the monks of St. Florentius of Andover.' He then quotes some lines from Spenser and Pope, which he found in *Johnson's Dictionary*, as furnishing the etymology of the name, declaring that 'it is said that the poetical name for a belt or girdle was taken from the Chancellor, who is supposed to have worn one of uncommon magnificence.' Unluckily, the real name was *Waldric*, the initial G and B being various ways of Latinizing the W. Foss makes the mistake of saying that this Chancellor became Bishop of Landaff,—having been misled by Liliard, who was misled by the reading *Landavensis* in Duchesne's edition of Orderic. But the true reading is *Laudunensis*, i.e. Bishop of Laon, and a full account of him may be found in Gilbert of Nogent, 'De Vita Sua,' iii. 4. The name appeared however, in Dugdale's 'Chronica Series' as Baldricus; and Lord Campbell could not deny himself the pleasure of indulging in a joke. Moreover, the charter was a grant of the Church of Andover to the monks of St. Florentius at Saumur; and Mr Foss shows that it was granted not by William I. but William II. as is proved by the fact that the first attesting witness immediately preceding the Chancellor is Robertus Episcopus de Nicol (Lincoln), of which see there was no Bishop of that name in the reign of William I.; but under that of William II. Robert Bloet was elected in the year 1093.

We should like to know on what authority Lord Campbell calls Robert de Sadington, who was Chancellor in 1343, 'a bad equity Judge.' He refers to Coke; but Coke is simply silent to his merits, and this by no means justifies the inference that Sadington was a bad Judge. There is an entry in his name of the seizure by the Mayor and Bailiffs of Sandwich of nine Papal bulls and numerous processes and letters from the court of Rome, 'enclosed in a waxed linen cloth,' which were delivered by the Chancellor in full Chancery at Westminster to the Chamberlain of the Exchequer, to be kept in the Treasury.

The same noble author has amused his readers by a life of 'Lady Keeper Queen Eleanor,' and he tells us that the sittings in the 'Aula Regis' were interrupted by the accouchement of the 'Judge'! Now, what are the facts according to Mr. Foss? Henry III., on going into Gascony, confided the government of the kingdom to his wife Queen Eleanor as Regent, and ordered her to deliver the Seal of the Exchequer to William de Kilmarney, to be kept by him *in the place of the great seal*, which he had directed to be locked up until his return from abroad. 'She could,' says Mr. Foss, 'no more be keeper of the seal during his absence, than he himself could be his own Chancellor if he were Regent; and the pleas he refers to in the Curia Regis were not held before Her Majesty as *Custos Sigilli*, but as *Custos Regni*, in the same manner as the King himself sometimes presided.'

One of the most curious things in Lord Campbell's book is the extraordinary onslaught he makes, without a particle of authority, on the character of Chief Justice Billing, who presided in the King's Bench in the reign of Edward IV. It seems to be, in truth, a biography for which no foundation can be assigned, though we are loth to pronounce any of Lord Campbell's narratives to be wholly fictitious; and it is difficult to understand by what freak of fancy or temper Lord Campbell conceived such remarkable spite against his predecessor, who had lain for nearly four centuries in his tomb. Coke speaks of Billing as one of 'other excellent men' who flourished in his time. Of his birth and parentage, and early years, nothing is known; but he was a Member or Fellow, as it is called, of Gray's Inn; M.P. for the City of London, and Recorder of the same place; afterwards one of the Judges, and finally Chief Justice of the King's Bench. And yet Lord Campbell styles him 'an unprincipled adventurer,' and gratuitously conjectures that he was 'the clerk of an attorney,' because Fuller is silent as to his ancestors and descendants, his lordship asserts that Fuller 'is evidently ashamed of introducing such a character among worthies,' a ridiculous reason, which would

would prove a great deal too much, and justify similar attacks upon many others of that quaint old writer's worthies.

To show his servility, Lord Campbell quotes from a treatise, which he attributes to him, on the subject of the rival claims of Henry VI. and Edward IV. to the Crown; but Mr. Foss quietly observes that he has never seen nor heard of it. After mentioning that 'we have no materials which could justify us in ascribing to Billing the private suggestions of which Lord Campbell makes him the author, or in judging of the correctness of the motives assigned for his elevation to the Bench,' he proceeds:—

'Lord Campbell, quoting from Baker's "*Chronicle*" and Hale's "*Pleas of the Crown*," mentions Billing as the Judge who tried Walter Walker for saying he would make his son "heir to the Crown," meaning his inn so called; and he gives the Judge's ruling on the case, with the conviction and execution of the unfortunate prisoner. It is curious, however, that his Lordship, when five pages before he cites Sir Nicholas Throgmorton's address to Chief Justice Bromley, omits there the Chief Justice's answer referring to this very "*Crown*" case, though he does not name the prisoner; by which it appears that Markham was the Judge, and that an acquittal was the consequence of his honest ruling.'

Again, Lord Campbell saddles the unfortunate Chief Justice with the trial and conviction of Mr. Thomas Burdet for wishing a favourite buck of his, which the King had killed in hunting, horns and all, in the King's belly. But what says Mr. Foss?

'We cannot discover whence Lord Campbell has extracted the ruling of Billing in this or in Walker's case, which he has printed with inverted commas as quotations; but we are surprised that, with his Lordship's known experience and great knowledge of his profession, he was not aware that Burdet's case had been lately referred to in Westminster Hall; that the record of his attainder was searched for, and found in the *Baga de Secretis*; and that this labour might have been spared by looking into Croke's "*Charles*," p. 120, where the proceedings against him are published. The result of all this would have proved that the whole story of the buck and the belly was a figment, and that the charge against Burdet was for conspiring to kill the King and the Prince by casting their nativity, foretelling the speedy death of both, and scattering papers containing the prophecy among the people.'

Another instance of reckless romancing on the part of Lord Campbell occurs in the life of FitzJames, who was Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Henry VIII. It is really amusing to see the way in which Mr. Foss demolishes statements which were made by

Lord

Lord Campbell as if they contained nothing but certain unquestionable fact. When Lord Campbell tells us that '*it is said* that FitzJames, who was a Somersetshire man, kept up an intimacy with Wolsey, when the latter had become a village parson in that county; and that he was actually in the brawl at the fair, when Sir John de la Reverece, having got drunk, was set in the stocks by Sir Thomas Paulet';—that at his Inn of Court 'he chiefly distinguished himself on gaudy days by dancing before the Judges, playing the part of the Abbot of Misrule, and swearing strange oaths';—we cannot positively confute these statements, but, in the absence of authority for them, we attribute them solely to his Lordship's desire to be lively and smart. When, however, he adds that 'Wolsey, FitzJames's 'former chum . . . . . was able to throw in his business in his way in the Court of Wards and Liveries,' he unfortunately forgets that the Court of Wards and Liveries was not established until ten years after FitzJames's death. He accuses him of being the adviser and dictator of the articles against Wolsey as benefactor, for no other apparent reason than that his name appears as the last of the seventeen persons, including Sir Thomas More, who subscribed them. At the trial of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, he attributes to him, in inverted commas, the remarks which, in the 'State Trials,' are assigned to 'the Judges' generally. In the case of the conviction of Queen Anne Boleyn, he pursues the same unfair course. The 'State Trials' say that '*The judges complained*' that the sentence in the disjunctive, that she should be burnt *or* beheaded was a thing unheard of; but Lord Campbell changes 'the Judges' into 'FitzJames, C. J.,' and adds, within inverted commas, an argument as delivered by him on the occasion, for which there is no authority whatever. Surely this is enough to show how untrustworthy such a biography must be. But,' says Mr. Foss, 'the most curious part of the story remains to be told. The whole of the proceedings against the unfortunate Queen are preserved in the *Bagage de Secretis*, and from them it is manifest that FitzJames was not present at all. His name does not occur in any of the writs; and Baldwin, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was the principal Judge in all of them!'

Of course Lord Campbell revels in the opportunity which the life of Sir Christopher Hatton affords him of *imagining* a great many things of which he absolutely knew nothing. 'Of his conduct at the University,' says Mr. Foss, 'or at his Inn of Court, or what studies he pursued at either, there is no account, *except that given by Lord Campbell*, which, as he quotes no authority, it is presumed is intended rather as an exercise of fancy than as a detail of facts.' But when he relates of a Lord Chancellor that

'while holding the Great Seal, his greatest distinction continued to be his skill in dancing,' he ought to have some better grounds for his assertion than the statement in a contemporary letter that, on one occasion Hatton, when Chancellor, joined in a dance. We have no doubt that Lord Campbell thought he was safe in following the poet Gray, and relied on the amusing lines in the 'Long Story':—

'Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,  
The seal and maces danced before him.'

But, unluckily, even this fails him; for Mr. Foss tells us that Gray was mistaken in supposing that Hatton occupied the house at Stoke Pogeis, the *locus in quo* of the imaginary revels. The truth is, that, notwithstanding his want of professional training for the Bench (although he had been a law student in his youth), he acquitted himself with considerable credit; and having before us the testimony of David Lloyd in his 'State Worthies,' who, writing in the next century, says that 'the Chancellorship was above his law, but not his *parts*'; so pregnant and comprehensive that he could command other men's knowledge to as good purpose as his own. . . . . Seldom were his decrees reversed in Chancery, and seldomer his advice opposed in Council. So just he was, that his sentence was law with the subject; so wise, that his opinion was oracle with his Sovereign'—we need not stop to confute Lord Campbell's sneering remark that his greatest distinction was skill in dancing.

If Lord Campbell's long and laborious life had been still further protracted, and he had submitted his works to a thorough and careful revision, the volumes would have been considerably improved, and might not only be read for amusement, but, what we believe is seldom the case now, be referred to as authorities.

Let us now glance at the lives of some of the earliest Judges, who of course were generally ecclesiastics. But they were not only men of the gown, but men of the sword—as ready to fight in the field as decide knotty points of law in the Courts. Thus Hugh de Cressingham, who was at the head of the Justices Itinerant during four years of the reign of Edward I., and at the same time Rector of Chalk in Kent, was appointed Treasurer of Scotland when Baliol renounced the throne in 1296; and on the rising of Wallace in the following year he threw aside his legal robes and cassock, and fell in battle on the banks of the Forth. He was detested by the Scotch for his oppression, and it is said that Wallace ordered as much skin to be taken off his dead body

ce a sword-belt. William le Vavasour, a Justice 104, served the King in his expedition into Gascon his wars in Scotland. In Nicolas's 'Siege of 1300 his prowess is thus celebrated:—

'E de celle mesme part  
Fu Guillaum li Vavasours  
Ke d'armes n'est muit ne sours.'

ards appointed one of the Justices of Trailbaston William de Vesey, while filling the office of Chief Justice of the Bench, was charged by John FitzThomas with contempt against the King, and challenged his accuser to meet him in combat; so that Lord Norbury might have quoted from the *Chronicles* that he wanted one, when he told a barrister who stood on the Bench that he was ready to fight a duel with him, when he had thrown off his gown. De Vesey came into the field, but FitzThomas showed the white flag and went away. John de Delves, before he was made a Justice of the Common Pleas in 1364, fought at the battle of Tewkesbury against the gallant Lord Audley, who 'went to the front of all the battayle, all onely accompanied with fower knights; and he promised not to fayle him, and these dyd marvels.' Geoffrey le Scrope, who was Chief Justice of the Bench in the reign of Edward III., accompanied the King on his expedition into Scotland, and displayed his banner and pennon at Stannow Park. He also served at the Siege of Calais in 140. But Mr. Foss has shown that at that time he was not the Chief Justice.

Scrope, who was Chancellor in the reign of Richard II., was a distinguished soldier, and fought at the battles of Tewkesbury and Barnet, and at the battle of Tewkesbury, 1346. So bravely did he fight against the Scotch, that he was made a Knight of the Bath. After he had resigned, or, rather, been removed from the Great Seal, he resumed the profession of arms, and accompanied King Richard in an expedition against Scot-

land, which trained lawyers came to supply the place of the old warlike barons on the Bench is easy to understand. Mr. Foss is right when he says:—

The officers of the Curia Regis consisted of various officers of the law, the prelates and barons of the realm. Of the latter, the king's avocations would be unable to attend, and others, the king's avocations, would be incompetent to assist in the judicial functions of the Court. These functions were gradually left to the king, and a few of the barons, who were expressly selected on the king's superior judgment or attainments, until, by the ad-



vance of legal science and the increase of legal intricacies, it became necessary at first to associate with them, and eventually to substitute for them, persons whose lives had been devoted to juridical studies.'

As might be expected, there are very few personal anecdotes to be gleaned from the lives of the Judges for the first three or four hundred years after the Conquest, except in the case of such men as Becket and William of Wykeham. It is difficult, therefore, to realize these ancient sages of the law as men of like passions as ourselves: eating, drinking, and jesting; marrying and giving in marriage; and sometimes, we fear, swearing on the Bench. At least so we may conjecture from the language used by John de Mowbray in 44 Edward III. as reported in the 'Year-Book,' who called out to the Bishop of Chester, a defendant in an action tried before him, '*allez au grand diable.*' And Hill, who was a Judge of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry V. when an action was brought against a dyer who had bound himself not to use his craft for half a year, not only held that the bond was void as in restraint of trade, but added, according to the report in the 'Year-Book,' 'And by God, if the plaintiff was here he should go to prison till he paid a fine to the King.'

We read of FitzOsborne, Justiciary of England in 1067, escaping a blow which the irascible Conqueror aimed at him because, in his capacity of Steward of the Household, he had set on the royal table the flesh of a crane which was scarcely half-roasted; an affront that made him resign his office of Dapifer.

Adam de Gernemue (*i. e.* of Yarmouth), who was one of the Justices Itinerant in the reign of Henry II., had previously been Clerk to the Signet under Henry I., and was summoned before that monarch by Thurstan le Despencer, or Steward, for refusing to sign a bill without a fee, as was customary among officers of the court. But Adam answered that he merely asked for two spice-cakes made for the King's own mouth, on which Henry ordered Thurstan to put off his cloak and go and bring the two cakes on a white napkin and with a low curtesy to offer them to Adam, observing, that 'Officers of the Court must gratifie and show cast of their office, not only to one another, but also to strangers, whenever need shall require.'

John de Cavendish, who was one of the Judges in the latter part of the reign of Edward III., seems to have had a spice of dry humour in him. A case occurred before him in which a question arose as to a lady's age, and her Counsel urged the Court to call her before them and decide for themselves 'on the view' whether she was within age or not. But women are the same in all time, and the Judge showed that he knew them when he

observed, 'Il n' ad nul home en Engleterre que puy adjudge droit deins age ou de plein age ; car ascun femes que sont de re de xxx ans voilent apperer d'age de xviii ans.'

In wandering over the names of these old black-letter lawyers, is refreshing to meet with one who, even in those early days, allied with the Muses. Such was Walter Map, or, as he is sometimes erroneously called, Mapes, Precentor of Lincoln, archdeacon of Oxford, and Justice Itinerant in the reign of Henry II. He was a jovial and satirical poet, and his rhyming verses were very popular among his contemporaries. A drinking song has been ascribed to him, beginning with the line—

'Meum est propositum in tabernâ mori.'

My purpose it is in an alehouse to die.'

It belongs to a later period. He hated the Jews and the White Monks, and when he took the usual oath as a Judge, administer right to every one, insisted on excepting them both. His perhaps accounts for the occurrence of his name only once in the list of justices, for it is not likely that even in those times he would be permitted to scandalise the Bench by an avowed determination to do injustice.\* There were special Justices of Assize, who seem always to have sat with the Barons of the Exchequer, and perhaps existed only for the purpose of taxation, their duties terminated after the expulsion of that unhappy people from the realm, in the reign of Edward I.

Another learned Judge, in the full sense of the term, was Richard de Bury, who was made Chancellor in 1334. He was ecclesiastic, and Bishop of Durham, and seems fully to deserve the eulogium of Mr. Foss, who says that the memory of few men, and none in that age, is more endeared than that of Richard de Bury. He was the author of the 'Philobiblon,' a work in which he gives instructions for the management of the first public library founded at Oxford, and endeavours to excite a love of literature, and a taste for the fine arts. Like D'Aguesseau, the great Chancellor of France, he turned every moment to account, and neither his meals nor his travels were spent idly. During the former he was read to by his chaplains, among whom were numbered some of the most celebrated men of the age, and afterwards he discussed with them the various subjects suggested by the reading. During the latter, he occupied himself in forming what became the largest library in Europe,

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\* His poems and his treatise 'De Nugis Curialium' have been published by the Camden Society, and Mr. Wright shows that several of those pieces which appeared under the name of 'Goliath Episcopus,' were written by him.

the possession of which was one of his 'greatest glories, as its accumulation formed his chief delight. He spared no pains in securing the most curious and valuable manuscripts, and speaks with evident glee of the motives which influenced the donors of some, and of the difficulties he had to overcome in obtaining others.' Let us add that he was as benevolent and bountiful to the poor as he was devoted to learning.

We can hardly place Judge Markham, in the reign of Richard II., amongst the number of literary Judges, although when the wife of one who was in exile, brought an action in her own name alone, and it was decided that she could do so because her husband was attainted in law, and she was the king's tenant, he extemporised from the Bench the following doggrel Latin lines—*faits à loisir* :—

'Ecce modo mirum, quod foemina fert breve Regis  
Non nominando virum conjunctum robore legis.'

Bryan, who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VII., was a scholar and a poet. Drayton thus sings of him :—

'And sweet-tongued Bryan, whom the Muses kept,  
And in his cradle rocked him while he slept.'

But as a general rule the Judges of ancient times were probably not too well described by Cecil, Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1610: 'Most of our lawyers and judges though learned in their profession, yet not having other learning, they, upon a question demanded, bluntly answer it, and can go no further, having no vehiculum to carry it by discourse or insinuation to the understanding of others.'

It was by no means uncommon for Judges, when they were removed from the Bench, to resume their practice at the Bar, and in some cases they seem to have acted as advocates, even while they held the office of Judge. Thus, William Inge, in the reign of Edward II., appears as an advocate in the 'Year-Book' when he was a Justice of Assize, and he was regularly summoned amongst the Judges to Parliament. He was afterwards elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench. But perhaps in acting as Justice of Assize, he was only in the same position as Queen's Counsel and Serjeants at the present day whose names are put in the Commission, and who frequently assist the Judges by trying causes and prisoners in the civil and criminal courts. If, however, we may credit a passage in the 'Paston Letters' (vol. i. 149), so late as the time of Edward IV., Yelverton, who was a judge of the King's Bench during the trial that arose out of Sir John Fastolf's will, 'came down from the  
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ich and plete (pleaded) the matter.' When Pemberton, e in the reign of Charles II., was dismissed from the he returned to his practice at the Bar. He was afterwards Chief Justice, first of the King's Bench, and then of the n Pleas, and being again dismissed, he a second time l to the Bar, and was one of the leading Counsel in the of the seven Bishops in 1688.

ading the accounts of these old Judges, one remarks ess which they seem to have had in feathering their nests, s difficult to believe that they could have left such large r out of the profits of their office or their previous . But it must be borne in mind that many of them were stics, and had Church preferment, and others were knights and landed gentry, whose position on the Bench re like that of county magistrates than professional judges. he present day, the gains of successful barristers were eater than their salaries as judges; and we find Aysgoghe, eign of Henry VI., complaining, in a petition to the King, was called to the Bench and made Justice before he had lly two years in the office of Serjeant, 'by which makying all his winnings that he sholde have made in the said Serjeant, and alle the fees that he had in England, weere cessed and expired to his grete empovrysshynge, for they e grete substance of his lyvelode.' He therefore prayed, as 'the porest of alle your Justices,' that the King would m certain tenements of the value of 25*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* a year. ust be multiplied by fifteen to make it represent the value of money, so that what the Judge asked for was nt to an estate yielding 385*l.* a year.

a example of the careful accuracy with which Mr. Foss stigated facts, we may adduce the case of Chief Justice ne. This was Henry VI.'s Chief Justice, and in reading n Shakespeare's pages we hardly know whether to admire e dignified and high spirited Judge who did not fear to to prison the heir apparent to the throne, or the prince hen he was king, forgot the affront, and bade the Chief 'still bear the balance and the sword.' But was Gas-Chief Justice to Henry V. at all? Lord Campbell, asserts that he can 'prove to demonstration that Sir Gascoigne actually filled the office of Chief Justice of ig's Bench under Henry V.' But it turns out that the dence on which his lordship could rely, is the fact that ummons to Parliament, dated the day after the accession y V., Gascoigne is styled 'Chief Justice of our Lord the This might be sufficient if there were not strong proofs

to the contrary. Amongst these are the following:—1. We find Sir William Hankford filling Gascoigne's place as one of the triers of petitions in the first parliament of the new reign, and presiding in the King's Bench in the same year. 2. In the Issue Roll of July, 1413, just after the death of Henry IV., he is called 'late Chief Justice of the Bench of Lord Henry, father of the present King.' 3. In the inscription on his monument in Harewood Church, in Yorkshire, dated 1419, he is described as 'nuper capit. justic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quart.' We consider the last argument conclusive, for if he had been reappointed Chief Justice by Henry V., his epitaph would have not stopped short with the mention of having been 'late Chief Justice of the late King Henry IV.' A difficulty remains owing to the date given by Dugdale of Sir William Hankford's elevation to the Chief Justiceship, which he places in January, 1414. Now Henry V. ascended the throne in March 1413, and who was Chief Justice in the interval? Lord Campbell would naturally say, in accordance with the language of the summons to Parliament already quoted, Who but Sir William Gascoigne? But Mr. Foss has referred to the Roll itself, containing Hankford's appointment, and it turns out that the date, instead of being January 29, 1414, as stated by Dugdale, is March 29, 1413, just eight days after Henry's succession to the Crown. The inference, therefore, is irresistible, that so far from the King addressing the upright magistrate in the magnanimous words which Shakespeare puts into his mouth—

'You did commit me :

For which I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have used to bear '—

he showed his resentment by depriving the Chief Justice of his office. There is a curious story told of Hankford, who was Gascoigne's successor on the Bench, that, having become weary of his life, he gave strict orders to his keeper to shoot any person found at night in his park who would not stand when challenged, and then throwing himself in the keeper's way, he was shot dead, in accordance with his own commands. But Mr. Foss thinks that this account of judicial suicide is very improbable, and shows that at all events Holinshed represents it as happening nearly fifty years after the death of the Chief Justice.

In the same way he disposes of the tradition that Chief Justice Hody, in the reign of Henry VI., whom Coke calls one of the 'famous and expert sages of the law,' pronounced sentence of death upon his son Thomas—who was tried before him at the assizes, and found guilty of a capital crime—by showing that Thomas was a younger son, and that the eldest son of the Judge could

ould not have been more than six or seven years old at his father's death.

As another instance of the conscientious labour Mr. Foss has bestowed upon his work, we may mention the trouble he has taken to clear up the pedigree of Sir Thomas More. All former biographies of the illustrious and unfortunate Chancellor, including that by his own son-in-law, Roper, are almost entirely silent as to the family from which he sprang. His great grandson, Cresacre More, wrote his life, and mistranslated his epitaph, written by himself, 'Thomas Morus familiâ non celebri, sed honestâ ortus,' by the words 'Thomas More, born of no *noble* family, but of an honest stock.' No one had hitherto discovered who his grandfather was, and the way in which Mr. Foss ferrets out the conclusion that he was first the butler, afterwards the steward, and finally the reader of Lincoln's Inn, and that his father was also at one time butler of the same Inn, is an instructive example of patient research and exhaustive reasoning. Mr. Foss half apologises for the space he has devoted to the inquiry, but we think he vindicates himself successfully when he says, 'There is a natural and universal desire to know from what stock a great man has descended; and who is there, whether he be lawyer, philosopher, or historian, who will deny that title to Sir Thomas More?' And yet, curiously enough, in his life of Wolsey, when alluding to the tradition that his father was a butcher, Mr. Foss says, 'Some of his biographers have given credit to the story, and the question is too immaterial to discuss.'

We pride ourselves, and justly, on the purity of our Judges, and perhaps no body of men, whose corporate existence extends over eight centuries, would upon the whole come more unstained out of the ordeal of a searching inquiry into their characters. But there are startling exceptions, and we can only congratulate ourselves that they are things of the past, and are impossibilities now. A story is told of the great warrior-judge and learned author, Ranulph de Glanville, which, with Mr. Foss, we would willingly believe to be untrue, although he gives no sufficient reason for doubting it. He is said to have unjustly condemned Sir Gilbert de Plumpton, in 1184, on a charge of rape, for the purpose of enabling the knight's widow, who was a wealthy heiress, to be married to a friend of his own. Sentence of death was passed and immediate execution ordered, but the Bishop of Worcester humanely interfered, and on the case being referred to the King, Sir Gilbert's life was spared, although he was kept in imprisonment for the rest of the reign.

There

There seems to be no doubt that the Judges were in the habit of taking money from others besides the King. The Knights Hospitallers Survey, made in 1328, mentions to the amount of 440*l.*, of which 60*l.* were paid to the Judges and their clerks, the Chief Baron receiving 40 marks, and a further sum of 200 marks a year is stated to be for presents made in the Courts of the King and the *pro favore habendo et pro placitis defendendis, et expensis mentorum.*'

In the reign of Edward I. wholesale corruption disgraced the Bench. On his return from France, in 1289, he was met with heavy complaints that his Judges took bribes and gave unjust judgments. The King immediately instituted enquiries, the result was that almost all the Judges were dismissed from their office, and some of them only redeemed themselves from imprisonment by the payment of considerable fines. One of them, Thomas de Weyland, a more terrible criminal, was brought. He was accused of having instigated his clerk to commit a murder, and then screened them from punishment. He was arrested, but contrived to escape, and hid in the Sanctuary of the Friars Minors, at St. Edmondsbury, and remained for forty days. Here, however, he was summoned to surrender, but was allowed to abjure the realm without a trial, and all his property, as if he were a convicted felon, was confiscated to the King's use. Ralph de Hengham, Justice of the King's Bench, is said to have been fined 100 marks, or, according to another account, only 800, which may believe tradition, was imposed upon him for a bad record by reducing, out of pity, a penalty inflicted upon a man from 13*s.* 4*d.* to 6*s.* 8*d.* Judge Southcote, in the reign of Elizabeth, refused, on a similar occasion, to tamper with the record, saying that 'he meant not to build a clock-house; he added in explanation, 'that with Hengham's fine house at Westminster was built, and furnished with a clock used in the hall;' and Mr. Foss shows that the objection of improbability, on the ground that clocks did not come into use a hundred years afterwards, is unfounded, for with antiquarian accuracy, he points out that a great clock was in use about the same period in Canterbury Cathedral. That of Ralph de Hengham was not of a very heinous kind, as is proved by the fact that ten years afterwards he was still on the Bench; but we find his name then placed nearly at the bottom of the list of Judges and other officers who were summoned to the Parliament of 28 Edward I., as if amongst the Justice of the Peace. He was afterwards appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

his death was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, with an over his remains, in which he was called 'vir benedictus,' as Anglorum.' Against John de Lovetoft, another of these Judges, one of the charges was that he had taken from eleven jurors although the twelfth disagreed with and Adam de Stratton, a Baron of the Exchequer, is more styled 'felo,' although the precise nature of his crime specified.

In the 6th year of Edward II., John de Bosco, one of the Justices of Assize, was convicted of abstracting a King's writ substituting a false one in its place. In 1350, William de la Beche, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was convicted, on confession, of receiving bribes to stay justice; and afterwards another Chief Justice, and the Chief Justices were imprisoned by King Edward III., on account of notorious enormities 'which he understood they had committed against law and justice.'

As the Bench was so corrupt, we can hardly suppose that the law was pure. The Statute of Westminster, 3 Edward I., enacts 'That Serjeant-countours do any manner of deceit or collusion in the King's Court . . . he shall be imprisoned for a year and a day and from thenceforth shall not be heard to plead in the law for any one.' What was known to the Roman law as an offence of *prævaricatio*, to which Cicero more than once alluded, existed also in England: for one of the petitions presented to the King in the 18th year of Edward I., complains of a Justice of one party having received a bribe from the other, and that he procured a verdict. In the same reign, William de la Beche, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was tried by a Commission for corruption, and confessed that he had received bribes from several persons who had been indicted in the King's Bench at Lincoln. For this he was committed prisoner to the Tower, all his property was confiscated, and he narrowly escaped hanging.

One of the political songs published by Mr. Wright, amongst the songs of the Camden Society, there is one belonging to the reign of Edward I., or Edward II., which shows how unpopular the opinion was to the character of the Judges. It has given a free translation of the poem, and we will give a few of the stanzas:—

there are whom gifts seduce and favourites control,  
that to serve the devil alone, or take him for a toll;  
the law forbid the judge from selling his decree,  
and to those who finger bribes the punishment shall be!

If



If comes some noble lady, in beauty and in pride,  
 With golden horns upon her head, her suit he'll soon decide;  
 But she who has no charms nor friends, and is for gifts too poor,  
 Her business all neglected, she's, weeping, shown the door.'

It was not every Judge who could gracefully decline a gift like Sir Thomas More. When a rich widow who had obtained from him a decree against Lord Arundel presented him on New Year's-day with a pair of gloves and forty pounds in angels enclosed in them, he emptied the money in her lap and told her that it was 'against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift; he would take her gloves but refuse the lining.' When Sir Christopher Hatton suspended his secretary for taking fees to obtain the Chancellor's influence with the Queen, that officer addressed to him a letter, in which he says: 'There liveth not so grave nor so severe a Judge in England, but he alloweth his poor clerk under him, even in expedition of matters of greatest justice, to take any reasonable consideration that should be offered him by any man for his pains and travail.'

In Sir Thomas le Strange's household accounts for 1537, we find an entry which shows that money was paid to Lord Chancellor Audley's servant 'to be a meane to my said Lord' in a suit then before the Court of Chancery.

Whether the Judges sometimes bought their places is not altogether clear; but there is a most suspicious entry in the accounts of Sir Edmund Dudley, in the reign of Henry VII, where Robert Read, formerly a Judge of the King's Bench, is stated to have *paid*, 'for the King's favour to him in the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 4000 marks.'

Mr. Foss is not one of those who think it possible to defend Lord Bacon against the charge of gross corruption while filling the office of Chancellor. All that can fairly be urged on his behalf, so far as we see at present, is, that he followed a bad custom, and that other Judges had done the same. Fuller makes it a subject of special praise, in his character of Mr. Justice Nichols, that he was of 'exemplary integrity even to the rejection of gratuities after judgment given.' But Bacon knew that the custom was wrong, and he acted in direct violation of the principle which he laid down as the duty of a Judge when he addressed Mr. Justice Hutton, and warned him to remember 'That your hands and the hands of your hands I mean those about you, be clean and uncorrupted from gifts.'

An entry in the archives of the borough of Lyme Regis leave it 'to the Mayor's discretion what gratuity he will give to the

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Chief Baron and his men,' at the assizes in 1620, when the charter of the corporation was in question. It was in the weak reign of Richard II. that the unconstitutional practice began of extra-judicial opinions being demanded of the Judges by the Crown. But they paid dearly for their defiance in the first instance; and it is strange that so terrible an example was lost upon their successors. It is of course needless to point out the evils of such a course, by which the Judges were called upon to decide cases before they tried them, and became the accomplices of acts of tyranny and illegality. In 1386 the Parliament ordered De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the Chancellor, and appointed commissioners, by whom the functions of Government were to be performed, and the whole expenditure of the kingdom was to be regulated. The ordinance enacting this was confirmed by the King's letters patent. Next year, however, the Chancellor and other fallen courtiers advised the King to resume his authority, and the opinions of the Judges were taken as to the validity of the ordinance. Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, prepared a series of questions with answers in beforehand, condemning the ordinance, and laid them before the Judges, who were specially summoned for the purpose. The Judges attached their seals to the answers; but they afterwards asserted in their defence that the answers were forced from them under threats and fears of violence. The Parliament enraged, and took energetic measures to avenge the affront. Tresilian and the courtiers were appealed of treason, one of the charges against them being that they constrained the Judges to subscribe the answers to the questions. Tresilian fled for his life but was found guilty in his absence, and sentenced to die as a traitor. He might have escaped had it not been for his folly in venturing back to London, at the instance of the Duke of Gloucester, who was then at Bristol, to find out what further proceedings were contemplated by the Dukes of York and Gloucester, who had then virtually the government of the realm. He disguised himself as a farmer, and took up his lodging at an ale-house, or, according to another account, an apothecary's, opposite the palace gate at Westminster; but here he was recognised, immediately arrested. Being asked what he had to say in defence, he was struck dumb by terror, and, making no answer, was led away to die. Froissart says he was beheaded, afterwards hanged on a gibbet; but, according to the Parliamentary Roll, he was taken to the Tower, and thence drawn through the city and hanged at Tyburn. The other Judges who signed the obnoxious document were impeached by the Commons,

Commons, convicted, and sentenced to death. Their lives, however, spared, and they were all banished to different parts of Ireland, with a prohibition from practising as lawyers. The death of the Duke of Gloucester the sentence was confirmed by Parliament; and, as Mr. Foss observes, 'the submission of the lawyers to the ruling power was again exhibited by Chief Justices Walter de Clapton and William Thorpe, Judge Rickhill, confirming on that occasion the opinion which their predecessors had suffered.'

This 'auricular taking of opinions,' as Coke called it, continued more or less until the Revolution. King James II. commanded the Judges for disobeying his order not to prosecute for private cause until they had first consulted him; and when Lord Bacon disgraced himself by advising the Crown 'to make an example against the presumption of a judge, whereby the whole body of the magistrates may be contained in better awe, and may forgive Coke much of the unfeeling coarseness with which he conducted state prosecutions, for the noble stand he made in asserting the independence of the Bench. He twice opposed the King in his attempts to interfere with it; and when he and the other Judges were summoned before the Council to account for a judgment they had given, he said to the King, 'We hope that where [as] the Judges of this realm have more often called before your Lordships than in former times they have been, which is much observed, and gives no occasion for boldening to the vulgar, that after this day we shall have more often, upon such complaints, your Lordships being truly informed of our proceedings, called before you.' On another occasion he boldly told the King, 'Your Majesty is not learned in the laws of the realm of England.'

A curious story is given by Dugdale in his 'Baronage' of a dinner given in the same reign to Beauchamp, a litigant of certain lands, to his Counsel, Sir John Charlton, one of the Judges, when, 'after dinner, coming to his chapel in an angry mood, he threw to each of them a bag of gold, and said, "Sirs, I desire you forthwith to tell me if I have any right or title to Hastings lordship and lands." The lawyers, however, would not prophesy deceits, for Beauchamp plainly told them that his claim was bad.

The Judges seem to have been employed in drawing Acts of Parliament; and we are not sure that the confusion, and many of the mistakes which occur in our statutes might not be avoided if they performed the same function now. At all events, the Bills in Parliament might be submitted to them for revision before they are finally

But we fear that the judicial staff is, under present arrangements, too much overworked to admit of this. In the reign of Henry I. Chief Justice Hengham said to a Counsel who was putting his construction on the statute 13 Edw. I., Westm. 2, 'Ne glosez point le statut: nous le savons meuz de vous, car nous les feimes.'

The reigns of Henry VII. and his three immediate successors are with a few exceptions undistinguished by any great judicial names. Of course those of Archbishop Morton and Cardinal Wolsey—who are, however, better known as prelates than as judges—and Cromwell and Sir Thomas More, will readily occur to the reader; but we do not think that a single puisne of that time has left behind him a trace of his existence which posterity will care to remember. We do not, however, doubt that many of them deserved the same eulogium that Sir Edward Coke passed upon Mr. Justice Gawdy, who, he says, 'was a most reverend judge and sage of the law, of ready and profound judgment and venerable purity, prudence, and integrity;' but we know little of them more interesting than is contained in the epitaph on Baron Birch, who died in 1581:—

'Interr'd the corpeso of Baron Birch lies here,  
Of Greyes Inn, sometime, by degree esquire;  
In Chequer eighteen years a Judge he was,  
Till soule from agod body his did passe.'

It is impossible to add anything to the testimony which all writers have given to the spotless character of Sir Thomas More. He is one whom all men delight to honour; and his judicial murder was one of the foulest blots upon the reign of his detestable master. Lord Audley, who succeeded him as Lord Chancellor, was a mean and rapacious lawyer, the ready minister and tool of the King's caprice, who kept the Great Seal for twelve years, on the same principle as that by which Lord Keeper Paulet, in the reign of Edward VI., explained his prosperity:—

'I am a willow, not an oak:  
I chide, but never hurt with stroke.'

He fattened on Church plunder, 'carving for himself,' as Fuller quaintly remarks, 'on the feast of the abbey lands, the first cut, and that a dainty morsel.' Mr. Foss says of him with perfect truth: 'His interpretations of the law in the various criminal trials at which he presided are a disgrace not only to him, but to every member of the Bench associated with him; while both branches of the Legislature are equally chargeable with the ignominy of passing the Acts he introduced, perilling every man's

man's life by the new treasons they invented, and every man's conscience by the extraordinary oaths they imposed.'

The life and character of Coke, the oracle of the common law, are so well known that it is needless to dwell on them. He was a proud and arrogant man, and a harsh advocate; but he was a fearless and upright judge at a time when corruption was rife in almost every department of the state. Judge Whitelock says of him, 'Never was man so just, so upright, so free from corrupt solicitations of great men and friends as he was; never put Counsellors that practised before him to annual pensions of money or plate to have his favour. In all causes before him the Counsel might assure his client from the danger of bribery.' But it would be unfair to omit mention of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who held the Great Seal for seven years under Elizabeth, and for nearly fourteen years under James I., amidst the universal applause of his contemporaries. Bishop Hacket describes him as one 'qui nihil in vitâ nisi laudandum aut fecit aut dixit aut sensit;' and the very exaggeration of this praise shows the estimation in which he was held.

The strange and improbable story that Chief Justice Popham, in the same reign, became the owner of Littlecote, in Wiltshire, as his reward for allowing Darrell, the former proprietor, to escape on his trial for an atrocious murder, which forms the subject of Scott's ballad in 'Rokeby,' 'The friar of orders grey,' is entirely discredited by Mr. Foss; and we agree with him that it would be curious to trace the circumstances to which such a tradition owes its origin, but we fear that this is now impossible. Does any record or document exist to show that a man, named Darrell, was tried at that period for such a crime? Mr. Foss suggests that 'if the petition, which Sir Francis Bacon in his argument against Hollis and others for traducing public justice, states was presented to Queen Elizabeth against Chief Justice Popham, and which, after investigation by four Privy Councillors, was dismissed as slanderous, could be found, it might possibly turn out that this story was the slander; and the Chief Justice's subsequent enjoyment of his high office would be a sufficient proof of its utter falsehood.'

It is certain that, notwithstanding the high eulogium passed upon Popham by Lord Ellesmere and Sir Edward Coke, an evil tradition clings to his name; for he is said in his wild youth to have gone on the highway and taken purses as a common robber.

We wish that Mr. Foss had been a little more explicit in informing us how the business of the courts of justice, both at Westminster and in the provinces, was carried on during the great Rebellion. We believe that the Judges went circuit :

usual

al, and it is a remarkable proof of what we may call the ble equilibrium of the English nation and its reverence for r, that in the midst of contending armies causes should be sided and the gaols be delivered, as in a time of profound ice. In the confusion that followed after the King's murder it s different :—

The expulsion of the Parliament,' says Mr. Foss, 'put a stop for ime to legal business, and in the following October the hearing of uses in Chancery was suspended for a month while the Bill for the pression of the Court was under discussion. In the summer of 54 the Assizes were delayed by an Ordinance of Council that none the Judges should go out of town till further order; and in the ordered state of the nation, after the return of the Long Parlia- nt, there were no less than three terms lost, all writs, fines, and urances were stopped, and there was danger of having no Assizes.'

With respect to the Protectorate, he says :—

'Whatever opinion may be entertained of the general merits or merits of the actors in the great Rebellion, all parties must allow it, judging from most of the legal appointments, it was the desire f endeavour of the usurping powers to keep the course of justice contaminated, and to preserve respect for the administration of the rs. With few exceptions the Judges of the interregnum were men able and respectable, and in some instances of high character and ainments.'

rd Shaftesbury, in the reign of Charles II., was the last Judge o was not previously a regularly trained lawyer. He, how- er, like Sir Christopher Hatton, had studied law in his youth, d was a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. We need t give the details of his versatile career as Member of Parlia- nt, soldier, courtier, and statesman. A Royalist at the com- encement of the Civil War, he soon deserted the cause of the ing and commanded the army of the parliament in Dorsetshire, ere he took Wareham, Blandford and Abbotsbury. During e Protectorate he sat in the Barebones Parliament, and

'Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,  
He cast himself into the saint-like mould :  
Groan'd, sighed, and prayed while godliness was gain,  
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.'

e joined General Monk when he saw that the restoration of the ing was probable, and was one of the deputation sent by the o Houses of Parliament to the Hague to invite Charles II. to turn. He was afterwards created a peer. When the Great al was taken from Lord Keeper Bridgman, it was given him, and the new Lord Chancellor astonished the lawyers the dress he wore while occupying the marble chair. 'He

sat on the bench in an ash-coloured gown, silver-laced, and full-ribboned pantaloons displayed, without any black at all in his garb.' But he surprised them still more by the excellence of his decisions, which extorted from Dryden his well-known and noble eulogium; and King Charles is said to have declared he had a Chancellor 'that was master of more law than all his Judges, and was possessed of more divinity than all his Bishops.' He did not, however, hold his high office long, for in less than a year he was compelled to resign the Great Seal, and became for the rest of his life a turbulent and factious opponent of the Court until he died a fugitive at Amsterdam in 1683.

And now we have passed the period for which Mr. Foss's work stands alone and unrivalled as an authority, and we find ourselves surveying his portraitures of men whose conduct has been often narrated and commented upon, and forms part of modern history. Gladly, therefore, do we dismiss from consideration the despicable list of time-serving and worthless Judges who abounded in the times succeeding the Restoration, nor will our space permit us to dwell on the great names of Nottingham and Hale, and Holt and Somers, or on Talbot, so much esteemed and of whom so few particulars are known.

Of the men of still more recent days the public has already heard enough; for to say nothing of Lord Campbell's 'Lives,' and Lord Brougham's vigorous sketches, Roscoe, and Welsby, and Harris, and Twiss, and Townshend, have made us familiar with the characters in their strength and in their weakness, of Hardwicke, and Camden, and Mansfield, and Thurlow, and Wedderburn, and Erskine, and Eldon, and Ellenborough; and we seem to know all about them, almost as well as if they were our contemporaries.—Hardwicke, who held the Great Seal longer than any of the Lord Chancellors except three, who was one of the most eloquent orators of his day, and of whom it was said that, 'when he pronounced his decrees, Wisdom herself might be supposed to speak.'—Camden, the friend and colleague of Chatham—the popular judge, whose portrait was placed in the Guildhall, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson, designating him as the zealous supporter of English liberty by law.—Mansfield, the founder of our commercial law, who tempered with the good sense of equity many of the harsh and crabbed principles of the common law, and of whom Lord Thurlow used to say that 'ninety-nine times out of a hundred he was right in his opinions and decisions, and when once in a hundred times he was wrong, ninety-nine men out of a hundred would not discover it. He was a wonderful man.'—Thurlow, with his Jupiter Tonans look, and an intellect that put Johnson on his mettle, 'I honour  
Thurlow

'Sir,' said he; 'Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly mind to yours.'—Wedderburn—the ingenious reasoner liant\* speaker, who attained the highest prizes of the d political career, yet died a mere despised and dis- d courtier, because he had no real dignity of character. ne, the great orator of the English Bar, but a very lge and politician.—Eldon, the most profound in his ge of Equity, and the most involved and obscure in ance of it, of all the Chancellors who have occupied lsack.—And last of all, Ellenborough, with his rough , his masculine intellect, and his bigoted opposition reforms, who, when a Bill was brought in for abolish- punishment of death in cases of stealing above the value illsings, said, 'My lords, if we suffer this Bill to pass we know where to stand; we shall not know whether we our heads or our feet.'

fails us, or we should like to speak of Grant and of (whom, however, as a civilian, Mr. Foss does not in- his list), and of others who have more recently passed m among us, or have left the Bench. We doubt whether s has done wisely in introducing the present occupants of ch. He says that he resolved to limit his account of little more than the formal mention of the facts already given in the peerages and other periodical lists, and to fering any opinion on their respective judicial merits, t would be presumptuous in him to criticise. But such s of lives are really valueless, and Mr. Foss might without have reduced his nine volumes to eight.

is no body of men in this country whom their fellow- are disposed to treat with more respect and deference than res, and great must be the falling off on their part before forfeit the homage which all are willing to pay. They t a great institution, which has throughout our history fairly the intelligence and morality of the educated f the nation, and has, with rare exceptions—failing just e other classes of the nation were at their worst—stood the people and that high-handed violence which but for vention of such a compact and powerful body of magis- uld almost certainly have destroyed our liberties. Twice

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were attack upon Benjamin Franklin before the Privy Council had effect in exasperating the Americans against England.

'Sarcastic Sawney, full of spite and hate,  
On modest Franklin poured his venal prate;  
The calm philosopher, without reply,  
Withdrew—and gave his country liberty.'



every year at least each county is visited by two of the common law Judges, who, representing the Crown in its noblest office as dispenser of justice, take precedence of the highest peers, and are looked up to with reverence and awe by the populace. They are expected to have legal learning and acuteness, and absolute impartiality; the manners of gentlemen, and something of the accomplishments of scholars. The more these qualities can be secured for the Bench, the more surely will it retain the salutary influence which it exercises over the feelings and customs of the nation.

ART. III.—1. *Reports of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Employment of Children and Young Persons in Trade and Manufactures not already regulated by Law, 1863, 1864, 1865, and 1866.*

2. *Reports of the Inspectors of Factories to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, 1865.*

THERE had long existed a belief that the labour of young children was employed to a very pernicious extent in many of our great manufactures. Even as early as the commencement of the present century the attention of the legislature was directed to the subject of factory labour; and the abuses were then brought to light compared with which the abominations of negro slavery were examples of mildness and humanity. A new traffic was found to have sprung up. Child jobbers traversed the country for the purpose of purchasing children from their parents, and selling them again into worse than Egyptian bondage. The consumption of human life in manufactories to which these children were consigned was frightful. The machinery in some establishments never stood still; one set of children was worked by day and another by night. The laws of nature were wholly disregarded, and hundreds of the most sensitive and helpless of beings were used up annually by their remorseless taskmasters, only to have their places filled by fresh victims.

The evil was partially checked; but although public opinion was strongly pronounced against the system, and the cotton mills were placed under government inspection, the labour of young children has continued to be in request in a great variety of employments which had not at that time come under public observation. The first Factory Act\* was passed in 1802, and

\* 42 Geo. III., c. 73, entitled 'The Factories Health and Morals Act'.

since that period legislation has made constant advances, and many considerable branches of manufacturing industry have been placed under inspection. The hours of labour have been abridged; ventilation and protection against accidents from machinery have been enforced; the employment of women has been prohibited in some occupations, and a certain amount of education has been made compulsory in all. The improper employment of children was not however made the subject of any further special inquiry until the year 1840, when, in compliance with an Address of the House of Commons to the Crown, a Commission was appointed. The Commissioners stated in their Report, that they had discovered instances in which children began to work as early as three years of age, that many began at five, that their regular engagements commenced generally at seven or eight; that the persons who employed such young children were chiefly the parents themselves, who put them to work at some process of manufacture in their own houses under their own eyes; but that children began to work together in numbers, in larger or smaller manufactories, at all ages from five and upwards; that in almost every instance they worked as long as adults, or for sixteen or eighteen hours a day with little intermission; that in some trades and manufactures the master was held to be exonerated from all care and charge of the children, because they were hired and paid by the workmen. This Report was accompanied by a mass of evidence illustrative of such an amount of moral and physical evil as might almost stagger belief, and the disclosure of which was calculated to make the profoundest impression upon the country.

The only result of that comprehensive, searching and exhaustive enquiry, however, was the passing of an Act to prohibit the employment of females and of boys under ten years of age in mines and collieries; and it was not until 1860 that the Legislature took another step in advance. In the intermediate period an inquiry had been conducted by Mr. Tremenheere, under the authority of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, into the employment of women and children in bleaching and dyeing works and in the manufacture of lace, the result of which was an Act of Parliament placing the women, young persons, and children employed in those occupations under the regulations of the Factory Act. It was impossible, however, in the presence of the facts which had been brought to light, that legislation could stop there; accordingly, in compliance with an Address of the House of Lords to the Crown, moved in February, 1861,  
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by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the present Children's Employment Commission was appointed.\*

This Commission has made four Reports, none of them inferior either in interest or importance to that which first attracted public attention. The first Report deals with the manufacture of earthenware, the making of lucifer matches, percussion caps, and cartridges, the employments of paper-staining, and of fustian-cutting; in all of which gross abuses of children's labour were brought to light, and the employments shown to be so conducted as to render the commonest care of health or education impossible; and in consequence of this exposure these employments have formed the subject of legislation.

That this legislation was not premature, will appear from a little consideration of the facts brought to light by the Report. And first, for the earthenware manufacture, in which no country has hitherto been able to compete successfully with the cheap earthenware of Staffordshire, although the productions of Sévres and Dresden may rival in delicacy of workmanship and beauty of design the china of Worcester, which is justly considered one of our greatest successes in the arts. Common culinary articles of red, brown and mottled pottery were made in Staffordshire as far back as the year 1500. From the year 1750 the manufacture became inseparably associated with the name of Wedgwood, who, combining the resources of mechanical and chemical science, converted a rude and unimportant manufacture into an elegant art, so that it rapidly became one of the most considerable branches of British industry. It is a remarkable fact that machinery has hitherto only been employed to a very limited extent in the great earthenware and china manufacture of Staffordshire.

Out of 27,432, the aggregate number of both sexes employed in this manufacture, there were, four years ago, not fewer than 593 little children not over five years of age, of whom 159 were females; and 4605 other children of between the ages of five and ten; making altogether an aggregate of 5918 children, of whom 2917 were females.† The mortality among these children was excessive. In one district, out of 1120 deaths, 470, or upwards

\* The Commission was thus constituted: Hugh Seymour Tremenhare, Esq.; Richard Dugard Grainger, Esq.; and Edward Carleton Tufnell, Esq., with three Assistant Commissioners. It has sustained a severe loss in the recent death of Mr. Grainger, a gentleman eminently qualified, by his employment in the first Commission, to render important services to the inquiry. His place has not been filled up in consequence of the approaching termination of the Commission.

† Report of Robert Baker, Esq., Inspector of Factories, for 1865.

forty-three per cent. occurred within the first year, and 149, thirteen per cent., before the fifth year of life, making a total of 619 deaths, or fifty-five per cent. of children under five years of age, the majority of whom succumbed from debility of constitution induced by the want of parental care. Young girls are employed in painting cheap earthenware, and their health is seriously injured by being kept too long at their sedentary work in crowded and ill-ventilated rooms; but the children whose case presented the strongest claims to commiseration were the 'mould-runners';—little boys employed to convey the tiles turned out by the potter into the stoves—small rooms, thirteen feet square, and from eight to twelve feet high, attached to the workshop. They are fitted with shelves on which moulds with the moist ware arranged upon them are placed, that they may be dried previous to removal. These ovens are raised to a very high temperature, have no vents for steam, scarcely any ventilation, and no windows. In the centre stands a cast-iron stove heated to redness. On entering these rooms the thermometer, in the hands of an Assistant Commissioner, rose in one moment to 130°; in another to 148°. In the latter a little 'mould-runner' was found eating his dinner. In a third the thermometer burst from the intensity of the heat. The boys were kept in constant motion throughout the day, each carrying from thirty to fifty dozen of moulds into the stoves, and remaining in them long enough to take the dried earthenware away. The distance thus run by a boy in the course of a day of not more than ordinary work is estimated at seven miles. From the very nature of this exhausting occupation children were rendered pale, weak and unhealthy. In the depth of winter, with the thermometer in the open air sometimes below zero, boys, with little clothing but rags, might be seen running to and fro on errands or to their dinners with the perspiration standing on their foreheads, 'after labouring for hours like little slaves.' The inevitable result of such transmutations of temperature were consumption, asthma, and acute inflammation. The number of children employed in the exhausting labour of mould-running was found by the last census to be 1850. The most painful portion of these revelations was the fact that the parents of the children themselves were generally the taskmasters who imposed this slavery upon their offspring. Fathers were even found who scrupled not to employ their little daughters of from eight to ten years of age, in running to and fro a whole day in and out of these heated furnaces.

The practice of dipping the earthenware into a mixture of wax, soda, potash, and carbonate of lead for glazing it, was also found to be followed by the most fatal consequences. The clothes

clothes of the workers were constantly saturated with a poisonous compound, which produced paralysis and epilepsy in adults, and epilepsy in children. By constantly handling the pieces of earthenware the fingers of children became so delicate and sensitive that they bled on the slightest abrasion, and the process of absorbing of the poison was thus more certain and rapid. The house-surgeon of the North Staffordshire Infirmary, speaking from personal experience, declared that his indignation had been repeatedly roused at the sight of children whose health had been thus deliberately sacrificed to gratify the hard-hearted avarice of parents and unfeeling employers.\*

Considering the amount of overwork to which children were exposed in this occupation from a very early age, and the conditions under which it was performed, it is not surprising that potters, as a class, represent physically and mentally a very degenerate population. They are, as a rule, stunted in growth, ill-shaped, and frequently deformed, become prematurely old, and are short-lived, very few attaining the age of fifty.

*The Lucifer Match Manufacture* is carried on to a great extent by the labour of young children, and under conditions which entailed a frightful amount of suffering and disease. It is a branch of industry quite of modern creation, and its extension has been singularly rapid.†

It was not until the year 1846 that the surgeon of an infirmary at Vienna invited medical attention to a most painful and loathsome disease which was found to have attacked the work-people of the phosphorus match manufactories in that capital, and which is now well known as 'necrosis of the jaw'—one of the most terrible disorders that has ever afflicted humanity. No narcotic is sufficiently powerful to alleviate in the slightest degree the sufferings of a patient in the earlier stages of the disease, and they continue until it has run itself out, leaving the jaw quite dead. It is caused by the action of the phosphorus contained in the lighting composition applied to the match; and its course among a population ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed is violent and rapid in the extreme. The number of children and young persons employed in this noxious manufacture within the United Kingdom was found to be about 1800, and the total number of all ages 2650. The children who find occupation in this business

\* The average age at which 58 children in the manufactories in Stoke had commenced work was 8 years 3 months; of 62 children in the manufactories in Hanley, 8 years 1 month; and of 23 children in the manufactories of Longton, 7 years 8 months; and 2 had begun work between the ages of 5 and 6.

† It dates its origin only from the year 1833, when the discovery was made of a mode of applying phosphorus to the match itself instead of dipping it in a preparation of that substance.

re described as the 'poorest of the poor, and the lowest of the w.'\* The slender capital necessary to carry on a manufactory as hitherto caused the business to be confined to a number of small establishments. The operation of mixing the materials is attended with considerable danger, not merely from the fumes given out, but from the risk of explosion; nevertheless, little boys under twelve years of age are employed to stir the composition, their faces being directly over the poison for a considerable portion of the day. The phosphorus is thus not only breathed, but absorbed by the clothes, making the children shine like little imps in the dark and giving them at night a very spectral appearance. It is the process of dipping which chiefly produces the jaw disease, a vapour continually rising from the heated mixture, which the dipper, ignorant of the consequences, unavoidably inhaled.†

The general bodily and mental condition of the miserable persons employed in this noxious business is, in the words of the Assistant-Commissioner, of the very lowest kind, for the possession of a little wood, a few drugs, a shed, and a little ready money, are all that are necessary for carrying on the business, which is, accordingly, open to persons of the most slender resources. The children received no education, or, if any, only such as the ragged-schools could afford, being of a class which none but the manufacturers in this business will employ. Competition had reduced the profits of this business much as to deter persons of capital from embarking in it. Machinery is said to be gradually effecting a revolution in the trade, and the better class of manufacturers have welcomed legislation as tending to raise the character of the employment, to drive it of many of its perils, and remove from it much of its ill-repute.

The injurious labour to which children were subjected in the factories, has, we rejoice to state, been in a great degree sup-

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A girl of 14 was examined by the Assistant Commissioner, and the following was the result:—'Never was at school in her life. Does not know a letter. Never went to a church or chapel. Never heard of England, or London, or the sea or ships. Never heard of God. Does not know what He does. Does not know whether it is better for her to be good or bad.'

The disease is thus described by a medical practitioner: 'It seems to be at first, as one of its names implies, merely a local disease, affecting the jaw-bone; but it causes in all cases, when fully established, great and unbearable pain; and, with little or no relief even from sleep, for months or often years; ending at last in the loss of parts or the whole of one or both jaw-bones, and so to a greater or less degree of the power of mastication, and often in an entire breaking up of the constitution and death.' 'These frightful evils, consequent on breathing the fumes of heated phosphorus, may be, and we believe now are, avoided by a few simple precautions; and it is astonishing that men and children should have been so long employed in this work without any attempt to counteract them.'

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pressed by the legislation to which we have above referred; for the earthenware manufacture has been brought under Government inspection by the Factory Acts Extension Act,\* which enacts, among other things, that no child under the age of thirteen is to be permitted to work in the potteries otherwise than according to the half-time system, in other words, work half the day and school the other half; or work and school on alternate days: and although the men employed in the potteries complain of not now being able to procure boys to perform the work to which they have been accustomed, they are disposed to accept machinery as a substitute. Thus a humane enactment of the legislature will probably be the means of still further developing this branch of the national industry, by necessitating a resort to those scientific appliances from which so many other of our manufactures derive their unrivalled cheapness and excellence. By the latest Reports† of the Inspectors of Factories, it appears that there can no longer be a doubt that the wisdom of Parliament in assimilating the hours of employment in the various earthenware works to those of the factories in other districts will be productive of the happiest effects. Already the number of children at school has increased by 1500, not one of whom before the passing of the Act had received any education whatever.

Besides earthenware and lucifer-matches, the manufacture of cartridges and the employments of paper-staining and fustian-cutting‡ have been placed under regulation. In all of these occupations the hours of work were excessive, and the moral condition

\* 27 and 28 Vic., c. 48. Passed in 1864.

† June 5, 1865.

‡ A very singular occupation, which is thus described by Mr. Redgrave, Inspector of Factories:—‘Long hours and hard labour are the characteristics of a fustian-cutting. It is not, as in a spinning or weaving factory, the watching of a broken thread and the tying up of a broken end, which constitutes the occupation,—these unquestionably requiring constant attention, and a certain amount of manual dexterity,—but downright hard work. The following is the nature of the work to be done. The cutting-table is an oblong frame, about 8 feet long and 3 feet wide; the piece of goods to be cut is upon rollers at each end of the table, and is stretched taut. The cutter, who has a rapier-like knife with a very sharp point, takes his place at the right-hand end of the table, inserts his knife in the outermost pile at the further side of the piece of goods, and drives the knife along the series of piles to the end of the table. To enable him to reach to the end of the table, he has to step out with his left foot about a yard, and follow his right arm with his body; and, in the case of a child, the body has been brought so far down upon the left leg that a considerable jerk is necessary to enable the child to recover its position upon its right leg, at the right-hand end of the table, to be ready to insert the knife into the next series of piles. The occupation only need be broken twice, either when the knife requires to be sharpened, which is done by the overlooker, or again when the length of fustian has been cut, and has to be rolled up so as to stretch another length of uncut pile. Each

tion of the workpeople was exceedingly low, and the abuses of children's labour were such as to call for stringent remedies.

We must now proceed to call attention to some of the very important subjects embraced in the later Reports which have not yet been brought under the consideration of Parliament. They call loudly for legislation, the urgency of which may be inferred from the fact that they involve the health, we may even add the lives, of 1,200,000 children, young persons, and females engaged in the various trades and occupations which have been the subject of investigation.

*Lace-making.*—This occupation, the principal seat of which is Nottingham and its immediate neighbourhood, gives employment to a very large number of children and young persons. In the course of the inquiry by the Children's Commission of 1842, the almost incredible fact was ascertained that infants of 10 years of age had been known to commence work in one department of this manufacture, namely, in pulling out threads, and that many were found working at three years of age. The legal age for children to be set to work is now between nine and twelve, but in some private houses as early as five. It is in the manufacture of pillow or hand-made lace, however, that the oppression to which young children are subjected has been most painfully exposed. The employment is carried on in Levenshire, over the greater part of the counties of Bedford, and Northampton, and in parts of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. The business is taught in schools established for the purpose. Six is a common age to begin to learn, but many commence at four and five. The places of work are termed lace-schools, generally rooms in small cottages with the fireplaces stopped up to prevent draught, and without ventilation. Although the manufacture has somewhat declined in consequence of the extensive improvements in lace made by machinery, great numbers of children and young persons are still employed in it. One master is said to employ as many as 3000. The work requiring considerable manual dexterity but very little muscular strength, children are turned very early to profitable account by

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Each piece of velvet contains 900 races of pile in width, and the knife has frequently to make 900 cuts from end to end of the frame, on each length of fustian; and as nine lengths are considered a day's work, it follows that the life is passed daily over a space of about 10 miles, and the child has to make 80 passes of the knife, or, reckoning the child worked ten hours and a half per day, and allowing half an hour for intervals of the fustian-cutting, sharpening the life, and adjusting the lengths of fustian upon the table, it would cut 13 races per minute, thrusting the body forwards and backwards the same number of times.

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their parents, who pay a small weekly sum for their instruction and sell the lace made by them. There is nothing more startling and distressing in these Reports than the details of the sufferings to which these poor children are subjected in learning a business by which they are to earn their livelihood, the wearisome days sleepless nights and painful exhaustion which manufacture by almost infantine fingers involves, and of the physical and moral ruin which soon overtakes little creatures herded together in rooms with scarcely space to move or breathe, and deprived from infancy of every kind of recreation and enjoyment. The children are almost entirely without the means of education although the lace-mistresses in some places are supposed to teach them to read.\* At night eight or ten children are often congregated round one small candle, and their worn and haggard faces abundantly prove the injurious nature of the employment. 'The children,' says Mr. White, one of the Assistant-Commissioners, 'work with a closeness of attention and a quickness which is astonishing, scarcely ever allowing their fingers to rest or even move less quickly in taking their eyes from their work when questioned, for fear of losing a moment. Yet their smile when I met them in the streets or visited them in the school seemed to show that the hope had reached even these little ones that their hours of work would one day be shortened.'

The work is at best unhealthy for children, but what it may be when carried on for a continuous length of time may be readily conceived. From fifteen to twenty have been found collected in a small low room, not more than twelve feet square working for fifteen of the twenty-four hours at an employment exhausting by its monotony, and exposed to every influence that can destroy health. In one school only 25 cubic feet of air were found available for each child in a room with its window closed and without ventilation. In some houses, to keep the lace clean, the children sit without shoes in the coldest weather, the floors being of plaster or brick. Although the treatment of the children by the mistresses is said to have improved of late, a long cane is resorted to in proportion as the hours of work are protracted, the youngest becoming at length so fatigued as to be 'as uneasy as birds.' As an instance of the system by which these lace-schools are conducted, we extract the following statement from the evidence appended to the Report of one of the Assistant-Commissioners:—

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\* The ignorance of these mistresses, however, is generally very great. One was unable to sign her name to a petition, making a cross instead.

'Sarah Jane Perry, of Brascombe, Devonshire, has been at four lace-schools.—Most girls change about because the parents think a mistress is not strict enough, and does not bring their children on fast enough. At some of these she worked in winter from eight or nine in the morning, till eleven or twelve at night; and in summer, from six or seven A.M. to 7 P.M. Has gone in the morning before six, once at three, having been at work till ten the night before, and up to eleven. Worked on all through this day till eight or nine at night, only stopping ten or twelve minutes for breakfast, about twenty for dinner, and taking her tea at her [lace] pillow.—Has many a time sat at work through the night, and first did so when about thirteen or fourteen, taking her pillow home from school at night. Is a quick worker, but the most she has made is 3s. or 3s. 6d. in a week. Her parents have all that she earns. Cannot get enough to put in the Post Office Bank, and indeed does not get paid in money much.'

The number of persons employed in the entire lace-manufacture of the kingdom is estimated at 150,000, and, observe the Commissioners, 'the vast development of our manufacturing industry within this century has brought with it, except in a few branches of manufacture, no corresponding measures of protection to the young, although it has exposed them to tenfold greater sources of injury to their health, their minds, and morals, than any previous condition of society in this country had rendered them liable to. The severity of competition in some trades and employments, of which the lace-manufacture is one, and the fluctuations in the demand for labour, which in this manufacture are so frequent, cause the earnings of children to be often of much importance to the parents, and consequently expose the latter to the temptation of overworking their children to their great injury. The evidence relating to this manufacture also abundantly shows that in too many cases the children are overworked by parents who have no need of such accession to their own earnings, but who thereby acquire greater means of self-indulgence.'

The *Straw-plait Manufacture* is attended with perhaps even greater abuses and physical suffering than that of lace-making. It is carried on under conditions very similar to the pillow-lace manufacture, and extends over a great part of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, for where, in these counties, the districts of the pillow-lace schools terminate, those of the straw-plait begin, extending over a considerable portion of Hertfordshire and the western and northern parts of Essex. According to the census of 1861, there were engaged in the business of straw-plait making and in making the plait up into hats and bonnets 48,043 persons, the proportion of children being between 6,000 and 7,000. The age at which children commence their instruction is almost incredibly early; parents in this, as in the  
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the lace business, being eager to derive a profit from their children at the first possible moment. Girls only three years old have been found at work, and five seems a common age at which to commence. There is nothing necessarily unhealthy in this employment, nor can the practice of putting even very young children to work for a few hours, at an employment which is so merely mechanical, be condemned, if sufficient time is allowed for education; the family may thus be relieved from some of the pressure to which a labouring man is often exposed, especially in winter, when he may be out of work; but the impatience of parents to make money by their offspring is so great as, in too many instances, to overcome every feeling of tenderness and consideration. Benevolent individuals have offered to pay for the instruction of children if they might be permitted to attend a school; but the mothers, for fear of losing even a penny of the fruits of the children's labour, generally refused. The parents find out what the physical endurance of their children, when taxed to the uttermost, will enable them to accomplish,—and they rigidly exact it; they are thus driven to school before a winter's dawn, after having been kept at work throughout the greater part of the previous night. The mortality among these poor overworked children is great, consumption and fever carrying them off at a very early age. The rooms in which the business is taught are excessively small, and the children are packed together in the smallest space 'like herrings.' 'Fancy mistresses' are those who can get most work out of the children. An Assistant-Commissioner, on his visit to Houghton Regis, saw the little clippers with scissors tied to their waists, and the mistress had by her side a long stick, which, however, on his entry, she put out of sight. In other plait-schools formidable sticks were seen, and the mistresses admitted they were obliged occasionally to use them. In a room  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet square, and between 6 and 7 feet high, forty-two children were found seated with the window shut. The air space for each of these forty-two children would be exactly  $18\frac{1}{2}$  cubic feet, or less than half what one would have if shut up in a box three feet each way. In another cottage, forty infants and their mistress were found working together in a room with 1005 cubic feet of air-space, each person thus having an allowance of not more than  $24\frac{1}{2}$  cubic feet of air; but in this room, it being summer, the one small window was open, in winter it would doubtless have been shut, and the fire-place stopped up too, for the children keep themselves warm by little heated earthen or tin pots which they place upon their laps.

The business of straw-plaiting has become a considerable  
branch

f industry, and the exports of the manufacture are ble. The great centres of the trade are Luton and e, in Bedfordshire; and St. Alban's and Hitchin, in he injury inflicted on the young in this employment, rried on, is so flagrant that no doubt can be entertained priety of placing it under immediate legislative regu- he state of morals in the districts referred to is reported / unsatisfactory. A large proportion of the women have gitimate children, and some at so early an age as startle even those who are at home in criminal

Education is at the lowest ebb, and scarcely any of population can write.

*Hosiery Manufacture* has engaged the serious attention mmission, and it needs to be very strictly regulated. The f persons employed is about 120,000. The manufacture gone a considerable modification within the last twenty consequence of the extensive use of machinery, which ght, however, will never be resorted to for the produc- ie best descriptions of hosiery. The business therefore kes of the character of a domestic manufacture. It has d to be attended with severe labour and much suffering s of all ages, and especially to children. The chief the manufacture are the three midland counties of am, Derby, and Leicester. In the larger establishments tion is said to have been shown to conform to the ours as already regulated by law. In the small factories ges the hours of work are irregular and excessive, arly ages at which children are employed, are not only / injurious but incompatible with any education or moral whatever. The girls begin 'seaming,'—a process re- complete most of the articles,—as young as five, and are known of some having commenced at four. The proportion of this work being done by the wives and of the men who labour at the frames, the parents are alone answerable for overtaxing their children's strength, iving them of the necessary amount of rest and sleep. 'atures, four or five years of age,' said a well-informed are kept up shamefully late, mothers have been known m to their knees to keep them to their work and prevent ng down from sleep or exhaustion, and they slap them em awake. A child has so many glove fingers set for efore it is allowed to go to bed, and it must do them.'\*

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\* Report II., p. xxxvii.

The practice of parents sitting up all night and making their children do the same is said to be far from uncommon. The effect of this excessive and premature labour upon young and tender infants huddled together in small and unventilated rooms, is that consumption is speedily engendered, the eyes are weakened, the development of the frame is prevented, and the body becomes permanently stunted and dwarfed. 'As a rule,' said an experienced surgeon of Leicester, 'the stockingers are a small and slender race, even their arms, which are in constant use, are deficient in muscle.' The employment is to a great extent hereditary; the son of a frame-work knitter generally taking up his father's work and frame, and the race thus deteriorates more and more. This vicious system, so fatal in its effects upon the well-being of a large population, is, say the Commissioners, maintained only because the parents are able to exercise an arbitrary and mischievous power over their offspring.

Upon the important subject of the *Millinery and Dressmaking business*, the excessive work and late hours of which have excited so much sympathy and commiseration, the Commissioners' Reports afford ample information, but as it does not specially affect children, our space will not allow us to dwell upon it. Since the inquiry in 1842, and the subsequent formation of several associations designed to act upon public opinion and to influence employers, much good is said to have been effected, but there are still serious evils to be redressed. The Reports on this subject contain an overwhelming amount of evidence that the hours of work are still excessive, and in the highest degree injurious to the health of the young persons and women engaged in the business; and by no class of the community would the humane interposition of the Legislature be welcomed with more lively satisfaction than the sempstresses and milliners of the metropolis and of the great provincial towns. Nor, if an enactment regulating the hours of work were of general application, is it doubted that it would be cheerfully acquiesced in by the great body of employers. Of the business which consists of making up wearing apparel, it has been ascertained that not less than 287,082 needle-women, exclusive of dressmakers and milliners, are employed in the United Kingdom, of whom 44,365 are under twenty, and 10,801 under fifteen years of age. In the country districts, abuses of parental authority were found to be frequent, and night labour common. A restriction of the period of work to regular factory hours would be very desirable in all establishments in which females are employed.

The increasing demand in the foreign and especially the colonial  
markets

markets for wearing apparel of English manufacture, led to the invention of that ingenious and useful instrument, 'the sewing-machine.' The work now performed by this mechanical contrivance is enormous, and it is assuming year by year larger proportions. It is stated by an eminent 'merchant tailor' that the export trade of wearing apparel is still quite in its infancy, and that the tendency is to concentrate the work in large factories. The sewing-machine will therefore doubtless be far more extensively employed than it is; for, in addition to the great impulse which it has given to production, it has conferred inestimable benefits upon the classes engaged in needlework. It has already produced almost a revolution in that most miserable of all occupations known as slopwork, in which grown-up women were rarely able to earn more than 4s. or 6s. per week. The wages of those who have acquired the use of the machine now average from 14s. to 6s. per week. The more rapid production has been the means of largely developing the trade, and consequently of increasing the wages of the persons employed in it. The capital now invested in sewing-machines is very large, and in some manufactories one or more skilled mechanics are exclusively employed in tending and keeping the machines in order. The use of steam as a motive power has not yet been attended with much success, but at the Government Army-Clothing Dépôt, at Pimlico, the difficulty appears to have been overcome, and if the plan there adopted should be found generally applicable, there can be no doubt but that the factory principle of work will be adopted in all the employments to which the machine may be found applicable.

A few observations only are necessary upon an analogous branch of industry, viz. *Artificial Flower-making*, which, although it might seem almost to rank as an elegant pursuit, eminently requires legislative regulation. It consists of two branches—the manufacture of coloured flowers, and the manufacture of mourning flowers, giving employment to not less than 10,797 persons in England and Wales, of whom 620 are males and 5851 are females under twenty years of age. The two principal places of the manufacture are London and Manchester; and the hours of work, especially in the former, are described for two-thirds of the year as 'tremendous.' Girls ten years of age and upwards are kept at work for fourteen, fifteen, and occasionally for eighteen hours. The occupation being one in which some artistic taste is expected, and requiring at the same time very delicate manipulation, it attracts many ingenious and intelligent girls. Many very young children are

employed in putting the petals together to make up the flower, and in other processes which are a great strain upon their attention. The dust from the coloured materials is complained of as being injurious both to the eyes and the health, and their brilliancy is very trying at night, girls having been observed with 'their eyes nearly out of their sockets' from making white flower by gaslight. Congestion of the eye is often produced by the late hours of work; and the general health of all employed is greatly affected by crowded rooms, hurried meals, and a constant stooping posture. The little children, who help the older hands as a rule, get no benefit from any extra quantity of work which they perform, and, if not beaten, are frightened and worried into over-exertion. The business, notwithstanding its attractive character, is described as a 'very dirty one,' and 'dusty beyond belief.' The work-places are generally small rooms or back kitchens on basements, which are often dark and fetid. The colouring-matter of the flowers is also injurious to health, the carmine being especially complained of as producing oppression. It is satisfactory to find that the bright arsenic-green, once so fashionable, is rarely now used. Out of fifty girls working in one room in Manchester only twelve could read. In both London and Manchester the low-intellectual and moral state of the young workers is attributed not to the poverty, but to the indifference and the vices of their parents.\*

We proceed now to notice the great *Metal Manufactures* and their influence upon the health and well being of the children and youths employed in them; and first we may turn to the 'black country,' the source of so much of our manufacturing wealth, — the iron districts of Staffordshire. We find that in the blast-furnaces, mills, and forges of Staffordshire and Worcestershire the number of children, young persons, and women employed amounts to about 3800, and to 3000 in the miscellaneous metal trades of the Wolverhampton district making, with those engaged in similar employments in Lancashire, a total of 17,729 persons, who might be most beneficially brought within the operation of the Factory Act. In the blast-furnaces, mills, and forges, great numbers of children and youths are employed in night sets, between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M.; and in the miscellaneous trades overtime is very common, a great number of children working as long as the men, viz. from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M. Little girls are employed in bellows-blowing (very hard work for children) for fourteen hours a-day, standing on

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\* Report of Assistant Commissioner Lord, ii. p. 8.

platforms to enable them to reach the handle of the bellows. Night-work, overtime, and the very nature of the employment, cannot but have a very disastrous influence on their health. The foundry-boys, it is admitted by the masters themselves, commence work at much too early an age, and are taxed far beyond their strength; and the children who work at home, in the various domestic manufactures, are so injured by premature labour, often commencing from the age of seven, that, as a rule, they are stunted, dwarfed, or deformed. An instance is given of a father having worked his three young boys from four in the morning until twelve at night for weeks together, until the other men 'cried shame upon him.' Overwork is systematic; 1200 boys under 15, and 2400 youths between 13 and 18, work through the nights of every alternate week. Iron chains are wrought in this district, and there is no employment in which boys are subjected to a greater amount of labour. Each link is formed by welding together, at a white heat, the ends of thick pieces of rod-iron, a man and his boys striking alternately with the greatest possible rapidity lest the iron should cool before the welding is completed. The labour of boys is measured only by the strength of the men; for as long as the men can work, the boys must attend them; but so heavy is the work that by six P.M. the men themselves are completely exhausted, and obliged to cease; and it has been pronounced unfit for boys. A chain-maker, at Wednesfield Heath, working in his own shop in a large manufactory, and who had left the establishment that he might employ his little girls to help him instead of hiring boys, which he was obliged to do in the public workshop, was found by the Assistant-Commissioner engaged in making a large chain. Two girls, nine and ten years of age, were working as 'strikers,' and a little girl of eight, occasionally relieved by a still younger one of six, was working the bellows. The gross earnings of this man amounted to two guineas per week. It may be doubted whether the world could now produce a more revolting instance of parental oppression than the spectacle of these two young girls, whose little hands would have been appropriately employed in hemming a kerchief or working a sampler, begrimed with the smoke, stifled with the heat and stunned with the din of a smithy, wielding sledge-hammers, and forging iron chains from morning till night. A single instance of oppression has often had a greater effect in rousing indignation than the most powerful denunciation of a general wrong. The picture of these little Staffordshire girls thus unsexed by an imperious taskmaster, and that taskmaster their parent, is well adapted to expose for



universal reprobation a system under which such an enormity could be possible, and to prove the necessity of immediate legislative interference.

The district in which so much of the repulsive work of England and of the world is done is perhaps one of the most forbidding in its aspect of any in which the face of nature is disfigured by the industry of man. Nor is its social aspect much more attractive. The large working population live almost isolated from the rest of society. The principal employers reside at a distance from their works; for in the 'Black Country' a few ministers of religion are almost the only representatives of the higher elements of civilization; no one, unless compelled by duty or necessity, would reside in a region from which all that makes the country attractive has been so completely effaced. 'Huge heaps of refuse, spoil from the pits or cinders from the iron furnaces, cover the whole surface of the district even to the very doors of the houses. The smoke which rises incessantly night and day from hundreds of furnaces obscures the sun, and stifles what little vegetation the few patches of soil left unoccupied by buildings or rubbish might afford.'\* Conditions of life such as these are necessarily very unfavourable to the development either of intelligence or refinement; and there is little to counteract the depressing influence which employments so carried on must almost necessarily produce. Education is alone able to neutralise in some degree such unfavourable conditions of existence; but without a due regulation of the hours of labour, and of the age at which it is commenced, education cannot be brought to bear successfully upon the condition of a population placed in so unhappy a social position.

Birmingham will now briefly occupy our attention. The triumphs of mechanical ingenuity which its factories display are well calculated to raise to the highest degree our admiration of human intelligence and human skill; and we are lost in astonishment to see

'An intellectual mastery exercised  
O'er the blind elements, a purpose given  
A perseverance fed, almost a soul  
Imparted to brute matter.'

The manufacturers are so numerous that it is even difficult to classify them. Some conception may be formed of their variety from the fact that, in 1841, there were in the town alone 97 trades not common to other large towns, and 2100 firms in those

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\* Report of Mr. White.

des. The number has since greatly increased, and the population, including that of the suburbs, has risen from 183,000 in 1811 to 310,000 in 1861. The articles turned out of this great manufactory vary from ponderous steam-engines and monster guns to the delicate hands of a watch, and filagree-work that might almost be mistaken for gossamer. The consumption of metals is enormous, and almost surpasses belief. Thus, from 400 to 500 tons of copper are worked up weekly in the sheathing, tubing, wire, and other trades. Nearly 10 tons of steel are cut weekly into pens; 3000 ozs. of gold and 6000 ozs. of silver are used weekly in the manufacture of jewellery, exclusive of the quantity employed in gilding and plating. A very large quantity of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones is also used; and the mother-of-pearl shell annually required for the manufacture of buttons alone varies from 1000 to 1500 tons.

Of the persons employed in these multifarious occupations a careful estimate gives 2000 children under 15 years of age in Birmingham alone. An approximative estimate only can be formed of the whole number of children, young persons, and men employed in Birmingham and its district, but it is calculated as not falling short of 40,000. In the town itself 18,480 are believed to be employed, which are classified in the following table, and which we give below as indicative of the principal trades of the place.\* Although the regular hours of

Occupations.	Males under 20 Years.	Females under 20 Years.	Totals.
Cast-iron founding .. .. .	2,380	..	3,360
Machine turning and pens .. .. .	..	980	
Wires, including wire, gas-fittings, &c. .. .. .	1,650	..	1,650
Buttons .. .. .	550	1,300	1,850
			6,860
Tool makers .. .. .	1,500	800	2,300
Gun makers .. .. .	1,750	..	1,750
Gun screws, &c. .. .. .	1,650	680	2,330
Machine tools .. .. .	1,050	..	1,050
Steel pens .. .. .	..	530	530
Steel .. .. .	510	..	510
.. .. .	220	..	220
.. .. .	1,080	..	1,080
.. .. .	740	..	740
.. .. .	..	1,090	1,090
.. .. .	13,080	5,380	18,460

work

work are not unreasonable—viz. from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M.—the actual hours depart from them considerably. Thus, in the nail-manufacture, in which parents generally employ their own children, over-work is common, many men working ‘all hours,’ their labour being bounded only by the limits of physical endurance. Many nailers begin as early as 5 and 6 o’clock A.M., and work until 10 or 11 at night. ‘I,’ said a workman, ‘and my daughter are only two poor weakly creatures, and do not work longer than from seven in the morning till ten or eleven at night the greater part of the week; and when our little boy worked with us, he always worked as long as we did. Many are put to work at six or seven years old, if they have a father in the shop.’ An incident in confirmation of this is related by one of the Assistant-Commissioners. ‘While,’ he says, ‘I was in a cottage, where I found a boy with a sore foot bandaged up, caused by a burn in a spade-factory, a sound of many voices singing swelled gradually nearer, and the boy, limping on his stick to the door, cried, “Oh, mother, there’s the nailers coming, many a thousand of them!”—and there passed by a crowd of several hundred men, women, and children, singing a hymn, of which two lines (contrasting strangely with their look and errand) were—

“And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.”

They were coming from the villages near Dudley to hold a meeting in Hales Owen to see if they could “get out” the nailers who were working against them there; their strike having already lasted eleven weeks. “It’s heart-breaking work,” said the woman. Amongst the many children in the crowd were two little boys, apparently six years old, or not much more, dragged along by the hand by a woman, probably their mother, foot-sore and lame from their march. To see such infants made to take part in a strike and march miles to swell a meeting to spread it, was a sight which gave but a poor idea of the consideration which they are likely to meet with at home.’ The nailers appear to be a particularly improvident class, and their children suffer accordingly. Girls are employed in the workshops. Although their labour is not severe, many work until 10 P.M.; and the parents who send their children at the earliest age to work are generally well-paid operatives, who desire to increase their incomes by their earnings. Whatever poverty there is in the district is attributed to the improvidence of the women and the intemperance

imperance of the men, who spend much of their wages in self-indulgence.\*

A large proportion of the children employed in Birmingham and its district are hired, not by the heads of firms, but by the adult piece-workers under whom they labour; an arrangement which operates much to the prejudice of the children by removing the direct responsibility from principals to those who do not recognise it. The rapidity of the work in which hundreds of young women and children are employed is extraordinary. In one of the processes of steel-pen making a quick worker can cut out in the day of ten hours 36,000 steel-pens, an operation which involves 2,000 distinct motions of the arm, or two motions in each second. It is asserted that in proportion as the part filled by a workman approaches nearest to the character of unreasoning machinery, the intelligence is least developed and education unknown. Thus boys and girls who tend pin-making machines were found by far the most ignorant class. Handwork in this business has been quite superseded, and the machine which now performs the work of human hands is one of the most wonderful of mechanical inventions. A coil of wire is simply placed on a drum at the top of a machine and, with no further aid than is required for the correction of irregularities, it emerges from it in a continuous stream of completely formed pins. A young girl can tend four of these machines, and in a week's work, consisting of five and a half days, she can collect three million pins.

The treatment of the young in Birmingham and its district is said to be on the whole satisfactory, at least where they are under the direct superintendence of principals, but abuses of authority on the part of parents and the small employers are as numerous as elsewhere, and call as loudly for correction. The cotton girls, for example, are, in the words of an Assistant-Commissioner, 'poor, forlorn, neglected little beings.'

'Many of the children are very young indeed, three or four being only six. The mother of one of these, however, a boy, said that she must have him to work as she saved the value of his labour, and also the expense of his being taken care of by some one else. In another case a girl of six—i.e. "going seven"—birthday unknown, one of three sisters working here, had worked for a woman here eight or nine months. She was a beautiful child, with bright innocent face, not looking lost and bewildered amongst so many workers. Her eldest sister, aged twelve, had a sullen, hardened look and manner; the middle sister seemed in the intermediate stage. So neglected,

\* Report of Evidence, p. 36.

however,

however, was their condition, both of body and mind, as shown by their dirty appearance and tattered dress, and the want of even Sunday-school instruction, and melancholy ignorance of even the oldest sister, that one of the firm who saw me speaking to them was so struck and pained, that he directed the mother to be informed that they could not be received to work any more unless she showed more care for them, at least in their outward appearance. The eldest makes 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week, the two younger 1s. each, and the father is in work as a mechanic. I have noticed this case as an illustration of the kind of care which many of the children whom I have seen in Birmingham plainly receive from their parents.' \*

† The great demand for young workers in Birmingham has a tendency to invert the natural order of labour as between parents and children. The defective state of education is brought forward very prominently by the Commissioners, and the ignorance not only on religious subjects but even of the commonest and simplest objects of nature that was exhibited was amazing. In religion, especially, the minds of hundreds were found in a state of absolute darkness. In a button manufactory, out of thirteen selected boys nine had never heard of the Bible or knew anything that was in it, and some of the elder boys laughed at the idea of their being supposed to know anything. † On an analysis of a hundred, from seven to ten years of age, 72·5 per cent. admitted that they could not read, 13·75 practically could not, 12·5 could read a little, and the remaining 1·25, i. e. one girl, could read well. In Birmingham thirty-two persons averaging more than twelve years of age, including a young man of twenty and two young women, could not tell the Queen's name. The commonest and simplest objects of nature, such as flowers, birds, fishes, rivers, mountains, and the sea, were unknown. Some thought London a county, one that it was in the Exhibition; a violet was said to be a pretty bird; a primrose a red rose; a lilac also a bird; but whether a robin redbreast or

\* Report III., p. 94.

† Although it is painful to do so, we give a few illustrations of this ignorance on religious subjects, taken from the answers of children:—God is 'a good man, or the 'man in Heaven.' 'I've heard of Christ, but don't know what it is.' 'Don't know where God lives, or about the world being made or who made it.' 'The Bible is *not* a book.' 'Have not heard of Christ.' 'Don't know if I am a Christian, or what it is or means.' 'The good and bad go to Heaven alike.' 'Them as is wicked shall be worshipped.' 'When people die they be burned, their souls and their bodies.' 'All go into the pit-hole, where them be burned.' 'They never get out and live again. They have not a soul. I have not one.' 'The soul does not live afterwards. It's quite an end of people when they die.' 'The devil is a good person; don't know where he lives.' 'Christ was a wicked man.' 'Don't know what prayer means, or who it is said to.'

an eagle were birds none could say ; some knew not what a river meant, or where fishes live ; or where snow comes from ; and a lion in a picture was pronounced to be a lion. Multitudes of these poor children can never have seen a primrose by a river's rim, or heard the song of a lark—

‘ Not for them  
The vernal cuckoo shouteth ; not for them  
Murmurs the labouring bee.’

At some of the large establishments, however, holidays are occasionally given when the masters considerately treat their people on an excursion into the country, and it is a touching proof how susceptible the minds of children are to the influences of nature that they are often heard to date some important event of their lives, such as their first entering a workshop, from a day-party or some rural trip. Birmingham abounds with the means of education, and the clergy and members of all religious denominations, while they deplore the low intellectual condition of the working children, say that they are powerless to remedy it ; so long as any trades are carried on in which children can be employed ‘ full time,’ and consequently without going to school, so long, unless prohibited by law, will parents seek such employments for their children, and poverty, although the most common excuse, is very rarely the real cause of parental neglect. It is estimated that there are 70,000 children, young persons and women employed in the metal manufactures alone of England and Wales who might with the greatest benefit to themselves and their employers be brought under the operation of the Factory Act.

One of the greatest abuses of juvenile labour that we have met with occurs in the manufacture of bricks. The employment itself is not unhealthy, inasmuch as it is carried on in the open air, but when the strength of children is overtaxed, and the hours of work are excessive, the injury to health becomes very marked. The weights carried on the head and in the arms of young girls are astonishing. A girl twelve years of age was found engaged in catching and passing on two bricks at a time, weighing 11 lbs., for a whole day ; a work which involved the handling of weight amounting to 36 tons, and to accomplish which, standing on a narrow sloping plank, she had to make 11,333 complete turns of her body. Other girls—‘ pages,’ as they are called—carry six fire-bricks at a time to the kilns. A fire-brick weighs, if wet, 9 lbs., and when dry 7½ lbs. A child only five years old has been seen at work in a brick-field undergoing an amount

amount of labour sufficient to completely crush out its vital energy and to bring it to a premature grave.

Next in importance to the metal manufactures of Birmingham are those of Sheffield; and the disastrous influence of overtaxed labour, and the injurious influence of certain employments upon the duration of human life are more marked here than perhaps in any other manufacturing district in the kingdom. The conditions under which the grinding-trade is carried on in Sheffield have for many years attracted notice. The evidence taken by the Commission appointed in 1841 abundantly proved the destructive nature of the occupation. The work principally consists in giving an edge to knives, razors, scissors, tools, and other cutlery, and in polishing the larger articles made of steel. The amount of particles thrown off in this process depends upon the kind of work. A needle and hackle-pin manufacturer stated that a 20 lbs. packet of steel wire loses from 4 lbs. to 5 lbs. in weight during the process of grinding; and that twenty-three stones worked by himself thus threw off in a day 75 lbs. of steel-dust, and a far larger quantity of stone. It has been estimated that at least 3 lbs. of fine steel-dust is daily produced under the face of each grinder. The work of the dry-grinders is thus described by Dr. Greenhow, the medical officer of the Privy Council, who was directed, in 1861, to inquire into the industrial condition of the population in the districts subject to excessive mortality from lung-disease. 'Dry-grinders use the dry stone only; and large quantities of fine dust, composed partly of steel, partly of sandstone, are produced during the act of grinding. These men formerly adopted no precaution against inhaling the dust, which they are apt to do very freely, seeing that they sit directly behind and, as it were, astride the stone, in order that they may be close to their work. Some still continue to work in the old manner, without protection; but the greater number now use a fan, similar to that used by the needle-pointers, which draws the dust into a shaft, and very greatly diminishes the liability of the grinders to suffer from this cause of pulmonary disease. The value of the fan was fully exhibited in some of the fork-grinders' shops, where streams of sparks, as the red-hot particles given off from the friction of the stone and steel, were observed suddenly to turn downwards into the shaft as they came within the influence of the in-draught of air.' The employment of the fork-grinders is the most deadly of all known occupations. It was said by Dr. Hall, in 1857, that they are exposed to influences which have a tendency to rob them of twenty-five years of their lives. Of the razor-grinders 749 out of 1000 were ascertained to die before they

tained the age of forty, 'rotting off' at thirty-four or thirty-five and some even at twenty-two and twenty-four. A painful recognition of the terrible effects of this destructive occupation was shown by the fork-grinders themselves some years ago, in answer to the public, when they said, 'It is part of our duty to point out to the public the destructive influence of our trade; for be it known to all that the pernicious effect of the grinding-trade upon our branch is by far the worst. We can show by irrefragable facts, drawn from the statistics of our trade, that the average age of fork-grinders does not exceed thirty years. Nor is it to be wondered at, considering the poisonous atmosphere in which we have to breathe, which renders the far greater part of us mere cripples of men, and produces a complication of diseases of which the most formidable is the asthma and dry cough, known by the name of the "grinders' complaint," followed by consumption, which no medical man can cure. In such cases life is a burden to poor sufferers, and our frames are gradually wasted by a succession of slow tortures.'

Children, nevertheless, commence the deadly employment of grinding as young as nine, some at eight and seven, years of age.

A boy only six years old was found seated at a wheel grinding for his father. A great many young children are employed in the cutlery business, girls and boys sometimes coming to work at seven and even six years of age, generally supplied by their own parents.

To convey an adequate idea of the nature and amount of the work performed by children under a very high temperature, in the foundry business of Sheffield, a very large and important part of its industry, we extract the following passages from the Report of an Assistant-Commissioner engaged in the inquiry; and distressing as are the exposures of inhumanity in these Reports abound, the facts here disclosed are unvarnished:—

A boy nine years old, or at most ten, worked at crinoline steel three nights running, as well as the days, and this under his father's supervision. "We should have gone so (*i. e.* nights as well as days) to the end of the week, only the engine broke down." His case and the circumstances which he repeatedly made to me whether he might not "go to work a bit longer, instead of working," struck me as peculiarly

Another, now eleven, who went at nine years old to hardening and tempering crinoline steel, worked there from seven A.M. till half past five P.M. four nights a week "for many and many a month," and at a time till twelve at night," "and either once or twice worked from



from seven in the morning all through the next night and day, and on till twelve the following night."

'Another boy at a rolling mill, where his proper hours were from six A.M. to half past five P.M., worked about four nights every week till half past eight P.M. at least, and this for six months out of the nine that he was there, there being day and night relays in the remaining three months, and for about four months he worked one day and night together every week, and sometimes two days and two nights running.

'Another, at nine years old, sometimes made three twelve-hour shifts running, and when ten has made two days and two nights running.

'Another, now thirteen, at a former place worked all night some Fridays, and other nights except Mondays, always till eight or nine P.M.

'Another, now ten, at a former place worked from six A.M. till twelve P.M. three nights, and till nine P.M. the other nights, in his only week there.

'Another, now fourteen, has worked sometimes from six A.M. on Friday till two P.M. on Saturday.

'Another, now thirteen, at a former place worked from six P.M. till twelve noon next day for a week together, and sometimes for three shifts together, *e. g.* from Monday morning till Tuesday night.

'Another, now twelve, has worked in an iron foundry at Staveley from six A.M. till twelve P.M. for a fortnight on end; could not do it any more, &c.'

As to the ill-consequences of using heavy hammers at a very early age—

'There is a good deal of heavy work. I have seen a boy of fourteen years old using a 22 lb. hammer in file forging, and some who have grown completely out of form from the work.'

Such abuses of parental power ought not to be tolerated in any civilised country, and the law ought to restrain or punish those who impose it. These helpless children are eminently entitled to the protection of the State, for such excessive labour involves the certainty of premature death, preceded, in the case of the fork-grinders, by sufferings of the most terrible character.\* By preventing children from entering upon any of the steel grinding or heavy furnace employments until a proper age, and then only under certain restrictions, not only would their lives

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\* 'It's their fathers,' says a workman in his evidence, 'have put these young ones to it, and they (*i.e.* the boys) have been ruined before manhood. Consumption seizes them when quite young men, and they go off like nothing.'

prolonged, but sufficient time might be afforded for the action which they so greatly need. The generation now rising up in Sheffield and its vicinity is described as 'equally ignorant of the country in which they live, of the ruler by whom it is governed, and of the founder of the religion which it acknowledges.'

The *Glass Manufacture* is one of great importance. The repeal of the excise duty, and the removal of some restrictions which considerably interfered with the mode of conducting the business, has led to important improvements, and to a very great increase in the number of hands employed in it. The trade comprises four principal departments, viz., the making of (1) plate-glass; (2) crown-glass; (3) flint-glass; and (4) bottle-glass. Plate-glass is made by casting and rolling the metal, while crown and sheet-glass are made by blowing and by manual labour. Since the period of the repeal of the excise duty in 1845, the production of plate-glass at one manufactory alone has increased nearly fourfold, or from 312,000 to 1,240,000 feet a year. In the year 1863, the production of sheet-glass alone in two manufactories amounted to 8,000,000 feet per annum. The manufacture of blown flint-glass has declined, but that of pressed flint-glass has been largely increased, one firm, which formerly produced only 350,000 lbs., now making 3,000,500 lbs. of pressed flint-glass annually. The bottle-glass manufacture has also greatly increased, and in the year 1862, the produce of forty-seven houses in the district of the Tyne amounted to more than 1,000,000 bottles.\*

The seat of the glass manufacture of Great Britain has been chiefly determined by the presence of coal, of which large quantities are required, and in some measure by the facilities for obtaining the other materials, such as marl and sand. The number of children and young persons employed in the glass manufacture in the United Kingdom is 3934; and of females, above the age of 18, there are employed in England and Wales about 1600. The age at which children enter the glass-works is commonly between nine and eleven. The heat to which they are exposed is necessarily great, and they are often literally standing for hours 'between two fires.' In some works, as in the crown and sheet-glass houses, the boys are 'almost permanently in a very high temperature,' the hottest employments being

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\* The great increase is chiefly owing to the growth of the bitter beer trade, and to the increased demand for bottles.

those of the little shovel-holders and pushers, boys who protect the men, by holding up shovels, from the heat of the furnaces when they are opened for the extraction of the metal, and who also open and shut the doors. The heat to which they are exposed is terrific, a thermometer held close to a boy's head rose immediately to 130°. The Assistant-Commissioner, standing near a boy whose position was permanent, afterwards found the crown and brim of his hat completely melted out of shape. At the mouth of another kiln, where the boys were constantly putting in articles to anneal, the mercury of a thermometer rose rapidly to the top, viz., 150°.

The kilns in bottle works resemble arches in a wine cellar, and their heat was found to vary from 106° to 120°. They have no communication with either light or air, except the opening through which the bottles are carried in and taken out. The air is necessarily deficient in oxygen, and therefore very exhausting to work in; but the boys occupied in carrying bottles into and out of the kilns are, nevertheless, in constant motion, and the distance ran by each in a day's work amounts to many miles. At some bottle works in Yorkshire, the 'takers in' are said to run, on an average, from fifteen to sixteen miles each 'journey' or day's work. At one of these works the distance travelled by a boy only eleven years old, was measured, and was found to vary from thirteen and a half to seventeen miles a day, according to the number of bottles carried. In another, where ninety dozen of bottles were carried (only a 'fair journey'), the distance was found to be twenty miles. In the manufacture of common flint-glass bottles the distance ran by boys was found to be from sixteen to eighteen miles in six hours. The weight of the articles carried is moreover made practically heavier by being placed on the end of a long stick. 'A man,' said a workman, 'could not do a "taker in's" work; it would kill him.' Exhausting as the labour exacted from boys is, six hours is the utmost period of unbroken rest they are allowed, and in this is included the time spent in going home and returning, and for meals; leaving a very short period indeed for sleep, and none for recreation unless at the expense of sleep. Over-work is frequent. A little boy, ten years of age, had worked without cessation from seven on Friday morning until seven on Saturday evening, 'only lying down a little now and then on anything he could find.' In one sheet-glass manufactory a boy has worked thirty-six hours without going to bed, and another had worked for sixty consecutive hours. Night work prevails more or less in all the glass-houses. It is impossible to conceive any system more  
calculated

l to ruin the health of growing boys, and to destroy constitutions; their appearance is described as unhealthy, faces slight, and they all suffer more or less from head-ache, and the effects of sudden chills after exposure to heat; their feet are often sore and blistered, and they frequently fall asleep over their work. 'When you come at nine at night,' said a little boy of thirteen to the Commissioner, 'you *do* feel very sleepy, and have to sleep awake.'

the conditions in which this manufacture is at present, a very large proportion of the boys employed in the glass works are necessarily entirely uneducated. The glass makers as a body, are said to be an untaught and intractable class. Medical evidence on the injury inflicted on young boys by glass works is unusually emphatic, and a hope is expressed of a reformation to which worthless and improvident parents are said to 'discount' their children in this business will be of use.

It has been supposed that the rural districts of England at least be exempt from the evils upon which it has been my task to comment, but agricultural labour is occasionally upon children, to the serious injury of their constitutions, and the conditions peculiarly demoralising. In the course of the Poor Law inquiries which, in 1862, were instituted into the employment of women and children in agriculture, it was found that an organised system of labour called the 'gang system' existed in certain districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and Lincolnshire. A farmer who wished to have a particular piece of work done, such as clearing land of pulling turnips, applied to a gang-master, who contracted the job, supplying the necessary labour. This system still exists. The farmer agrees with the gang-master and the gang-master gains with the labourers. If the work, as usually is such as can be partly done by women and children, is composed of persons of both sexes and of all ages. It is all together superintended by an overseer. In parishes where there is an excess of population, and consequently much unemployment, these gangs are easily collected, and the gang-master gets his work done quickly and cheaply, and the gang-master is generally able to make a considerable profit.\* His object is to extract the greatest possible quantity of labour in the shortest time for the smallest possible amount of remuneration.

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A gang's man it is said often makes as much as 15s. a-day.

A herd

A herd of human beings of both sexes and all ages, often including very young children, is speedily got together, thus constituting an agricultural gang. The distance travelled before work is commenced is often five, six and seven miles, and the night is often passed by the party at a distance from home, huddled together in barns and outhouses, and without distinction of age or sex. In the formation of a gang the worst characters, male and female, are often collected from the neighbourhood, and the contaminating effect of a promiscuous assembly upon the young who form part of it may be readily conceived. Out of a hundred girls in a gang seventy have been known to have been previously demoralised. This system, we regret to say, has increased rather than diminished since public attention was first called to it. It prevails extensively over portions of Suffolk, Lincoln, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire.

The practice is condemned by magistrates, the clergy, and indeed by all but those who have a pecuniary interest in its maintenance; yet it continues.

It would be superfluous to advert to the many other trades and employments which have engaged the attention of the Commission.\* We have selected the most prominent in which overworking the young is practised to an extent cruelly to overtax their strength and to produce almost of necessity premature decline and decay. The worst instances of oppression, it is painful to state, are those in which children are overworked by their parents. It is therefore incumbent on the legislature to deprive those parents of the power of trafficking in the bodies and souls of their young.

We well remember the stock arguments which were urged against the Factory Act, and we remember also by whom they were urged; but they were urged in vain. They have been renewed against every succeeding measure designed to protect the poor and helpless against the cupidity of those in whose power they lay. Such measures have, nevertheless, been sanctioned by Parliament and ratified by public opinion. The time has now arrived when a still further extension of the principle is imperatively required in the interests of humanity and civilization. Were the head of a family made punishable, by fine or

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\* Among these are lace and embroidery work in Ireland, hand-loom weaving and hosiery in Ireland, the paper tube manufacture, rolling-mills and forges, iron ship-building, letter foundries, the copper works of South Wales, hand-loom carpet making, the manufacture of hair seating, the tobacco manufacture, the bobbin manufacture, india-rubber works, and the paper manufacture. On all these the Commissioners have reported cruel abuses of the labour of children, and recommend immediate legislation.

otherwise,

erwise, for any gross instance of overwork which might occur under his roof, the practice would certainly be checked. Any difficulty of obtaining evidence might be counteracted by the encouragement of informers, for the hours of work being necessarily open to the observation of neighbours, proof of the continuance of abuses would be readily obtainable and opinion would then speedily lead to their abandonment. The local authorities, and especially the Medical Officers of the Provincial Boards of Health, might be intrusted with a power of inspecting smaller establishments and domestic workshops; and the continuance of the abuse would be improbable after the legislature shall have condemned it. If in the larger establishments legal hours of work for children and young persons and sales were specified and their infringement made a punishable offence, there can be but little doubt that the majority of employers would cheerfully conform to the provisions of the law. Experience has hitherto fully justified the wisdom of legislation. The Factory Act has contributed in a striking degree to the good feeling between masters and workmen, the latter of whom we speak of it as their true 'charter.'\*

'The condition of the persons employed in the additional works which have recently come under inspection,' says the gentleman whose able Report we have previously had the pleasure of quoting, 'shows the absolute necessity for supervision, and has strengthened the opinion formed five-and-thirty years ago, that the labour (if so it may be termed), even in a free country, requires the strong arm of the law to protect it from the cupidity and ignorance of parents. Most of the workshops of this great commercial country have fallen into the inevitable track of competitive industry when unrestricted by law, namely, to cheapen prices by the employment of women and children in the first instance, and then to increase production by protracted hours of work, without regard to age, sex, or physical capability, or to the needs of social requirements. Thus we have thousands of the working classes in a state of semi-barbarity; parents who appear to have little or no natural affection, fathers who are wholly uneducated, mothers who are without domestic knowledge, children utterly ignorant, and without obedience, and masters who are, perhaps, regardless, but who have never duly considered the consequences of congregations formed of such materials.'†

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\* Report IV., p. xviii.

† Report of Mr. Baker, Inspector of Factories, for 1866.

- ART. IV.—1. *Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, June, 1861.* By Max Müller, M.A. Fourth Edition. 1864.
2. *Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Institution of Great Britain in February, March, April, May, 1863.* By Max Müller, M.A. Second Series. 1864.
3. *A Dictionary of English Etymology.* By Hensleigh Wood, M.A. (Vols. I. and II., Vol. III. Part 1.) 1859-65.
4. *Chapters on Language.* By the Rev. Frederic W. M.A. London, 1865.

WHEN we survey the modern science of Comparative Philology, and the position of our English science, it is by no means pleasant to find ourselves here misplaced than in many other fields of art and science. At the end of the last century we had actually grasped the clue which was to lead to the great philological discoveries of the present; but it was for the most part by Continental and especially by Germans, that this clue was followed. For years we not only did not teach, we were backward in learning: but of late we have happily begun to move again, and at last seem to have started with a fair hope of making the days of the nineteenth century redeem the deficiencies of the first. English students have been working in particular departments of the science with much energy and some success; moreover we have now that great power in producing and encouraging science, an educated public strongly interested in the study of Language, and to a large extent both able and willing to hear all sides of an argument, trusting to broad common sense in shaping their opinions according to the evidence laid before them. In having a public of this kind, we are probably more fortunate than any other country in Europe, and, having it, we are bound to make the most of it. It is much better that the interest should flow gradually through society, raising the intellectual level of the country, and thus reacting beneficially upon the progress of science, than that, as in Germany, the learned class should be, like the noble class, so wanting in intermediate members to connect it with the body of the people.

The public interest in Philological discovery had for many years been gradually widening and deepening in England.

the efforts of a German scholar gave its growth a new and energetic impulse. If we examine the effect produced by Professor Max Müller's teaching at Oxford, and his Lectures at the Royal Institution in London, we shall see that, great as it is, it is due to a perfectly intelligible combination of causes. To take a place among the highest rank of teachers a man must be an original discoverer. The mere schoolmaster, though crammed with the learning of twenty Universities, can only portray to his scholars, as it were, the shadow of science which has been projected on the surface of his passive mind; but to him scientific facts want the perspective and the solidity which they have to the sight and grasp of the real craftsman who does new work among them. On the other hand, it does not follow that every learned and original student must be able to teach. There stand before us the works of a great German Philologist, who has flung the results of his life-long labour into a row of volumes where thousands of pages, full of shrewdest reasoning and overwhelming array of facts, are hustled together with hardly the skeleton of an index or a plan, argument nested within argument, and digression within digression, like the stories within stories in a book of Hindoo tales. From time to time some special student girds up his loins, plunges in at what seems the likeliest opening in this trackless forest, and comes out laden with knowledge wherewith to build up his own scientific reputation. We need not say of whose volumes we speak: readers of this class know well enough, and few others care. It is true such labours as these are not lost—sooner or later their effects come out into the general field of knowledge; but the teacher who will act at once upon a great public must give them not only knowledge, but knowledge in the state that their time and training will enable them to receive. Perfectly understanding how to do this, Max Müller was able to bring forward the results of others' work and his own in a way which was not made unscientific by being popular. His argument has been somewhat of this kind: 'Here are certain facts: you must take my word not only that they are sound, but that the rest of the same kind—though I cannot heap them up here before you—tend in the same direction; and now upon these facts I base such and such inferences. If any one will show either fact or inference to be wrong, at any rate I have done my best in helping him to bring out truth.' Such a method was eminently suited to the English temper. We may be insular and prejudiced in our opinions; but we are, after all, the countrymen of Bacon, and our minds lie open to straightforward inference from definite fact rather than to dogmatic or trans-



scendental teaching. When we see how Max Müller united just the qualities required for the work he undertook, we need not fancy that any undue partiality has given him a popularity not fairly earned, much less grudge him, as a foreigner, his immense success on English ground. In reviewing here his two series of Lectures, it is not our purpose either to give a descriptive catalogue of their contents or to popularise that which is already popular, but rather to show through what stages the school he belongs to has grown up into its present state, to discuss some of his main tenets, and to compare them with the views held by other thinkers, dead or living, abroad or at home.

Those who take as their standing-ground the position of this dominant modern school may look back upon two great phases through which the science of Language has passed. At first, words somewhat alike in sound were ranged together when they were also somewhat alike in meaning, and often enough when they were not. Words compounded of root and inflexion or suffix were treated together in the lump as they occur in actual speech; if the language a word belonged to did not give a satisfactory meaning, the etymologist went to some other, and it was hard indeed if Dutch or Latin, Hebrew or Basque, could not help him to something more or less like the sound he wanted, bearing a more or less appropriate meaning. For the human organs of voice are very much the same everywhere, and it so happens that the sets of articulations used in the many hundred languages of the world do, in some rough way, correspond. It is only in a rough way, for different languages vary materially in their rendering of the sounds which our rude alphabetic systems make shift to write with the same letters. It has even been found that whole groups of articulate sounds present in some languages are absent in others; thus certain North American tribes not only themselves pronounced no labials, such as *p*, *b*, *m*, but expressed their disgust at the absurdity of any one being expected to shut his mouth to speak instead of opening it. In like manner, some native tribes of Brazil used neither *f*, *l*, nor *r* in their language; whereupon, as the historians tell us, their Portuguese conquerors facetiously described them as a race with neither *Fé*, *Ley*, nor *Roy*—that is to say, with neither Faith, Law, nor King. But the fact of our alphabet serving even badly to write all manner of languages shows how much likeness there is in the articulations used over the world; and thus to the old-fashioned etymologist who overlooked all but the most glaring divergences of sound, as well as all questions of the traceable history and grammatical structure of words, it became  
easy

y to imagine any similarly sounding terms to have a real connexion. To his mind it was simple and unobjectionable that a *violet* should be so called because *vi olet*=it smells strong. The superstitious practice of the South Sea islands, which makes certain persons and things *tabu*, or sacred from polluting touch, is so familiar in England that we have even taken up the word for our own use. The way in which a comparatively modern writer explains the origin of this word is quite instructive, typical of the sort of case where this early philological method is at its worst. The Malay dictionary borrows from the Arabic word *tabut*, 'the Jewish ark of the covenant'; now, as this is a very sacred and inviolable object, therefore, our authors, the Polynesian word *tabu*, meaning 'sacred, inviolable,' derived from it. We are not by any means to think that, because this rude method of comparison has been generally replaced by something better, it is even now extinct; for straggling remains of old methods continue for ages to exist by the side of prevailing new ones. What Mr. McLennan, in his remarkable book on Primitive Marriage, says of remains of early customs, is true also of the stages through which knowledge is developed in the world: 'In the sciences of law and society, old means not only in chronology but in structure: that is most archaic which is nearest to the beginning, of human progress considered as a development, and that is most modern which is farthest removed from that beginning.' From time to time books are still published to show that plain Saxon or Scandinavian names of countries in England are relics of Hebrew or Phœnician colonisation, or that *Gesenius* is the fountain-head whence we are to trace down *Liddell and Scott*. Such books even keep up in the estimation of us the worse side, not the better, of the early philologists; for the guidance of history and the common-sense plan of defining, if possible, the etymologies of their words in languages actually or in past time spoken in the country—such as Norman, Saxon, or Celtic in England—led them, to a great extent, right. There were, too, among them men whose views were far in advance of their age. Roger Bacon, that marvel of the thirteenth century, is far ahead of some living writers in the nineteenth; he protests against those who propose derivations of words in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew without a due regard to the history of those languages. 'Britto,' he says, 'dares to derive *Gehenna* from the Greek *ge*, earth, and *ennos*, deep; though *Gehenna* is a Hebrew word, and cannot have its origin in Greek.' Friar Bacon saw clearly the way in which very different words fall in the course of time into one indistinguishable form, as when *κενός*, empty,

empty,—*κοινός*, common,—*καινός*, new, fall into the same sound, *ceno*, in *cenotaph*, *cenobite*, *encenia*. He had even conceived the idea of a Comparative Grammar. 'Surely,' as Professor Müller says, 'this does honour to the thirteenth century.'\*

The class of philologists who raised the main body of their science to a level above that of the early etymologists, did work which corresponds very much to what Professor Müller, surveying his subject from a different point of view, calls the 'classificatory stage.' A principal founder of this new school was one of the great thinkers of the world, Leibnitz.† He began to set philology free from the shackles in which it was held by the belief, once maintained as a religious doctrine, but now recognised as a mere superstition, that the derivation of Latin and Greek, and all other languages, was to be sought in Hebrew, as the primitive language of mankind. 'To call Hebrew the primitive language,' he says, 'is like calling branches of a tree primitive branches, or like imagining that in some country hewn trunks could grow instead of trees. Such ideas may be conceived, but they do not agree with the laws of nature, and with the harmony of the universe, that is to say, with the Divine wisdom.' Equally important was the new method of investigation which Leibnitz introduced by urging that detailed vocabularies of the languages of the world, old and new, savage and civilised, should be made and carefully compared. He drew up a list of simple, common words to be translated for this purpose into many languages, and enlisted among others Peter the Great as a helper in getting this work done. Of Leibnitz's suggestions it came that many years afterwards that woman, extraordinary in good as in evil, the ambitious, public-spirited, learned, and profligate Catherine II. of Russia, 'once shut herself up nearly a year, devoting all her time to the compilation of her Comparative Dictionary.‡' To the influence of the inventor of the Differential Calculus, Professor Müller directly traces the great works of Hervas and Adelung. Hervas was a Spanish Jesuit, who brought back from his missionary life among the native tribes of America a taste for philological study, which led him to compile his great 'Catalogue of Languages.' To have collected specimens and notices of more than three hundred languages is no small matter. But Hervas did more. He himself composed grammars of more than forty languages. He was the first to point out that the true affinities of languages must be

\* 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 276.

† Ibid., 1st Series, p. 135.

‡ Ibid., p. 144.

terminated chiefly by grammatical evidence, not by mere similarity of words. Among other discoveries, that of the existence of the Malayo-Polynesian family is due to him, and the very phrase describing it as extending over some 200 degrees of longitude, from Madagascar on one side to Easter Island on the other, which has been repeated by author after author in almost the same words, till it has become a mere weariness to the ears of ethnologists, has its origin in Hervas.\* The method of the classifying school culminated in the 'Mithridates' of Adelung, a vast work published early in the present century, and which, besides a mass of other materials, dissected versions of the Lord's Prayer in above five hundred languages. Though its method has now become obsolete, the 'Mithridates' is still often read by philologists, who speak of it with the respect due to all roughly good work, however old its fashion. But it is very desirable that this loose and fragmentary treatment of languages should be kept up in ethnological research, in the very presence of the higher method, systematic dissection and comparison of structure. Philologists must wonder that in so modern and valuable a book as Dr. Latham's 'Descriptive Ethnology,' published five-and-twenty years later than Bopp's first volume of the 'Comparative Grammar,' an eminent ethnologist should be content to work with the antiquated tools of the 'Mithridates,' and to use vocabularies of a score or so of words as standards of comparison between different languages. Of course Dr. Latham knows and uses for his ethnological purposes the great results which have been obtained by the newer method; but when he tries to reason independently upon a language, such, for instance, as that of the Gallas of East Africa, which has been minutely analysed in grammar and dictionary since 1845, he is still content to set before us for comparison with other idioms words for man, woman, eyes, nose, one, two, three, and the remainder of a poor thirty-word vocabulary.

As is well known, the rise of the higher method now prevailing in great measure due to the accident that, in the course of the last century, there came within the field of view of European philologists an ancient language, almost the first glimpse of which changed the whole face of their science. The key to modern comparative philology was set before the world in one passage of a paper which Sir William Jones read on the 2nd of February, 1786, before the Asiatic Society in Calcutta, of which he was one of the founders. 'The Sanscrit language, whatever be its

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\* 'Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 139.

antiquity, is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the *Greek*, more copious than the *Latin*, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar than could possibly have been produced by accident; so strong indeed, that no philologist could examine them all three, without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which, perhaps, no longer exists: there is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the *Gothick* and the *Celtick*, though blended with a very different idiom, had the same origin with the *Sanscrit*; and the old *Persian* might be added the same family.\* The interest of these remarkable sentences does not lie wholly in the announcement of a great discovery. They are an example of the true philosophic temper, which it will be well for us carefully to mark. Their author must have been tempted to let his imagination fill up the gap left by his evidence and to suppose that he had before him the very source out of which the great languages of Europe had sprung, but he was content to make sure of the least, not to speculate upon the more which his facts could prove. It will aid us in giving Sir William Jones his proper historical place to examine the book which he published some twenty years later, set the stream of European scholarship fairly in movement in this direction. Friedrich von Schlegel's 'Language and Philosophy of the Indians' is most suggestive essay, and a great part of the inferences which he draws as to the connexion of the 'Indo-Germanic' languages have stood the test of time. But into the pitfall which the cautious English (or rather Welsh) judge had passed safely by, the impetuous German littérateur fell headlong. Schlegel appears to have had no doubt that the Sanskrit or 'Indian' language was not only related to Greek, Latin, and German, but was the very ancestor from which their descent was to be traced.

When, however, thorough-paced investigators like Bopp came to sift and compare the evidence, it became clear that Sanskrit was itself, like Greek or Welsh, a descendant of an extinct common tongue, and could only claim, as Max Müller puts it, the distinction 'which Austria used to claim in the German Confederation—to be the first among equals, *primus inter pares*.'† By comparing the various shapes assumed by different members of the great Indo-European family of languages, it even became possible to guess out of what primary forms the diverging languages of India, Greece, or Britain might have developed the

\* 'Asiatick Researches,' vol. 1. p. 422.

† 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 407.  
group

ords, at once so similar and so dissimilar, and thus all extent to reconstruct the original source of them Schleicher, in his 'Comparative Grammar,' calls the an 'Ursprache,' or Original Language. It has now convenient for ethnological purposes to revive the tional term of 'Aryan,' a familiar word in the ancient d geography of India, Persia, and Media, and perhaps en so far west as in the name of *Ireland*. Thus the an stock of languages, comprising the Sanskrit and their immediate relatives, the Celtic, Italic, Greek, d Germanic groups, has come to be classed as a whole me of the Aryan family, and referred for its origin tical primitive Aryan speech.

Sanskrit is compared with the rest of its kin of this family, it is found that there are actually points in language, ancient as it is as a whole, represents a later wth than even our modern European dialects. To l instance, its root-verb with the meaning of to 'stand' ie pronunciation of which sound it is to be observed ers *th* stand for something like the *th* in *pothook*. But ng testimony of other members of the Aryan family iginal root-form of *stare*, *stehen*, *stand*, French *j'étais* æk ἵστημι, Zend *histâmi*, Lithuanian *stowmi*, Irish top), and so forth, was simply *sta*, and the Sanskrit to have changed from the original form. The Rig-priceless monument of the thought and belief of the s, is framed in even a more archaic dialect than the skrit literature, and must have been collected in very es, at least as early, Professor Müller thinks, as but it already says *stha* for to stand, and thus even a battered with the shocks of time—so broken down atical structure—so mixed, patched, and remade in ry as our modern English, is yet to be traced back, letters of the verb to *stand*, to a more hoary an- the great Aryan hymn-book. Such cases as these r, exceptional. Taken as a whole, the Sanskrit (and o be classed its sister the Zend, the language of the k of Zoroaster) represents a state of language so like imitive Aryan must have been, that the first investi-really a fair colour for the opinion that it was itself gue. Nothing so well shows the relation of Sanskrit d languages in Europe as the fact that the sight of it into an intelligible shape the relation of these lan- ie another. That there were words in Greek, Latin, Russian,

Russian, English, which were exceedingly alike, was no new observation; though by what chain of cause and effect this likeness had come about was a matter on which theory was very blind and helpless. But when Sanskrit came to be examined by European scholars, it was evident on the very face of it that it represented an origin out of which these languages had diverged, retaining the similarities which had so long been noticed, but which without this key had not been satisfactorily accounted for, nor probably would have been for many a long year. Sanskrit not only showed similarities with Greek or English, it corresponded here with the one, there with the other—it brought together grammatical processes and meanings of words which had gone one way in one language and another way in another, till often nothing but the sight of a stage near the common starting-point could justify the philologist in saying that there was a connexion between them. To take some of the more familiar instances: when it appeared that the verb-root *man*, to think, produced in Sanskrit on the one hand *mati* and *manas*, mind, on the other *manushya*, a son of man (German *mensh*), it became evident that the English word *man* and the Latin word *mens* had a common origin, the ground of their relationship being that the one meant the thinker, and the other the thinking apparatus. In Latin we find a word *vidua*, in English a word *widow*; but in the Sanskrit dictionary there is not only a word *vidhavā* to match both of these, but also the materials for its evident derivation, *vi*, without,—*dhava*, a husband. Again, a Latin name for cattle is *pecus*: now the Sanskrit dictionary showed a word *paṣu*, cattle, corresponding to it; and it appeared moreover, on examination of the letters which habitually correspond with one another in different European languages, that to Sanskrit *paṣu* and Latin *pecus* there answer a Germanic group, Gothic *faihu*, Anglo-Saxon *feoh*, meaning in the first place cattle, and in the second goods or possessions in general, among which in old times cattle was so important an item. In modern times these two meanings have gone in different ways; for the German *vieh* keeps to the primitive sense of cattle, while English *fee* has given itself up to the secondary meaning of property, possession, money payment, like *pecunia* from the corresponding Latin *pecus*. In grammatical processes it was much the same. The languages of the ancient Greeks and of the ancient Goths had a dual number, which dropped away in later times: it is to be found in Sanskrit, in company with both the reduplication of the Greek and Latin perfect, and the augment of the Greek aorist. The language of the modern Lithuanians has a locative case; in Latin, too, this

case

se is to be found, though mixed up by grammarians with the  
 nitive or otherwise explained away, as in *Romæ*, at Rome,  
*mi*, on the ground, *domi*, at home. In Sanskrit this locative  
 se is both fully developed and necessarily acknowledged.  
 gain, Greek says for *is*, *ἐστὶ*, Latin *est*, German *ist*, and we  
 ve moreover a verb to *be*, which comes out again in Latin *fui*.  
 hen we go back to Sanskrit, we not only find early forms of  
 th these verbs, *bhū*, to *be*, and *as*, to *be* (*esse*), but we can even  
 ce the plain material meanings which they bore before they  
 re caught up into functional grammar and stamped with the  
 aning of that colourless abstraction, the so-called substantive  
 rh. Sanskrit *bhū* corresponds with the Greek *φύω*, and meant  
 'grow.' Max Müller holds the original meaning of *as* to  
 ve been first to breathe, then to live, till at last it dwindled  
 wn into to exist.\* This opinion of his, by the way, may be  
 pported by an idiom current among the English-speaking  
 groes, whose linguistic proceedings are often instructive in a  
 gh degree. These people, true to the instincts of an early stage  
 language, hate to use words which do not convey to their minds  
 definite meaning, like our English verb to *be*, and they will  
 y to *live* instead: if one asks them where the lamp is, they will  
 y 'him *lib* in cupboard,' and thus repeat in modern times what  
 is done so many ages ago by the men who shaped the early  
 ryan speech. Truly there is a great likeness in the working  
 men's minds in old times or new, within black skins or white  
 es.

Besides the ancient and markedly original character of the  
 nskrit, the regularity of its structure, in which it so far sur-  
 ssed the more worn and mutilated languages of Europe, allowed  
 e native grammarians to take it to pieces like a dissected puzzle,  
 d to bring to such wonderful perfection its analysis into very  
 nple root-forms, that it is even now very often found hardly  
 sible to modern scholars to go a step beyond them. Thus a  
 itical knowledge of Sanskrit became not a mere knowledge of  
 ngle language, but of the principles of language in general.  
 f course, the structure of tongues belonging to other groups than  
 e Aryan, such, for instance, as Arabic, Hungarian, or Aztec,  
 very different from that of Sanskrit; but practically any one  
 o has seen how Sanskrit is taken to pieces learns, as it can  
 dly be so learnt by any other means, how himself to understand  
 d analyse other languages, however different their type. It thus  
 me to pass that a natural transition took place between two

\* 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 349.



departments of learning. When a philological scholar, with an older sense of the word, knowing Hebrew and the classical languages on the one side and the leading modern languages of Europe on the other, adds to this knowledge a scientific acquaintance with Sanskrit, he becomes three parts qualified to teach the Science of Language in general; and just as in the middle ages the clerk passed into the lawyer and the barber into the surgeon, so in our times the Professor of Sanskrit passes into the Professor of Comparative Philology.

Such imperfect analysis and arrangement of languages may find, for instance, in the Greek and Latin grammars of the last generation, were of course a great step beyond the old system of becoming acquainted with a language by rote and all its combinations by sheer practice—a system which has of late revived and glorified in the Ollendorf method of learning. The history of the art of grammar in the classical languages is told by Professor Müller\* with all his habitual point of view and ingenuitiveness. Greek philosophical terms were adopted and translated by grammarians till their original significance was lost or altogether destroyed; the *article* was once the *ἄρθρον*, a sentence; the name of a *πρῶσις*, fall, or *case*, came to be applied to nouns modified by certain suffixes; the *genitive* case had its origin in a misunderstanding of the word *γενεῖς* with a different meaning, namely, a *genetic* case, describing the kind or *genus* of persons or things. It is a very curious fact that the designation of the *ablative* case was invented by a personage less famous than Julius Cæsar. Professor Müller draws a picture of the great conqueror out upon his expedition against the barbarians of Gaul and Germany, and annexing new territories to the Roman dominion, and in the midst of his military marches yet finding time to work at the composition of his *Grammar*. We cannot but smile at the happy appropriation with which the great Ablator of his age applied to himself the terminology of a grammatical case with which he was amply qualified to deal.

As in Europe the critical study of Homer led to the creation of that system of classing and arranging inflexions of speech which we call Grammar, so the study of the religious books, the Vedas, led the native philologists to construct a system of much the same sort for the Sanskrit. In closer and deeper analysis the Hindu grammarians were European far behind him. Partly through having an

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\* 'Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 93.

urable language to work upon, but partly also by dint of skill and perseverance, he had succeeded five centuries before our era in working down the whole vast system of his language back to a list of simple root-words, a task which, we learn from Professor Müller, was only attempted in Europe by Henri Estienne in the sixteenth century. Modern criticism has to object to some of the roots in the Sanskrit lists being without sufficient warrant, or even as being mere etymological fictions; but the more important of them are thoroughly old and genuine, and tell their own story at once when set before their relatives in our common languages; such are *gâ*, to go—Latin *ire*; *sad*, to sit, *sedere*; *vap*, to weave, *weben*; to see, *look*, and so on. The desire to make the most of the principle they had discovered led the ancient Brahmins, ever, just as it so often leads modern professors, to push it into regions where it had no real sway. Striving after idealism, they tried to reduce the whole mass of language not merely to roots, but to roots of one category, namely, verbs; and when this part of speech refused to come willingly into their theory, they by main force compelled them to come in; explaining the five pronoun *ya*, who, by deriving it from the root *yaj*, to ship, and the demonstrative pronoun *ta*, from *tan*, to stretch. Then, however, the native Indian grammar came under the observation of the two great German philologists who are, so to speak, literary ancestors of Max Müller, it became evident that a more reasonable classification must be made. Bopp demanded classes of original roots, namely, verb-roots, and another class which he called pronominal roots, which are to account, not for nouns alone, but also for original prepositions, conjunctions, particles;\* and William von Humboldt took much the same view.† In the main, Max Müller follows them; he takes account of 'predicative roots' which correspond to verbs, such as *eat*; *plu*, to flow; *dâ*, to 'give' (*dare*), &c.; and then he goes on to say, that if our primitive ancestors wanted to express ideas as *here* and *there*, *who*, *what*, *this*, *that*, *thou*, *he*, they would have found that no predicative root could be applied to purpose, and that 'we must admit a small class of independent radicals, not predicative in the usual sense of the word, simply pointing, simply expressive of existence under certain more or less definite, local or temporal prescriptions.'‡ But ask, what about the prepositions—such words as *up*, *out*, *in*, *by*? In the forms of these important little words Greek and

\* 'Vergleichende Grammatik,' § 105.

† 'Verschiedenheit des menschlichen Sprachbaues,' p. cxxviii.

‡ 'Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 279.

Latin, and even modern English, retain a wonderful likeness to Sanskrit, though in many cases a variation of meaning has taken place by gradations which have been elaborately traced out by Professor Pott of Halle.\* Thus Sanskrit *upari* is connected with Greek *ὑπέρ* and English *over*; Sanskrit *antar* with Latin *inter* and English *under*; Sanskrit *ut* with English *out*; Sanskrit *abhi* with English *by*. Now, sometimes a Sanskrit preposition may be shown to have its origin in a verb; thus *tiras*, *through*, is to be referred to the simple verb-root *tar*, to go through, familiar to us in the names of the *tereбра* or boring-tool, and of the *teredo* or boring-worm. Derived word though it be, the Sanskrit *tiras* and its relatives take the full rank of prepositions, as Latin *trans* and English *through*. But we cannot treat most of the Sanskrit prepositions like this. Such words as *ava*, *upa*, *nis*, hardly look like original root-forms themselves, yet it is very difficult to do much in the way of analysing them. We do not approve of their being indiscriminately flung in with the pronouns, as being of a demonstrative character; to us they seem rather of a predicative nature, and expressing a mode or quality, as that anything is *in*, goes *through*, comes *out*. We are apt to refer in such cases to our own living English, especially where it is unshackled by the schoolmaster, and flies off into formations not authorised by standard rules, and classed as slang. In such developments we are apt to find that no dialect, however ancient or however savage, can teach us more of the first principles of linguistic growth. Here we find prepositions treated habitually as adjectives—the time is *up*, an *up* train; and they will even serve as verbs, as when one boy *overs* another at leapfrog, or we hear such a phrase as, ‘then they *up* with their fists, but he *outs* with his knife.’ We should have been very glad to know what Professor Müller thinks of the original prepositions, and the less important particles which may go with them; but he seems to have considered it safest to avoid the discussion altogether, either as being too abstruse, or not profitable enough for the purpose he had in hand. When therefore we accept his division of the original roots or elements of our Aryan languages into the two classes of predicative and demonstrative, as being the best which lies within our reach, we have to point out that a considerable gap in it must be filled up before it can be considered final.

The main work of the modern comparative philologists, and of Max Müller among them, does not then extend back to the beginning of all things. He begins with a time when a number of little root-words, like *dā*, *vid*, *ta*, *ka*, were already, so to speak,

\* ‘Etymologische Forschungen,’ new ed., vol. i.

‘crystallized’

'crystallized' into sharp and definite forms as bearers of certain ideas—*give, see, that, what*—and works thence by well-defined processes up to the condition of the most full, finished, cultivated, broken-down, or degraded languages of which we have knowledge. Behind this period of fixation of roots lie the really dark ages of language. Into these dark ages Professor Müller makes, as we shall presently observe, some attempt to penetrate; but it seems fairest to examine his system within the limits which we doubt not he would himself consider as bounding its more scientific part, before touching upon his views on the interesting but speculative topics which lie close to the grand old problem, as fascinating yet as in the world's childhood, of the Origin of Language.

Among the agencies which have been at work in the development of speech, in the building up from a limited variety of root-words the large, complex, and diverse systems which we study in individual languages, there are two processes of especial importance, which Professor Müller calls *Dialectic Regeneration* and *Phonetic Decay*.\* He begins with phonetic decay, that is the corruption or mutilation of the sound of words, which obscures their derivation, once apparent on their very face. Here we must not confound derivation with meaning; in fact, the nature of this process is, that the meaning which has affixed itself in daily use to the word still adheres to it in its changed sound; it is only the derivation that suffers. Some of Max Müller's examples are words like French *douze*, and Latin *viginti*. When *duodecim* breaks down into *douze*, the meaning of 'twelve' holds on through all change, but the derivation from *two and ten*, of which a Roman would be conscious when he said *duodecim*, has become dark to the Frenchman who says *douze*. But to this same ancient Roman, the derivation of his word *viginti* was already as dark as that of *douze* to the modern Frenchman; it is only the later etymologists who, comparing the Latin *viginti* with the Sanscrit *vinçati*, show that these words are mutilated forms of a compound which meant *two-tens*, Sanskrit *dvi*, two, *daçati*, a decad. Thus again, an ordinary Frenchman would only recognise in such words as *vraiment*, *fortement*, the meanings they bear in spoken language; their derivation from Latin *mens* has become dark to him, and he no longer thinks that he is saying 'with a true mind,' 'with a strong mind,' *verâ mente*, *forti mente*. Of course every student of etymology may go on adding more examples of the process. Who thinks of a harbour as a *here-beorga*, or army-shelter? To those who know Latin, the

\* 'Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 42, &c.

derivation of *hospital* from *hospes*, a 'guest,' is patent enough, and even in the old-fashioned *hostel* it is not totally obscure, for the name of 'mine *host*' has travelled with it, and keeps up a kind of inverted connexion; but when the *hostel* becomes the *hotel*, and the *hostelier* the *ostler*, the popular ear takes in only the meaning, but the derivation is gone. It stands to reason, indeed, that imported foreign words should lie most helplessly exposed to such decay, for they keep their practical meaning as well as ever, though clipped and mutilated to suit the convenience of the common user; and as for etymology, to him they never had any. To the plain Englishman the French word *manœuvre*, or handiwork, as applied to the tillage of the soil, has no sense which he would lose if he cut it down to *manure*, and he cuts it down accordingly. The Latin word *omnibus* sets before his mind no picture which would vanish if abbreviated to *bus*; why should he then scruple to abbreviate it? Thirty years ago, Wilhelm von Humboldt laid down the main principle of this phonetic decay. He contrasted an 'organic' law by which pronunciation changed for its own convenience, with an 'intellectual' law which holds this action in check. 'When the intellectual law,' he said, 'falls away in the strength of its influence, the organic law takes the upper hand, just as chemical affinities become dominant in the animal body when the principle of life is extinct.\*'

Wilhelm von Humboldt was in his science of comparative philology like Priestley in chemistry, or Buckland in geology, a thinker who in a kind of dim prophetic way saw glimpses of the principles which were only to be established on a firm scientific basis by succeeding generations. To consider his work in its best parts as the result of mere philosophic speculation, of an 'evolution out of his own consciousness,' is, we think, profoundly to mistake its real nature. It is rather a succession of half-unconscious inferences from a knowledge of the actual facts of philology, which for extent of range and closeness of observation has scarcely been rivalled before his time or since. His method was not consciously and systematically to build fact upon fact into a solid scientific argument, as Max Müller would do, but rather to leave a huge mass of accumulated learning to arrange itself in his mind into thoughts and views just definite enough to be set down in words. Wilhelm von Humboldt perhaps surpassed in originality of conception and depth of insight his younger brother Alexander, the author of '*Cosmos*;' but Wilhelm wanted Alexander's schooling in the hard, sharp methods of physical science, which, had he followed them, might

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\* 'Einleitung,' p. lxxxix.

re fitted him for the office, not of seer, but of lawgiver. As is, his treatise on the 'Variety of Structure of Languages,' fixed as an introduction to his great work on the 'Kawi language of Java,' is a wilderness of vague enunciations, where is even in these days hard to draw a line of demarcation between what are profound and far-sighted inferences, and what are mere mystic dreams. When we meet with theories not only unciated but proved in the works of newer writers, it is often ry hard to tell whether passages in Humboldt, perhaps only elligible by the light of these modern writings, are the real arce from whence they are derived, or whether the principles ich he glanced at profited the world nothing till they were ccovered anew. However this may be, it will be long before rking philologists exhaust the mine of original thought in umboldt's wonderful 'Introduction,' and long before any man ay read it and say he knows to the full all that Humboldt ant.

To turn now to Max Müller's second process, *Dialectic Re-neration*: we may best gain an idea of its nature by looking at e growth of words, first in plain compounds. In such a term : *mankind*, the component words *man* and *kind* are evident to ery speaker. Native and foreign words alike are taken up to such formations; we adopt, for instance, the word *tea*, Chinese in its original form), and put it without scruple to Saxon word in *teaspoon*, and to a Norman word in *teatable*. In ar compound words we not only set noun and noun together, ut adjective and noun, as in the names of *redskin* and *black-llow*, given to the native tribes of North America and Australia; r preposition and noun, as in *overshoes*, or *underhand* bowling; r even whole phrases, as in *nevertheless*, *notwithstanding*. Very ften, too, the use of the apostrophe in writing disguises the ature of what in speech have become real compound words. ountry folks do not necessarily say 'let's go,' 'will'ee come?' e words, in fact, often grow together into new formations, *lets*, *illee*. Now, by virtue of the law of phonetic decay which has ut been mentioned, when in such compound terms one of the mponent words is chiefly borne in mind, while the other comes subordinate, a mere means of modifying the principal a, then the subordinate idea is apt to lose not only its distinct- as of meaning, but its distinctness of sound as well. Thus, hen we say *queenlike*, *manlike*, we are using words which to our owledge are double, *queen* and *like*, *man* and *like*, having their arate meanings as distinct as their sounds. But in *queenly* d *manly*, the last syllables are broken down both in sense and und; *queen* and *man* are the definite ideas, while *like*, shrunk  
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into *ly*, has lost its independent meaning, and become a mere grammatical termination. Now it had been long known that the inflexions of our Indo-European grammars, Sanskrit, Greek, Anglo-Saxon, and so forth, were to some extent mutilated sense-words, such as personal pronouns. But to Max Müller belongs the merit of having taken up the problem on the principle applied with such success to geology by Sir Charles Lyell, that of working back from the processes whose action we can trace in modern times and under familiar conditions, and arguing that where we find like effects in late and in early periods of history it is probable that the causes we know to produce them in the one case were also at work producing them in the other. Among the evidences of modern dialectic growth which he brings forward, two are of especial interest. One is the growth of the French future tense, *je chanterai*, *tu chanteras*, out of the phrase *je chanter ai*, *tu chanter as*—‘I have to sing,’ ‘Thou hast to sing’: the other is the appearance in mediæval English of such compound forms as *nadistou* (*ne hadst thou*), *ne rechi* (*I reckon not*). The first of these processes has firmly established itself in standard French. The second proved abortive, and fell out of standard English, yet we have only to open Chaucer to see how nearly a new set of inflexions must have come to fixing itself in the English grammar:—

‘Aleyn the clerk, that herd this melodye,  
He pokyd Johan, and seyde, “Slepistow?  
Herdistow ever slik a sang er now?”’

Nor indeed was the process confined to English; it appeared in German, and fell out again there as with us. Thus, to take a line from the ‘*Nibelungen Lied*,’ the mermaid tells Hagen ‘If thou comest to the Huns, so art thou sore betrayed.’

‘Kumstu zen Hiunen, sô bistu sêre betrogen.’

Starting from these familiarly known processes, Professor Müller can easily work back to the terminations of the tenses or persons of verbs, or the cases of nouns, which have long ago ‘lost consciousness’ of their original meanings, and sunk into mere formal suffixes. Thus *love-did*, becomes the perfect tense *loved*; thus the *t*-pronoun of the third person formed in Sanskrit the termination of the third person singular, as in *dadâ-ti*, he gives, literally *give-he*; while the same process gives to the verb to *love* the similar termination of ‘he loveth,’ which in modern English has degenerated into ‘he loves.’ To Horne Tooke, it seems, is to be ascribed the first glimpse of the nature of grammatical terminations as broken down sense-words.\*

\* ‘Lectures,’ 1st Series, p. 260.

The development of meaning in words, unlike the development of their mere sound, is a subject which appeals to the lively interest of a large class of readers. Within rather narrow limits, its study is simply the old-fashioned science of etymology, which has grown and thriven in England at least since Horne Tooke's time. Especially, two small volumes, published some few years ago, had a remarkable effect in creating both a popular taste for etymological inquiries and a sound judgment in them—we mean the essays on the 'Study of Words,' and 'English Past and Present,' by Dr. Trench, now Archbishop of Dublin. It may seem a simple matter to have brought together a number of easy etymological lessons, showing how words have grown and changed in half a dozen familiar languages, and how they serve to explain and illustrate thought and history; but in observing the effect which books produce in the world, we should remember that, as Schiller once said, 'it is a common prejudice to estimate the value of a man by the material he works in, not by the way he works in it.' Men who, like Dr. Trench, will write for the public on subjects so far within their range of knowledge as to be mere recreation to them, may produce, with an apparently slight exertion, an undeniably wide and deep effect on the public mind. Of course, Max Müller's etymological range has to go far beyond the tracing of modern words to derivations found in Greek, or suggested by Gothic. It requires indeed almost the whole philosophy of language as at present known to us to make it possible to trace down from an ancient verb-root found in Sanskrit the streams of derivation, widely diverging both in sound and sense, which have flowed from it through the Aryan languages in Asia and Europe; to take, for instance, the root *mar*, meaning to crush or grind, and to trace from it *mola*, *mill*, *mors*, *murder*, *mare* (eau morte), *melt*, *mulgere*, *milk*, *marteau*, *μαλακός*, *mordere*, and so on *ad libitum*.\* The principal ways by which meaning travels in language are threefold—the choosing of one among many attributes of a thing to name it by, as to call the horse the 'neigher,' or *equus* the 'courser;' next, the transfer of name from one object to a somewhat similar one, as where in ancient times the name of the coppersmith, *χαλκεύς*, was transferred to the worker in iron, or in modern times the name of *corn*, used especially for wheat in England, is in the United States understood to mean maize; and lastly, the system of metaphor by which we call the timbers of a ship's framework its *ribs*, or the leader of a tribe its *head* or *chief*. These processes are too familiar for us to dwell upon them here; but we

\* 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 314, &c.



think we may take up the cudgels in defence of Professor Müller on one point which turns not on a question of detail, but of fundamental principle. 'The sea,' he says, 'was called *saivs*, from a root *si* or *siv*, the Greek *σειώ*, to shake; it meant the tossed-about water, in contradistinction to stagnant or running water. The soul being called *saivala*, we see that it was originally conceived by the Teutonic nations as a sea within, heaving up and down with every breath, and reflecting heaven and earth on the mirror of the deep.'\* The Professor of Comparative Grammar at University College, London, in an absurd diatribe against the Sanskritist school of philologists in general, and Professor Müller in particular, demurs to this explanation, with the remark that he is always alarmed when he finds poetry doing duty for logic. But, as it seems to us, the growth of words by metaphor has almost everything to do with poetry, and almost nothing to do with logic. The word-builder's art of making things and actions lend their names to denote what has to them only a resemblance, and that often a very fanciful and far-fetched one, and the poet's art of simile, which builds upon the likeness of things most unlike, were never in the earliest ages, and are not even in our own much changed times, anything but different uses of the same mental act, metaphor. Against Mr. Key, we maintain that poetry is the very region where the etymologist should go to find whether the metaphors which the sound of his words has suggested to him as having been at work in their formation, have been discerned and used also by poets for the pure pleasure of the imagination. Thus, when Max Müller here follows Jacob Grimm's idea so far as to think there was a real connexion between the Gothic *saivs* (*sea*) and *saivala* (*soul*), and accounts for it by thinking that the *soul* was so called through a metaphor which compared it with the *sea*, we should look to the poets to tell us whether this idea is one that they would find and work upon. Here is a passage from a Persian poet, taken from Dr. Bastian's 'Man in History';† nor is this the only place in which the same metaphor has been struck out:—

'Upward I looked, and in all space I saw but One;  
Down to the sea, and in the world-foam saw but One;  
Into the heart—'mid space of worlds *it was a sea*  
*Filled with a thousand dreams*, in all I saw but One.'

Through which of several possible similes the name of the *sea* may have given the name of the *soul*, or both names may have sprung from the same thought of tossing or shaking, it would

\* 'Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 397.

† 'Der Mensch in der Geschichte,' vol. ii. p. 436.

require much evidence to show with any precision. The rise and fall, passage and conflict, of thought in the human soul, the wavering mood which yields to one impulse and another 'like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed,' even the actual bodily heaving of the breast, are simple metaphors, of which one or all might have been present to the minds of the men who fixed on *saivala* as their name for *soul*. But however this may have been, the principle to be held fast in tracing such words back to their first source is, that we should seek their explanation at the hands, not of the logician, but of the poet.

With the aid of even a vague and imperfect knowledge of the steps by which language grows, changes, and decays in sound through one set of processes, in sense through another, the comparative philologist is able to discern that relation among languages which is described by saying that one is the ancestor or the descendant of another, or that two are to one another as sisters sprung from a common parent. The metaphor will not bear close looking into, but it is perhaps none the worse for this; for if a metaphor comes nearer to the facts it is to represent than mere indication of an idea, people are apt to fall into the very serious mistake of forgetting that it is but a metaphor and treating it as an argument. If a philologist were asked for an example of one language purely and simply sprung from another, he must admit that he knows of none. If, having supplanted Gaelic in the Highlands by introducing that school-language which Lowland ladies, with a touch of sarcasm, call 'high English,' we could leave the Highlanders for a generation or two to shape and develop this new language in their own way without any interference from the outside world, we should find a dialect which would be a real and pure descendant of our literary English. But though such cases must from time to time have happened in the world, as when a few canoes full of Polynesians may have settled on an uninhabited coral island and there let the language they brought with them grow and change in the course of years, we seem never able to catch that language in its original form and confront it with that which has sprung from it. When we speak of a language being descended from another, we may mean that the relation of the two is in kind like that between the English of America and the English of England. The spoken language of America is in so great measure to be treated as produced from our literary or school-English—especially if we take it through a generation or so—that we regard other elements in it as exceptional. But not only does the present American dialect abound in un-English words—taken up, for instance, from the great German population in the United States

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In much the same way as that in which Latin represents to us the origin of the Romance languages, though far less perfectly, the Sanskrit was found to represent an original tongue, from which have sprung the wide-spread families of Aryan speech: and thus the relation of Greek, Latin, Russian, English, and the rest

at as sisters, or rather as more or less distant cousins to one another, was fully made out. But where we find, often in widely distant regions, languages having more or less of resemblance to one another, but no record of any more ancient tongue to which we can refer as representing the common source of them all, the problem of the filiation of languages greatly increases in difficulty. To ascertain whether such languages are related to one another—that is, whether they are sprung from a common ancestor—philologists in days past would usually have taken the easy course of making lists of similar words belonging to both and counting them. But then it is the most familiar matter-of-fact that languages borrow words from one another to an immense extent, and such words are, of course, valueless as evidence of affinity; our own vocabulary, for instance, is compiled from a score or two of languages, but our English is not to be set down as allied to Hebrew because we speak of *cherubs* and *seraphs*, of *jubilee* and *hallelujah*, nor to the extinct native language of Hayti because *hammock* and *tobacco* have become English words; nor, for the matter of that, to Persian, because we talk of *caravans* and *balconies*; nor to Latin and Greek, because we talk of *Dean* and *Chapter*, of *hypothesis* and *dilemma*. Mr. Lawford, the President of the Ethnological Society, proposed to test whether two languages are of allied descent by observing whether a sentence could be made in both of them by words of the same origin. But this test, though a valuable one within certain limits, errs in one way on the side of excessive severity, while it is yet in another way so loose as to admit as evidence of relationship what is really none. Max Müller met it perfectly years ago by proposing a single sentence, ‘avarice produces misery.’ Here is a sentence indisputably English, and yet in which there is no one English word: they are all importations from the Latin stock, borrowed, to our knowledge, within historical times.\* That Latin and English happen to have themselves sprung in remote antiquity from a common source has, of course, nothing to do with this argument; the words in question are borrowed from a distantly related language, as they might just as well have been from a language not related at all. In either case can borrowed words prove anything whatever as to original relation.

It is true that the words of a vocabulary in one language may give us evidence even of high value in proving kinship with other languages in which they are also found, but the value of

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\* ‘Turanian Researches,’ in Bunsen’s ‘Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History,’ vol. i. p. 426.

words in this respect differs extremely. Technical or philosophical terms, such as *machine* or *idea*, are almost worthless for such a purpose; English borrows from French even such familiar expressions as *air* and *breeze*. Root-words which, to use Jacob Grimm's phrase, are 'at home' in two languages, with their families of derivative words in each, are valuable as evidence of connexion between those languages, yet by no means implicitly to be relied on; to *judge* or to *guard* are but interlopers in English, yet they have long ago become to all intents and purposes English root-words. Prepositions and pronouns are very good evidence indeed, so seldom does one language borrow them from another; yet it is only through the accident of school-learning that the ordinary Englishman knows that the preposition *per* which he continually uses, 'ten shillings *per* head,' 'goods forwarded *per* rail,' is a borrowed Latin word. Chance coincidences of sound, too, have to be allowed for; and there are even facts which should lead us to be cautious in using similarly-sounding pronouns in remote languages as very decisive proofs of connexion. The numerals are very good evidence of this kind, so much so that a distinct correspondence between several numerals as found in two languages is of itself a fair *prima facie* argument that both are of the same stock. Yet cases are not at all wanting of the travelling of numerals from one language into another and very distinct one; this especially takes place where civilised Europeans come in contact with savage tribes whose distinct numerals only go up to four or five. If such borrowed French words as *second* and *dozen* can travel into so complete and highly-organised a language as English, we need not wonder at borrowed numerals being met with in the languages of rude tribes which have come into contact with more civilised races.

There thus seems to be no kind of words of which we may always say with certainty that they were not adopted from some foreign tongue, that they unquestionably belong by birth to that in which we find them, and that they are also indisputable evidence of common origin in all the languages where they occur. We are fortunately not compelled to depend on mere comparison of words in deciding such questions. When Lord Monboddo and Hervas set forth the importance of grammar in judging of the affinities of languages, and when Humboldt laid it down, years later, that 'Form alone decides to what others any language belongs by descent from a common stock,' they struck out a principle of the highest importance in modern classification. 'Grammar,' as Max Müller says, is now 'made the criterion of the relationship and the base of the classification in almost all languages.' It seems clear to us, however, that Humboldt attached  
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gh a value to the structure of a language, considered indently of the materials it is built of, to the rules of grammar lered independently of the words and letters to which these apply. Unless in cases of the most minute or complex dence, we should shrink from using abstract similarity of natical processes alone as proof of common descent in two ages. Thus the ancient Mexican is capable of putting er the words *chua(tl)*, leather, and *amatl*, paper, so as to be parchment as *ehuamatl*, or leather-paper; now, we use ely the same mode of compounding words, but no one say that the occurrence of this same grammatical process ztec and English is any proof of hereditary connexion en them. This is a very elementary case, but the same applies to more complex forms,—for instance, to the appear- in two languages of the practice of forming persons of a y affixing to its root more or less mutilated personal pro- . Such a process, when found both in Turkish and San- can hardly be urged to prove anything but that mankind is do the same thing under the same circumstances. Whether Max Müller would consider that Humboldt was nearer the and that we unduly depreciate the value of evidence from re, taken alone and in the abstract, we are not prepared to But it is in theory alone, or in practice only in the dark regions of classification, that the question would be even for no one would think of reasoning from structure alone he kinship of languages, except where no other evidence is ad. It is when form and material join in correspondence ey produce evidence of hereditary connexion between dif- languages, which the doctrine of probabilities almost s us to dispute. There are still writers who deny the on origin of Greek and Sanskrit; but if we look at the dents of 'I am, thou art, he is,' in Greek, *εἰμὶ, εἶς (ἔσσι)*, Sanskrit *asmi, asi, asti*, and notice first the correspondence root *as*, to 'be,' with the Greek, next the formation of s by suffixes in both, and lastly the fact that the suffixes ond not only in purpose but in sound, we have a systematic lence, at once of material and form, which is not to be ted for except by the opinion that the Greek words and nskrit words are only divergent forms inherited from a n original. In discussing the sentence we have just , 'avarice produces misery,' Max Müller put in the com- : form the great argument of comparative philologists, rity of structure in similar material; the Latin words of ntence are no evidence that it is a Romance sentence; it is an English one, and this is proved by the termination *s* of the

the third person singular, which at once stamps it as English. The word *produce* is of Latin origin, but to say that anything *produces* is not Latin or French, but English grammar.

When, therefore, the comparative philologist applies himself to one of his most engrossing tasks, that of centralising the history of language in the world by tracing group after group of known tongues to single languages, out of which each group has grown in the course of ages, he depends principally on systematic correspondences between the members of such groups, both in structure and material, both in grammar and dictionary. But he does not on this account discard the mere comparison of vocabularies or processes of grammar alone, which often help him where more perfect evidence is scanty or quite wanting. No very definite rules of action can at present be laid down in showing what languages may be traced to a common source; the practical treatment is to mass their similarities in structure and material till we obtain an amount of coincidence which, as we learn from experience, cannot reasonably be ascribed to anything but kindred derivation.

Let us now examine the results of this method of comparison in three among the great families of language of the world—the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian—as Professor Müller sets them before us in his first series of lectures. As to the first two of these families, the justness of the classification he adopts admits of no doubt. That there was once a primitive Aryan tongue, whence have spread the Sanskrit of India, the Pali of Ceylon, the Zend, Persian, and Armenian in Asia, and the great majority of the ancient and modern languages of Europe, from ancient Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Gothic, Celtic, to modern French, Italian, Lithuanian, Russian, German, English, Welsh; that, again, there was once a primitive language of what is conventionally called the Semitic family, whence Arabic, Hebrew, Phœnician, Syriac, and several more must have sprung; these are matters which can hardly be doubted by any one who has made himself master of the published evidence. But how far the mass of languages which Max Müller classes together under the name of Turanian have been really proved to be sprung from a common stock, it is by no means so easy to form an opinion. That, to adopt Professor Müller's name for it, there is a Turanian family of languages, is indeed very much as certain as that there is an Aryan or a Semitic family. We may make a division in Professor Müller's Turanian class, and apply to one section of it the name of 'narrow Turanian,' though the geographical limits are even here of very tolerable extent, beginning in North-Eastern Asia, ending in North-Western Europe, and occupying a great deal

deal of the ground between. Professor Pott, of Halle, who is Professor Müller's fiercest antagonist on this question, would admit as of a common stock this 'narrow Turanian' family, beginning with the Samoyed and Tungus of Siberia, taking up the Mongol and Mandshu, passing across into Europe with the Turkish, following on to the Hungarian, and ending with the Estonian, Lapp, and Finn. But Max Müller claims not merely a narrow but a wide Turanian family, taking in besides these the Tamulic or South Indian, the Malayo-Polynesian, and the Taic or Siamese groups, with two others which he calls Gangetic and Lohitic; and here his views are strenuously resisted on the Continent. That many of the sixty or seventy languages in these groups may really be proved to be Turanian—that even the whole 'wide Turanian' group may have been rightly classified by Professor Müller—we are not prepared to deny; but, to confine the issue to a single class, we cannot say that we are at all satisfied with the evidence on which, in his 'Turanian Researches,' published in the late Baron Bunsen's 'Philosophy of Universal History,' he classes the Malayo-Polynesian languages as Turanian. And if, as we are inclined to believe, Professor Müller's term 'Turanian' is stretched too far even in his own hands, what must it be in the hands of those who take their knowledge from him at secondhand, and talk as easily and confidently of Turanian as they would of Aryan and Semitic?

Fully to understand Max Müller's views as to the great problem of the development of languages in the world, we must follow him into classification by pure structure; that is, by the rules of grammatical formation independently of the words to which these rules are applied. Thirty years ago, Wilhelm von Humboldt, looking out upon the array of known languages, adopted a division of them into three great classes, *isolating*, *agglutinating*, and *inflecting*. But he treated these stages of language as belonging rather to an ideal than to a historical progress. Thus he compares the structure of the Chinese at the lower end of the scale with that of the Sanskrit at the higher, and admits that a growth from the lower to the higher stage is 'thinkable.' But he will not go on to translate ideal into actual progression; he thinks that a full understanding of the nature of these languages shows in them 'the outwardly shaping principle of their different organism,' which forbids their being considered as different stages of the same process.\* Now when we talk of the character of a language, we use a term which is expressive, but very dangerous, unless we continually bear in mind what a loose and indefinite

\* 'Einleitung,' p. xxxiii.



term it is, and continually refer to actual examples to show to ourselves and others what it is that we precisely mean. But to Humboldt, as a thorough idealist, a name once adopted supposes a corresponding and definite reality, and he talks of the 'character' of a language, and works it in with the 'character' of the people who speak it, in a way which is highly instructive as his views always are, but which any plain matter-of-fact observer sees at once to be unsound. It seems to have been this overstrained theory of definite and individual characters in language which held Humboldt back from treating the idea of progression from the *isolating* or Chinese stage, through the *agglutinating* or Tatar stage, to the *inflecting* or Sanskrit stage as corresponding to a real and historical progress.\* But Mr Müller, fettered by no such ideal chains, makes the step from which Humboldt held back, and in his hands the triple division becomes a theory of the development of language † in the world which is one of the most important generalisations in modern philology. He begins with a form of language composed of mere separate root-words, spoken one after another, and showing their relation to one another by the order in which they follow. Of this, which he calls the 'radical' stage, the ancient Chinese is the best recorded example. But we must not confound these root-words with those obtained by analysis from the Sanskrit or other more developed languages. ‡ These have very definite functions in grammar assigned to them, but the character of words in the radical stage of language is essentially indefinite. 'In Chinese, he says, 'ly means to plough, a plough, and an ox, i.e. plougher; ta means to be great, greatness, greatly. . . . In Egyptian, as Bunsen states, there is no formal distinction between noun, verb, adjective, and particle, and a word like *an'h* might mean life, to live, living, lively. What does this show? I think it shows that there was a stage in the growth of language i

\* 'Einleitung,' p. cccxxx.

† 'Lectures,' 1st Series, pp. 298-339.

‡ The analysis of roots, as traced in Sanskrit, Greek, &c., into yet more elementary forms, has been carried to a considerable extent, and opens a passage into a deep-lying stratum of language. Professor Pott, of Halle, attacks the initial letters of certain Aryan roots, explaining for instance *pinj* (pingo) as *shun* from *pyanj*, *api-anj*, a compound of the preposition *api* (ἐπι), or *pi*, and the root *anj* (ungere), and in the same way *bhrāj* (flagro), *φλέγω*, as from *abhi-rāj* (ἐπιδερε), a verb with prefixed preposition. ('Etymologische Forschungen,' vol. i p. 301, &c.) He afterwards takes the terminations, reducing *serp* (serpo) to the simpler root *sr*, to go, and justifying his proceedings by discussing the formation of causatives, desideratives, &c., in Sanskrit by affixed letters. (Ibid., p. 460, &c.) This latter mode of analysis Professor Müller takes up, deducing for instance *ju* (jungo), to join, and *yudh*, to fight, from the simpler root *yu*, to mingle. ('Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 274.) He leaves unnoticed Pott's attempt to analyse initials; we do not know whether disapproving it, or merely finding its discussion unsuitable for the occasion.

that sharp distinction which we make between the different of speech had not yet been fixed,' &c.\* Now when these words begin to 'glue' themselves together to form compound ideas, the transition begins to the second or 'agglutinating'

Rudimentary traces of this action make their appearance in Chinese, especially in Chinese dialects. Thus at *chai wo* is to speak, *woda* a word, and of this a genitive *woda-ka*, is formed; this is agglutination. Of the agglutinating stage the Turanian languages of Asia are excellent examples. 'What distinguishes the Turanian languages is, that even the conjugation and declension can still be taken to pieces; and although the terminations have by no means always lost their significative power as independent words, they are as modificatory syllables, and as distinct from the roots to which they are appended.' But when in course of time this action breaks down, when root and termination, often fused together in sound as well as in sense, are no longer felt as separate, till at last it is only the close analysis of the grammar that can show such words as *est* or *is* to be not simple words, but compounds of a root-verb to 'be' and the third personal pronoun, then the agglutinating stage has given place to the third or 'inflectional' stage, so fully developed in Greek or Latin. The value of this theory in shaping a hypothesis consistent with itself and with observed facts, by which to trace the progressive development of human speech resulting in the many diverse languages of the world, is hardly to be overrated. In using it we must be careful not to fall, like Humboldt, under the sway of an ideal classification. When we talk of Turanian languages belonging to the agglutinating, or Aryan languages to the inflecting class, we must avoid the mistake of thinking that we have given real definitions of these languages, and may enable us to set them down as of distinct species.

Not only that agglutination preponderates in the Turanian languages, and inflexion in the Aryan, but to a greater or less extent all Turanian languages inflect, while the Aryan agglutinate sparingly in all such compounds as *lifelike*, *something*, *mayhap*, *do'ee*, &c. Let us open the grammar of a language which shows us the agglutinating process in its extreme form, what is called the 'incorporating' stage, which rolls a whole sentence into a single word. The Greenlander can say in one word *puliorpok*, 'he is working at a bag,' and can then go on to give us some further information about the matter in one more, *inilertorniarpatdlasarkorpa*, 'he will very likely try

\* 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 84.

too hard to get it ready in a little while.' But when from the root *tikit*, 'to arrive,' this same man can make *tikipunga*, 'I am arrived,' *tikikunik*, '(if) they arrive,' he has as clearly risen from agglutination to inflexion as the Roman had when he said *habeo, habes, habet*.

Now at last, Professor Müller is ready to start with a small stock of root-words, and out of them to develop, in theory at least, all the languages of all the nations of the earth. That these all sprang in remote antiquity from a common origin, he would not of course assert as a positive philological dogma, seeing that as yet philological evidence has made no approach towards either proving or disproving it. But his tendency is in this direction, and if we take a broad view of the subject, we shall see that his position is by no means a weak one. Years since, when philologists used to think that they might prove all languages to be sprung from some single one, such as Hebrew, by looking out in each a few words resembling Hebrew, the unity of language seemed very easily demonstrable. When it appeared, however, that such reasoning was worthless, a reaction of course took place. But with still further increase of knowledge the tide of evidence turned again. Not only can Professor Müller class a large fraction of the languages of the world in three great families, the Aryan, the Semitic, and (at least in its narrower sense) the Turanian; but he can assert, by no means without plausibility, that these three great families show a convergence toward a common source before they disappear from our sight in the darkness of far antiquity. The like tendency to centralisation steadily increases in other regions of the world. Of the wide-spread Malayo-Polynesian family we have already spoken, while in North America and Africa the researches of such inquirers as Gallatin and Buschmann, Bleek and Koelle, have gone far towards bringing what seemed at first a mere wilderness of disconnected tongues into families evidently sprung each from a primary language. Nor is the difference in structure of such languages as Chinese, Mongol, or Sanskrit, a bar to their being considered as of common origin, for Professor Müller's 'development theory' satisfactorily meets this difficulty by showing how one kind of structure may grow or decay out of another. The most unfortunate thing about the theory of original Unity of Language is that its supporters have an accidental advantage in controversy, which is in no way due to their views being really sound. When the advocate of original Plurality of Language points to two very unlike forms, such as Chinese and Esquimaux, and argues that such different branches cannot have issued from the same parent stock, the advocate of Unity can meet the argu-  
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at by pointing out that he can trace original affinity between languages, beginning with those in which it is self-evident, passing on through those in which its vestiges grow fainter and fainter, till at last he comes to a class in which only the most careful examination can show such traces at all; so that he can argue that there is no reason why this effacing process should not be extended farther, and that languages may be really of a common stock, though they disclose no evidence of it to our methods of examination. The argument is fair enough, yet it is obviously being urged with equal force by the advocate of unity, whether his theory be true or false in fact. If therefore the minor controversialist, who has provided himself with a philological stock in trade by misreading Max Müller's lectures, gains an easy victory over philologists who, like Pott, hold an original Plurality of Language, it is only the initiated who will be apt to observe that this victory is due not to force of evidence, but to an advantage of the ground which any true man of science would rather have against him than on his side.

Thus, partly by proved fact and partly by plausible hypothesis, Max Müller works out what is at all events a consistent and scientific theory of the development of language from a few simple root-words upwards to the most expressive, most poetic, most complex, or most practical forms of human speech. These are the limits of the province which, in common with other thinkers of his school, he treats as especially his. But below the problem of the Development of Language lies, as we have said, the problem of the Origin of Language, the question how these simple root-forms came into existence. To this problem, Bopp, the great leader of Max Müller's school, will have nothing to say. He will not, as he tells us at the very outset, examine why the root *g* means 'go,' and not 'stand,' or why the sound *stā* means 'stand,' and not 'go.' Max Müller, however, has entered to some extent into this problem in his lectures; no doubt his conscience would have felt themselves ill-treated had he refrained from satisfying by at least an expression of opinion their craving for such knowledge. He sets before them, as seeming the most reasonable, a view propounded by Heyse, the father of the well-known German novelist, to the effect that the original root-words are 'phonetic types,' produced by a power inherent in human nature, and corresponding, each to each, to rational conceptions which were formed in the human mind. Now Professor Müller, having followed elsewhere with extraordinary success the principle of explaining the past by the present, and the unknown by the known, has here to descend from his high ground of direct evidence that he may adopt the *a priori* theory of a philosopher, brilliant

brilliant and subtle indeed, but, to our thinking, ages behind himself in scientific method. He has to abandon the check which actual fact lays on the unbridled imagination of the theorist, and to ascribe the early growth of language to a mental action which is not represented in modern humanity; for 'the creative faculty which gave to each conception, as it thrilled for the first time through the brain, a phonetic expression, became extinct when its object was fulfilled.' Heyse's view of the relation of the root to the idea is, consistently enough, not that the word merely suggests or represents the idea, but that 'the root has the concrete content of the conception in its totality.' We should gladly hear one of these combinations of sound which not merely suggest, but actually contain an idea. If we could discern this correspondence, we could only wonder that so direct and perfect a connexion between a sound and an idea should so long have escaped remark. But if we found that we had no mental faculty for appreciating the asserted resemblance between word and thought, we should have to choose between concluding that the ancient man was of a different species from the modern man, having a differently constituted mind, or that the root-word did not really express what it pretended to express. In the absence, however, of actual sounds to test in this way, we should greatly prefer not discussing ideal ones.

That certain sounds came to be used to express certain ideas because they were in some way fit for the purpose, is a much less rash assumption, and this is indeed taken for granted by most writers who touch upon the Origin of Language at all. But in doing this we must not assume without proof that words do more than suggest or symbolise ideas; or that, to use the language of metaphysicians, there is an objective connexion between word and thought.

There are two classes of words in which the relation between sound and idea, and consequently the reason why the sound should have been chosen to express the idea, are unusually evident. These are imitative words like to *whiz* or to *pop*, and interjectional words like *ah!* or *ugh!* Now in these imitative words there is really an objective resemblance to what they express; they in fact reproduce it, though imperfectly. But the action of interjections on the mind is only subjective. When such sounds are uttered, they only suggest certain feelings because we refer them to the human voice, not because of an independent quality of their own. We hear owls utter what we call a melancholy cry, we hear a creaking machine groan like a man in agony; but he would be a bold theorist who assumed that hooting expresses melancholy in owls, or that the screeching axle  
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sends forth an utterance of pain. This is what we mean when we say that interjections only express their meaning subjectively, nor can we allow that the original correspondence between sounds expressing, for instance, the ideas of *standing* or *going*, *giving* or *taking*, need have lain in anything deeper than more or less remote suggestion.

Now, words belonging to the imitative, interjectional, and some other classes, have been studied by certain philologists with a view to tracing the origin of language. Like Heyse, Max Müller of course admits the existence of these words, but in treating of them he occupies himself for the most part in criticising the proceedings of a school which endeavours to refer most or all of the raw material of language to such imitative and interjectional sounds. He calls these two methods the 'Bow-wow theory' and the 'Pooh-pooh theory,' and comments on the arguments of their advocates with a severity to which it must be owned that they had laid themselves helplessly open. We can readily enter into Professor Müller's feelings when he has to leave his comparatively safe and steady tracks of philological development to plunge into these wild regions. It is as though some prosperous London financier, whose occupation with gold and silver has begun with its appearance in ingots and bags of dollars in Threadneedle Street, were to be sent off to Australia to dig up the material in which he has so successfully traded. Indeed the advocates of the bow-wow theory and the pooh-pooh theory have, in their reckless habits and rough-and-ready methods, a strong dash of the gold-digger about them. Professor Müller, indeed, though he takes them smartly to task for their indiscretions, admits that their method has some basis; and moreover lays down for it a very fair and useful canon of criticism, viz. that the only justifiable course is to arrive first, by the ordinary rules of comparative grammar, at a root-word, and only then to enter on the question whether this root may have its origin in an imitative sound or in an interjection.\* It seems to us that we may show, by examining two of the leading books which take up these theories, that while on the one hand their authors continually offend against this canon, on the other they prove for their methods a certain amount of scientific value, to which Professor Müller seems scarcely to do justice.

If we look into Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's 'Dictionary of English Etymology,' we shall find him without scruple explaining the word *fusee*, French *fusée*, 'a squib, firework of sputtering gunpowder,' as so called 'from the *fizzing* sound of the dis-

\* 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 91, &c., 314.

charge.' Now, *fusée* corresponds letter for letter with Low Latin *fusata* (from *fusus*, a spindle), meaning a spindle with a mass of thread wound on it. The clockmaker's *fusee*, an axle with a wound cord or chain, is named from its evident resemblance to this; and a *rocket*, the kind of firework which French *fusée* properly means, is, with its thin body and bulging head, so like a spindle, that its very name of *rocket* is taken from Italian *rocchetta*, a *rock* or distaff. But all this weighs nothing to Mr. Wedgwood: *fusee* is something like *fizz*—a rocket fizzes, and there is an end of the matter. Again, plain people would find little difficulty in seeing that to *chill* and to *cool* (Anglo-Saxon *cilian*, *célan*, *cálian*, *cólian*) belong, together with *cold*, German *kalt*, Latin *gelu*, Sanskrit *jala*, and a mass of other words, to one great family. But this would not suit Mr. Wedgwood's method; for *chill* we must, according to him, refer to Spanish *chillar*, to crackle, as leading us to an original meaning of shivering, whence *chill* came to have the sense of cold; while for the word *cold* we must have another theory, that it had its name from 'the disagreeable effect produced on the nerves by a harsh sound, whence the expression is extended to a similar effect on the other organs.' Again, it would hardly seem possible that any one knowing Latin could doubt, when he found *vagant*—meaning 'wandering' in Norman French—what a *vagary* means; but, incredible as it may seem, Mr. Wedgwood appeals at once to first principles and imitative sound for its explanation—'Figary, Fegary, Vagary. As Sc. *figmaleery*, a temporary fancy, a whim. Formed from the verb *fig*, to move to and fro, on the same principle on which a *fad*, a whim, is formed from *fiddle-faddle*, representing trifling action—action to and fro with a light instrument. See Fidget.' Can we wonder that men who have been trained to philology as a science should resent the intrusion of such unlimited, unchecked, unwarranted fancy into their domain of definite fact and sober argument?

Yet Mr. Wedgwood's system has a real side. He collects many such words as *bang*, *hum*, *hiss*, *crack*, *laugh*, *cough*, *croak*, *caw*, *cackle*, *cluck*, *burr*, *buzz*, which may be plausibly referred, either in their present state, or in an earlier form out of which they have grown, to imitations of sound. From time to time, too, he uses the best criterion for judging whether words are really imitations of sound, that of showing that very different languages agree in using the same sound for the same idea. Thus, treating Italian *buffare*, to puff, blow hard, bluster, and French *bouffer*, to puff, to swell, as imitative sounds, he very reasonably appeals for confirmation to such words as Turkish *pufıa*, to blow, Hungarian *puffanni*, to puff, *puffadni*, to swell. Had he withstood the tempta-  
tion

of asserting any direct derivations from sound but such could support in this way, his list might have been reduced nth or a twentieth of its present number; but this small n would far exceed in scientific value the whole result of tual method. As a dictionary, Mr. Wedgwood's work is very high value, full both of original and valuable etymo- and of collections of apposite facts, often from sources little known. Even the wildness of much of the argument it a certain value in our eyes, strange as it may seem to a merit of what, from an ordinary point of view, is certainly ct. Students who work almost exclusively with what are t as 'standard' books, who take their philology, for ce, from Bopp or Müller, are liable to lean upon these as on mental crutches; and thus, though they may with elp go both far and surely, they may never gain the faculty lking alone. To working students there is scarcely any we should so strongly recommend for use with the regular oks as Mr. Wedgwood's Dictionary. It will set before at once valuable and suggestive facts as materials to aid in forming opinions, and at the same time theories which nust see to be continually unsound. A better training his could scarcely be devised to give the power of forming ndent judgments on the facts of any case, instead of blindly ing the opinions of others; and this is a mental faculty of consequence even than the most unexceptionable correct- 1 adopting the views of the best of etymologists.

as of late years become a generally accepted view among ific men that it is not desirable to use the Bible as a ific text-book; that scientific theories have after all to or fall by scientific evidence, astronomy by astronomical ice, geology by geological evidence, philology by philo- l evidence. This view is not based on particular opinions the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, but upon iency; the theologico-scientific method has been tried and again, and the results have not been satisfactory. We : mean that the Bible and science should be kept apart as ; nothing in common with one another; far from it. To that the Bible does not contradict the conclusions of science, in fact in harmony with them, is an indispensable part of ian theology, and this harmony may be treated of either by ific men sufficiently conversant with theology, or by theolo- sufficiently conversant with science. Professor Müller, for ce, several times takes up an argument to show that his ions are not contradictory to Biblical truths.

: it is only prudent to wait till scientific views have borne ific tests, before discussing them from a theological point



of view. Mr. Farrar, in his essay on the 'Origin of Language,' begins by quoting from Hugh Miller the sentence that 'the Scriptures have never yet revealed a single scientific truth,' and then, in support of what is at any rate a very partial and rudimentary philological theory of his own, he strangely brings the charge of being inconsistent with Scriptural doctrine against those who, in opposition to himself, hold language to have been divinely revealed to man. We wish that Mr. Farrar had been content to leave theology untouched, and to base his argument purely on philological evidence; for if it cannot prevail by means of this, he may be assured that it will never be allowed to prevail by virtue of the few and difficult passages which contain all that the Bible even hints as to the origin of language.

Bringing his whole forces to bear on what is only an outpost of Professor Müller's camp, and himself suffering terribly in the attack, Mr. Farrar succeeds, as we think, in driving his adversary a little way back on several points. Let us take the question of imitative words first. That animals are sometimes named from an imitation of their cries is a matter as to which no one doubts. Mr. Farrar draws up lists of such names as *ai-ai*, *whip-poor-will*, *cuckoo*, Sanskrit *bambhara* (bee), *kukkuta* (cock).<sup>\*</sup> This tells fairly against Professor Müller, who seems to allow to this mode of forming words less importance than it deserves.† But sometimes Mr. Farrar's explanations of names of animals as imitations of sound are very unreasonable, as when he cites Hebrew *aryeh*, and Coptic *ehe*, as representing the roar of the lion and the low of the cow, or maintains that so distinct and appropriate a name for the vulture as Sanskrit *gridhra*, the greedy one, is an imitation of the creature's cry. And when he joins issue on the question of detail whether the names of the *cow*, *lamb*, *goose*, *hen*, *duck*, &c., have anything to do with the cries of these animals, which Professor Müller denies, it seems to us that Mr. Farrar breaks down almost totally. The Sanskrit *go*, a *cow*, is as little like a *moo* as is the English *cow*; that German *kuh* and Scotch *coo* are really like this sound shows both where such a resemblance would lie and also its philological worthlessness. The *goose*, German *gans*, Sanskrit *hansa*, means the laughter; but the word is a human word, and in no sense an imitation of a goose's cry. In the one word *hog*, Welsh *huch*, Mr. Farrar suggests a possible derivation from the animal's grunt; but as to the seven others, *lamb*, *hen*, *duck*, *sparrow*, *dove*, *cat*, *dog*, his argument to connect the names and voices of the animals in question comes to nothing whatever.

Professor Müller makes, in his second course of lectures, a

<sup>\*</sup> 'Origin of Lang.' p. 24, &c., 140, &c.    † 'Lectures,' 1st Series, pp. 374-5.  
sweeping

keeping assertion as to the limits to which imitative words extend in language. 'The onomatopœic theory goes very smoothly long as it deals with cackling hens and quacking ducks; but find that poultry-yard there is a dead wall, and we soon find that it is behind that wall that language really begins.\* This is an exposed position to take up, and it seems to us that Mr. Farrar's arguments, and Mr. Wedgwood's etymologies, do in the slightest degree damage it. Such words as *to puff* and *to stamp* may fairly be explained as imitative, and certainly lie outside the poultry-yard. There are, too, some recognised Aryan root-words, such as *pat*, to fall, *lih*, to lick, which may be claimed with some colour of right as imitative sounds. Both Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Farrar, however, seem to overlook the modifications which words undergo, whether by grammatical accretion from the tendency of the speaker to make the sound in some degree an echo to the sense, and which habitually produce sense-words, liable to be easily mistaken for mere sound-words until a comparison of allied forms shows their original derivation from root. Had they borne this in mind, Mr. Wedgwood would never have explained *trap*, or *slap*, or *slash*, and Mr. Farrar *stamp*, *stump*, or *rush*, as words to be referred directly to imitated sound, but would have first looked for more elementary forms, *sla*, *sta*, *ru*, to which these words belong, and which themselves may be derivatives from something still more elementary. Mr. Farrar reasonably enough adduces what may be called children's words, such as *papa*, *mama*, *dada*, *baby*, as having contributed something to the materials of language, yet here, too, he leads us to fall into a pitfall which lay temptingly open before him. He compares, for instance, *babbo* (father), *basium* (kiss), *βάζω* (stammer), *badare* (gape), and so on, to show the wonderful fertility of a root *ba*. Yet it is evidently unfair to pick out a mass of words with totally different meanings, and, for no other reason than because they begin with *ba*, to refer them to a common root. That there is some reason why certain sounds, such as *pa*, *ma*, *ba*, *pu*, &c., appear in so many languages as representatives of notions familiar to children, is evident enough, but when, for instance, *baba* appears within the same family of languages, in Frisian as 'father,' in Russian as 'grandmother,' while *baby* is English (and there are hundreds of these cases), it is a misuse of terms to call that a root which conveys no common meaning with its sound, and probably only owes its frequent appearance to the scarcity of articulate sounds suitable for children's words, which would lead to the same being adopted again and

\* 'Lectures,' 2nd Series, p. 91.

again. Such children's words may make their way into language, as *baby*, *dandle*, Italian *dandolo*, a toy; as may also other really imitative words, such as *babble*, French *babiller*, *pap*, German *pappe* (pasteboard).

The principle of the Pooh-pooh theory, that interjections also contribute to the formation of language, is warmly defended by Mr. Farrar. Yet to his leading example we must totally demur: that the interjection *ah! ach!* is 'not merely the probable but the absolutely certain root of a very large class of words in the Aryan languages, such as *āyos*, *achen*, *ache*, *anguish*, *anxious*, *angustus*, and the word *agony* itself.' To take, for instance, the Latin words, and, ignoring their direct derivation from *ango*, to press, choke, straiten, to refer them in their secondary senses to an interjection of pain, is not sound etymology. Professor Müller protested against Mr. Wedgwood's proposal to derive *fiend* and *foul* from interjections of disgust, *fie! foh!* The word *fiend*, as he said, is a participle of a well-known verb, *fian*, to hate; and this goes back by the regular transmutation of consonants to an earlier form, which is represented in Sanskrit *pīy*, to hate.\* Mr. Farrar defends the interjectional view † by explaining the Sanskrit forms with which *fiend* and *foul* are connected, namely, the verbs *pīy*, to hate, and *pūy*, to decay, as themselves derived from the interjections *fie! foh!* So far as this Mr. Farrar has a fair case, for the original derivation of roots *pi* and *pu* from interjections of disgust and hatred is at any rate somewhat plausible, while no one can deny its possibility. But far from, in his words, crumbling to the dust Professor Müller's objection, Mr. Farrar quite misses its main point, viz., that the interpreters of the origin of roots have no business at all with words in a changed and secondary state, like *fiend* and *foul*; they must first follow the comparative philologist back as near as possible to an original root-word, and then exercise their craft upon that. That they refuse to conform to this rule is the besetting sin of the advocates of the imitative and interjectional theories, and the motives for such refusal are not difficult to see. In developed words, often, as it seems, modified with an express view of making their sound suitable to their sense, like *stamp* or *waddle*, it is extremely easy to suggest real or fancied analogies of sound as their original derivation, while short root-words like *sta* or *vad* are by no means so tractable. Yet this is one of the cases where what is wrong is both easy and satisfactory to immediate desire, while what is right is difficult, and offers but small profit for the moment. In so far as

\* 'Lectures,' 1st Series, p. 386; 2nd Series, p. 92.

† 'Origin of Lang.,' p. 175.

r. Farrar's able and learned essay is, like Mr. Wedgwood's dictionary, a vindication of the view that part of the original constituents of language may be traceable to imitation, interjection, and baby-language, they are valuable contributions to philology; but in so far as they assail the main principle of the school of Bopp, Pott, and Müller, by ignoring the work of analysis into elementary roots, and treating secondary words off-hand, independently both of structure and development, they only serve to show how strong a citadel of sound science this school maintains against the inroads of an undisciplined imagination.

The extent to which the language of a people may be used as evidence of their race or bodily ancestry is a matter on which scientific people readily form a fair and matter-of-fact judgment. A man with the skin, hair, and features of a mulatto or a quadroon may talk the purest imaginable English, French, or Spanish without in the least shaking the bystanders' opinion that he is, more or less, of African negro race. Plain people have no difficulty in understanding that inhabitants of Wales may never have spoken any language but English, and yet be more or less of Celtic blood; nor when they travel east or west in France, are they liable to suppose that the limits of the French language coincide with the limits of German or Breton race. They know that language is an important element in settling questions of race, but that it has always to be used with the greatest caution, and is even liable to be totally deceptive. It has been reserved to professed ethnologists to erect evidence which they could not confidently use within the range of their own experience, into a source of dogmatic truth in problems beyond this range. The celebrated writer on man, Dr. Prichard, is responsible for much of this argument, which we may still hear used with but little scruple. One example may show where a classification of races, 'the most authentic records, namely, by their languages,' may lead. If there are among the human race varieties distinguished from each other by physical characteristics, the comparatively white Tahitians and the almost black Fijians are two of them, as the most superficial comparison of their portraits makes evident, and there seems no reason to dispute the ordinary opinion that the Fijian language belongs with the Tahitian to the great Polynesian family. Against this system of classing the affinities of remote or ancient races on grounds known to be unsatisfactory within every-day experience, Max Müller's voice has again and again been raised in emphatic protest. Bunsen begins the second volume of his 'Philosophy of Universal History' by using the evidence of the Aryan language to arrive 'by overwhelming evidence at the  
proof

proof of the immediate unity in blood of by far the greater half of the civilised nations of the world,' and proceeds to lay it down 'that, as far as the organic languages of Asia and Europe are concerned, the human race is of one kindred, of one descent.' But to this bane the antidote had been already provided in the first volume, where Max Müller's '*Turanian Researches*' set forth the question of '*Ethnology versus Phonology*.' 'Ethnological race,' he writes, 'and phonological race are not commensurate, except in ante-historical times, or perhaps at the very dawn of history. With the migrations of tribes, their wars, their colonies, their conquests and alliances, which, if we may judge from the effects, must have been much more violent in the ethnic than ever in the political periods of history, it is impossible to imagine that race and language should continue to run parallel.' In his lectures, Professor Müller returns to the charge. 'The science of language and the science of ethnology,' he says, 'have both suffered most seriously from being mixed up together. The classification of races and languages should be quite independent of each other. Races may change their languages, and history supplies us with several instances where one race adopted the language of another. Different languages, therefore, may be spoken by one race, or the same language may be spoken by different races; so that any attempt at squaring the classification of races and tongues must necessarily fail.\*'

Language is nevertheless capable of giving us important information as to race, if only we will consent to use it with proper moderation and care. It does not seem difficult to lay down from history and ordinary experience the necessary rule and limit. Wherever we find a mixed race speaking a single language, history, if it tells us anything, tells us that the constituent race to which this language especially belongs has been at some time dominant in the land. It may be neither among the earliest nor among the latest of such dominant races, but it must be one of them; in the greater part of England, for example, it is neither Celtic nor Norman, but English. Moreover, whenever an invading race becomes dominant in a land first peopled by another, experience tells us that a mixed race will grow up; the history of the world in this sort, so far as it comes within our knowledge, is a history of invading, enslaving, and colonising, and of the growth of mixed races consequent upon all these. When, therefore, we find in any country a certain people speaking a certain language, we may judge from experience that the people whose language this previously was, is represented by

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\* '*Lectures*,' 1st Series, p. 340; see also p. 73.

larger or smaller proportion of blood, but how great or small is proportion may be, the evidence of language only enables us to guess within the widest limits. Thus it is evident that the classification of the languages of the world can tell us little either as to the original unity of the human race, or as to its original plurality, so vehemently asserted by several modern writers. Even if we take a narrower and easier field, that of our own Aryan race, we may indeed judge to some extent from the evidence of language, but we must be careful that our words do not convey a larger meaning than we can justify. When it is said, for instance, that the English foot-soldier and the Indian boy are men of one kindred, the words no doubt express a truth, but one which is very liable to be exaggerated. No doubt the Englishman and the Hindoo trace from one dominant Aryan source their languages, much of their civilisation, and a certain fraction of their blood. How large or how small this fraction may be, perhaps some day the ethnologists, or as a large body of them now prefer to call themselves, the anthropologists, may be able to give us some answer from their studies of skin and hair, bone and feature, of food and climate, of intermarriage and generation. But as yet their methods seem wanting in the thoroughness and accuracy required for so perplexed a problem, while the prudent philologist will commit himself to an opinion on the strength of any evidence which his science can supply.

What the science of language has done for the ancient history of mankind, and what its methods yet may accomplish in this field, are subjects of familiar remark. Its success in setting before us a picture of the life and manners of that early Aryan race, of which we have just spoken, is indeed one of the especial triumphs of the modern re-construction of an ancient world. By comparing words relating to the arts, to law and custom, to thought and religious belief, which have remained comparatively near their source in Sanskrit and Zend, and have also travelled far westward to the Greek and Latin, the German and Slavonic stocks, it becomes possible to show what arts, what thoughts, what manners, prevailed among the early Aryan people before they divided over the face of the earth. 'It can be proved,' as Professor Müller says, 'by the evidence of language, that before their separation the Aryans led the life of agricultural nomads—a life such as Tacitus describes that of the ancient Germans. They knew the use of ploughing, of making roads, of building ships, of weaving and sewing, of erecting houses; they had counted, at least, as far as one hundred. They had domesticated the most important animals—the cow, the horse, the sheep, the dog. . . . They had recognised the bonds of blood and the bonds of marriage; they followed

followed their leaders and kings, and the distinction between right and wrong was fixed by laws and customs. They were impressed with the idea of a Divine Being, and they invoked it by various names.\* The great worker in this field of ancient history is M. Adolphe Pictet, of Geneva, whose '*Origines Indo-Européennes*' is a mine of knowledge relating to the early Aryans. Written with a strong bias which often perverts its argument, and in the spirit of an advocate making the most, and more than the most, of every point in favour of his client, M. Pictet's work is nevertheless the great authority on its subject, as those well know who are most alive to the fact that his Sanskrit derivations are far from being always sound, and that, as for instance in his attempt to prove that his Aryans possessed iron as well as bronze, his facts are often the best possible answer to his arguments.

When we glance over the leading topics of modern philology, observing how problems once left to mere speculation are now studied by definite rule and system, and how far the presence of law and order is already to be discerned among phenomena which, if looked at in detail, might seem to result from mere arbitrary accretion and change, we have no difficulty in admitting Professor Müller's claim, that there really is a science of Comparative Philology. There is, too, another science closely interwoven with this, and drawing much of its evidence directly from it; but Comparative Mythology has seemed to us too important in itself, too intimately mixed up with the hardest problems of thought, of religion, and of early history, to be discussed here as an offshoot of the science of language. In both these modern sciences of Language and of Mythology, Max Müller has long been a leading discoverer and teacher. By what course of circumstances it has happened that his work has been done in Oxford, instead of at some German university, he related a year or two ago at an evening lecture at the Royal Institution. As a student, some twenty years ago, he had taken in hand the great task of editing the Vedas, the main source of religious belief among a large fraction of mankind, the oldest relic of the literature of the great Aryan race, but as yet unprinted. In the course of this undertaking he came to England; and, finding it time to return thence to Germany, he went to the Prussian embassy in London for a *visa* to his passport. Baron Bunsen had heard of him from Humboldt and Wilson as an Oriental scholar, and, noticing the name on the passport, called him into his study, and asked how far his preparations for the Vedas had progressed; he replied that he had materials for the first

but must go back to his university work in Germany, to return in a few years' time, when the volume had been published. Then Bunsen told him that it had been the dream of his youth to go to India to find out whether the Vedas really exist, and could be published and translated, and that an American, whose private tutor he had been at Göttingen, had promised to meet him in Italy, and go to India with him. Bunsen went to Italy and waited for his friend, but the friend did not come; he himself met with Brandis and Niebuhr, and began a new career, where his first love was forsaken, but not forgotten. When Bunsen had told Müller this, he turned to him and said, 'Now, in you I see myself young again, and what I wish for you I will. You must stay in England till your colours are finished; and if you want money I shall write you a cheque.'

It was through the Prussian Ambassador's influence that the East India Company were induced to bear the expense of publication, now approaching completion, of a work of great amount importance to Englishmen, whether they look upon it as enabling them, now for the first time, to understand the system against which their missionary efforts are directed, or as recording for their students primæval history of the art, the language, the thought, the belief, of the great nations which they trace their ancestry. We may refuse to accept Bunsen's system of chronology—we may judge of his conception of early history that he is prone, like his master, to imagine instead of to infer; but he was not only a good but a great man; and no one who has known him would willingly pass by an occasion of making him a more example of his disinterested zeal for the advancement of science. Nor was the obligation a slight one which he incurred in leading Max Müller to become in England the founder of an English school of philologists.

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—1. *The Coal Question: An Inquiry concerning the Resources of the Nation, and the probable exhaustion of our mines.* By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., Fellow of University College, London, and of the Statistical Society. Macmillan & Co., 1865.

*Report received from Her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassy and Legations respecting Coal.* With an Appendix. Presented to the Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

*Smoke, and Sewage, scientifically and practically considered*



sidered ; with suggestions for the Sanitary Improvement Drainage of Towns, and the beneficial application of the &c. Being the substance of a Paper read before the Literary Philosophical Society of Manchester. By Peter &c. Manchester, 1857. Pamphlet.

4. *The London Corporation Coal Tax. An Explanation of its Origin, Progress, and Operation of the Tax, constituting an Annual Charge of above 187,000l. on a Necessary of Life throughout the whole area of country twenty miles of the General Post-Office.* By John Dickenson Esq., F.R.S. London, 1854. Pamphlet.
5. *To the Vestrymen of the Metropolitan Districts. The Metropolitan Board of Works and the London Coal Tax* Archibald Kintrea. London, 1859. Pamphlet.

THERE is no question of more momentous concern to Britain than that of the duration of her coal-fields. The question which of late has excited the attention both of men and philosophers. It was referred to in anxious terms by Mr. Graham, the Member for Glasgow, in seconding the motion at the recent opening of Parliament. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech of the 9th of March last, in the House of Commons, on the nuisance arising from the smoke of furnaces in town and rural districts, sounded notes of alarm at the enormous and increasing consumption of coal ; and in the course of the debate which followed, other speakers expressed similar apprehensions. On the other hand, it is maintained that the supply of mineral fuel is practically unlimited ; and some persons, as much presumption as ignorance, have even ventured to say that several thousand years will elapse before our coal-fields are exhausted.

It will not be denied that our marvellous prosperity has mainly resulted from our manufacturing power, and that the power is for the most part to be ascribed to our coal. It is also evident that the position of Great Britain among the nations of the earth depends in a great degree upon her coal, and that this wealth has been chiefly accumulated by

coal. It may be well, therefore, to preface this article with a short description of the nature, origin, and varieties of coal.

Amongst the different kinds of matter constituting the earth, which chemists have hitherto failed to resolve into other kinds of matter, and which, therefore, they designate elementary bodies or elements, one of the most remarkable is carbon. It occurs in definite geometrical figures, that is, crystallized; or without form, that is, amorphous. It crystallizes in what mineralogists term the cubical and the rhombohedral systems, when it appears respectively as the queen of gems, the diamond,—and as the black, opaque, greasy substance, graphite or black lead. In the amorphous state, carbon is familiar to us as charcoal. The diamond is known only as a natural product, and chemists have been utterly baffled in their attempts to prepare it in the laboratory. In a few cubic feet of space would probably contain all the diamonds that have ever been collected, it may be inferred that the conditions necessary to its formation must have been exceedingly rare. Still, on chemical grounds, its artificial production may be reasonably anticipated. Graphite or carbon, crystallized in the rhombohedral form, is daily generated in large quantity at our iron-works.

Carbon has a strong liking, or, as it is technically termed, affinity for oxygen. When a piece of common charcoal is ignited and exposed to the air, it burns, smoulders away, and finally disappears, leaving only a little white earthy matter or ash. In thus burning it combines with the oxygen of the air, and the product of the combination, or combustion, is the heavy, colourless gas, carbonic acid, a gas which all animals exhale in expiration, and which sooner or later destroys animal life. Carbonic acid consists of carbon and oxygen in the proportion (by weight) of 1:2½; and carbon is incapable of combining with a greater proportion of oxygen than exists in carbonic acid. But there is another compound of these elements to which particular attention must be directed, namely, carbonic oxide. It contains just half the quantity of oxygen existing in carbonic acid, that is, carbon and oxygen in the ratio of 1:1½. This gas is somewhat lighter, bulk for bulk, than atmospheric air. In contact with the air it burns with a beautiful blue flame, and is converted into carbonic acid. It is exceedingly poisonous. It is always formed when carbonic acid comes in contact with carbon heated to bright redness. Thus it is produced when a layer of charcoal a few inches in depth is burned in a stove or furnace. The oxygen of the air, which passes through the grate at the bottom, forms carbonic acid the moment it impinges upon the charcoal; but immediately afterwards this acid, in ascending through the over-  
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lying incandescent mass, takes up an additional quantity of carbon and is changed into double its volume of carbonic oxide, which, if a suitable supply of air be admitted at the top of the furnace, will burn with flame, forming carbonic acid.

The reader should also bear in mind the following important facts concerning the heat-giving power of carbon:—One part by weight of charcoal on perfect combustion, that is, in combining with the maximum of oxygen, evolves heat sufficient to raise 8080 parts by weight of water 1° centigrade. But it may be shown that in imperfect combustion, as in the case of the production of carbonic oxide, one part by weight of charcoal will only raise 2473 parts by weight of water 1° centigrade. Hence it will be perceived that if in the burning of charcoal any carbonic oxide is allowed, from insufficient supply of air, to escape from a chimney, great waste of heat will result, and that when carbonic acid is converted into carbonic oxide there will be absorption of heat.

The facility with which carbon is ignited and burns in contact with oxygen, whether pure or diluted as it exists in atmospheric air, varies greatly with the state of aggregation. Thus, compared with charcoal, diamond and graphite are very difficult of combustion. But the same also is true, though in a less degree, of common varieties of carbon which are used as fuel.

Carbon is one of the chief components of the minerals which constitute the crust of the earth. Limestone, marble, and chalk consist essentially of carbonic acid and lime, or, in the language of chemists, of carbonate of lime. These three substances, which differ considerably in external characters, contain the same proportion of carbon, namely, 12 per cent. Each, however, may vary somewhat in composition, owing to the accidental presence in greater or less degree of other matters, such, for example, as sand and oxide of iron. Then there is magnesian limestone, which is formed of carbonate of lime and magnesia. Few persons now-a-days can be so ignorant of geology as not to know how largely carbonate of lime in one form or other enters into the constitution of the surface of the globe in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Carbonic acid is also universally present in the atmosphere, and may be computed at between 0·04 and 0·05 per cent. Carbon is a necessary element in the fabric of every plant and every animal, and there can be no life without it, at least on this planet.

But enormous stratified deposits, rich in carbon, are found below the surface of the earth, cropping out here and there in consequence of subterranean disturbance. These are our beds or seams of coal. It is established beyond the possibility of question  
that

that all coal is the product of the decay of vegetable matter, and the evidence may be found in any geological treatise of repute. Vegetable matter consists essentially of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, a small proportion of nitrogen, and ash. The hydrogen is slightly more than suffices to form water with the oxygen, so that vegetable matter may be practically represented as composed of about 50 per cent. of carbon, 46 of water, 1 of hydrogen in excess, and 3 of ash, inclusive of nitrogen.

Now, in proportion to the degree of decay will be the relative increase in the percentage of carbon in coal, and the final stage is reached in the variety of coal, termed anthracite, which may contain upwards of 90 per cent. of carbon. Between unchanged vegetable matter and anthracite every gradation of change is observed. An excellent illustration of this kind of change is presented by a peat bog, where moss, which in Europe is the source of peat, may be seen growing at the top and gradually passing into peat underneath; and at the bottom decay may have so far advanced as to have yielded black peat free from all appearance of vegetable structure. What takes place in this transformation of moss into peat is precisely similar in kind to what takes place in the conversion of vegetable matter into coal. The difference between the two cases is simply one of degree. Just in proportion as decay progresses in moss, will the proportion of carbon in the product relatively increase. During this decay carbon is evolved in two states of combination, namely, with oxygen as carbonic acid and with hydrogen as marsh-gas or fire-lamp; and water is also separated. Every person must have remarked that on plunging a stick into the muddy bottom of a pool bubbles of gas have immediately escaped. This gas is composed of the two gases just mentioned, carbonic acid and marsh-gas, and proceeds from the decay of the vegetable matter in the mud. It may be shown that the formation of every one of the numerous varieties of coal may be explained by the elimination from vegetable matter of carbonic acid, marsh-gas, and water, in various proportions. This change has continued in coal long after it had been deposited and covered over with strata thousands of feet in thickness; and, indeed, it may still be progressing. On listening near a newly-cut face of coal in a pit, the gas may frequently be heard to escape with a peculiar singing sound; but occasionally on the blow of the pick a sudden and enormous eruption of gas has been known to occur, filling all the workings in the course of a few minutes, and so endangering the life of every collier underground. It should be stated that during the formation of some coal the gases must have had the opportunity of freely escaping, for in certain collieries fire-damp is  
unknown.

unknown. Coal would seem to be porous, and in consequence to have the power of absorbing and retaining gas, just like wood-charcoal; and, when it is freshly cut, an interchange speedily takes place between the atmospheric air to which it is exposed and the gas condensed in its pores. Some varieties of coal yield gas for a considerable time after they have left the pit, as is proved by the explosions which have occurred in vessels carrying cargoes of coal.

From what has been advanced, it might be inferred that the newer the coal, in a geological sense, the less rich would it be in carbon; and generally this has been found to be the case. But there may be local circumstances, such as the intrusion of beds of molten basalt, which may have greatly altered its composition, and caused a relative increase in the proportion of carbon by the distillation of volatile products, just as in the common process of burning coal into coke.

Coal contains the same elements as plants, though in different proportions; but it also contains substances which have been accidentally mingled with it during its deposition. The ash left on the complete combustion of coal usually consists in great measure of clay or shale identical with that on which it may lie, with which it may sometimes be visibly interstratified, or by which it may be covered. Iron pyrites is a constant ingredient in coal, though in very variable proportions. It is an injurious substance, as it decomposes spontaneously in the air and causes disintegration or weathering, and when present in notable quantity, renders the coal unsuitable for various purposes. Some coal is seamed with minute layers of carbonate of lime.

Under the generic term of coal, substances which differ widely from each other in appearance, in quality, and in composition, are included; and hence it has hitherto been impossible to construct an unobjectionable and satisfactory definition of coal. In a remarkable trial which took place some years ago at Edinburgh, there was a great array of professional experts, of whom about half asserted that a particular mineral was coal, and the other half that it was not. Both judge and jury were utterly bewildered by the conflict of opinion, and the case was decided on other than scientific grounds. Much is said and written about the occurrence of coal in this part of the world and in that, and not unfrequently very erroneous conclusions are arrived at concerning the economic value of the mineral, from neglect or ignorance of the fact of the great diversity in characters above mentioned. It may, therefore, be advisable to describe concisely the chief varieties of coal, and explain why one coal should be better than another, considered merely with reference to heat-giving power.

Every

Every kind of coal contains less oxygen than is required to form water with the hydrogen present, and the whole of the oxygen may practically be regarded as existing in the state of water; or, in other words, coal may be represented as composed of carbon, water, a small proportion of hydrogen, and the other matters previously specified. Hence, on the complete combustion of coal, it is only the carbon and the hydrogen not in combination with oxygen which developes heat, carbonic acid and water being respectively produced. The oxygen supposed to exist in combination with hydrogen in the state of water cannot generate heat. On the contrary, it represents so much water, which is converted into steam at the expense of the heat derived from the combustion of the carbon and small proportion of hydrogen in excess of what is present in combination with oxygen; and the heat needed for the evaporation of water is considerable. Experiments have been made on the heat-giving or calorific power of coal, and have proved that the foregoing conclusions are correct; and that the heat resulting from the complete combustion of coal is practically equal to the sum of that which would be developed by the complete combustion of the carbon and of the hydrogen beyond what is assumed to be present in the state of water, less the heat necessary for the evaporation of a quantity of water corresponding to the oxygen. This is a most important consideration, and one which is often entirely neglected by persons largely interested in the subject of fuel.

Now, just in proportion as coal is removed from vegetable matter, or, what is equivalent, in proportion as coal approximates anthracite in composition, that is, the last stage in the process of decay, will the carbon relatively increase and the oxygen relatively decrease. But the degree of decay will be proportionate to the age of the coal: consequently, the older the coal the greater would be its heat-giving power; and this is the fact, except where special conditions have occurred during the formation of the coal.

Coal is met with in new as well as in ancient geological rocks. Thus it is found in workable beds extending from the Tertiary down to the Carboniferous series, known as our coal-measures. Hence, as a general rule, the newer the coal, in a geological sense, the less should be its calorific power; and this is the fact. There is a large class of coals found in various parts of the world which the term lignite, or brown coal, is applied. Such coal occurs at Bovey Tracey, in Devonshire, and is at present raised to the extent of about 11,000 tons yearly. It varies greatly, both in appearance and composition, sometimes closely resembling wood, and being at other times like the most characteristic carboni-

ferous coal. But nearly always this coal is rich in oxygen, and contains moreover a large proportion, say about 10 or 15 per cent. hygroscopic water. This water is present in a lignite just as it is in all air-dried wood. Wood is perfectly dry to the touch on exposure to a gentle heat, far below what would cause incipient charring, it will lose about 15 per cent. in weight by the evaporation of water; and when, after such desiccation, it is left exposed to the atmosphere, it will re-absorb as much water as has been expelled. Just so is it with most lignites. We have seen and examined lignites from nearly every part of the world, and what is here stated has been found generally true of all. They may be very valuable as fuel, but in point of calorific power they are far inferior to the substances which in this country are familiar to us under the name of coal.

It is only in strata above, and consequently more recent than the coal-measures, that lignite is found. There are, for example, large deposits of lignite both in the tertiary and quaternary beds of Europe and other parts of the world. We are not yet hearing of the discovery of coal in this country or in that, but sooner is the announcement made than glowing and generally fallacious schemes of profitable investment are set afloat. Recently as the 15th of last month, the following notice was published in 'The Times':—

**'A NEW COALFIELD.**—Some months ago the results of boring in the vicinity of Sessay, in the North Riding, led to the hope that ~~at~~ a deposit of coal worth working would be found on the south side of the Hambleton Range. The search for the mineral has been continued, and it is now reported that upon Lady Downe's estate at Birdforth, three miles west of Coxwold, the engineer has met with a thin seam of very good coal, with indications of a thick much more valuable seam below. A shaft is to be sunk. The owners are about searching for coal all along the Moor basin.'

The coal referred to in this notice is lignite, which there is no reason to believe occurs in the lower oolite or in the lias immediately underneath. Similar coal, we are informed on the authority of the Geological Survey, had long previously been raised, and the working of it abandoned. People fancy that coal is coal all the time, and that, over, one and the same thing, being entirely ignorant of the wide difference in quality to which we have directed attention. Over and over again we have seen persons unduly elated by the prospect of wealth on finding lignite, which, as we have shown, is greatly inferior in calorific power to coal of the carboniferous series. We do not pretend that lignite may be very valuable as fuel in many localities and for many purposes. What we do insist upon is, that even the best

weight for weight, will not on combustion develop nearly the same quantity of heat as the ordinary coal of our coal-measures, and therefore cannot, at least in many cases, compete with the latter; for example, as fuel for steamships, where weight and space are of primary importance, or in the many furnace operations in which a high temperature is essential.

With regard to coal of the carboniferous series of geologists, which for the sake of distinction we designate as carboniferous coal, there are several points which ought to be generally known. We have stated that, taking vegetable matter as the first term of the series in the formation of coal and anthracite as the last, there has been a gradual passage of one into the other; and if this be so, carboniferous coal must have passed through the stage of lignite. As illustrations of the stage immediately following that of lignite may be adduced the coal of South Staffordshire, and most of the coal of the Midland counties of England, and of Scotland. These all contain a large proportion of oxygen, and unfortunately do not possess the quality of what is termed 'caking,' like the coal of Northumberland and Durham, much of the coal of South Wales, and some of the coal of the Midland Counties. By the term 'caking' is meant the property of the small coal or slack when heated of clotting into lumps. Every inhabitant of London, who has been accustomed to the use of caking coal from the north of England, must have observed how the small pieces of coal in a common grate become, as it were, welded together into one mass, which requires to be frequently broken up by the poker in order to keep it burning. To those who have not studied the subject of coal, this may seem to be a very insignificant matter, whereas it is really one of great national importance. In the getting of coal even under the most favourable conditions, a large quantity is unavoidably reduced to slack. Now, if the coal will 'cake,' all this slack may be converted into coke, and so utilized; for, no matter how small the particles may be, they will be soldered together in the coke-oven, and produce coke in lumps suitable for burning under ordinary conditions. But if the coal will not 'cake,' then the whole, at least of the fine slack, may be utterly wasted, notwithstanding every pound of it is capable of generating as much heat as a pound of the same coal in lumps. It may, it is true, be manufactured into coke after having been intimately mixed either with pitch, whether from wood or coal, or with a sufficient proportion of caking coal; but an additional process like this increases the cost of manufacture, and, except in special cases, cannot be conducted with profit so long as coal-slack is largely obtained which needs no such preliminary treatment. Or, it may be consumed in furnaces specially constructed



for the purpose; but manufacturers will not generally be induced to accept innovations of this kind while they can command an adequate supply of coal at remunerative prices, in a form adapted to furnaces in actual operation. It is certain that many millions of tons of coal-slack are annually wasted, being for the most part left in the pits. It is a grievous national loss, and the time will come when owing to the scarcity of coal, and its consequent advance in price, this slack, now regarded as worthless, will be sought out and applied with advantage.

The next stage in the progression is represented by coal from the Tyne; and then follows the non-caking, or, as it is called, freeburning semi-anthracitic coal of South Wales, so well adapted for steam-navigation. The north of England, it should be stated, also furnishes coal suitable for the same object. It burns with a short bright flame, and, under good stoking, with but little smoke. As it is non-caking, the slack cannot be manufactured into coke, except under the same conditions as that of the coal last considered; and, consequently, the remarks on waste which have been made concerning this latter, apply with equal force to the present case.

We may state that having examined coal, including lignite, from nearly every part of the world, we have seen no steam-coal superior to that from the neighbourhood of Pekin, where it is reported that a magnificent coalfield exists not less than two hundred miles in extent. This report is founded on a personal communication from a geologist who has spent three years in the exploration of that coalfield. We have received several samples of Chinese coal, and we find them to differ much in quality. In 1862 they were tried in some of Her Majesty's ships under the command of Admiral Sir James Hope, and the results obtained were precisely such as the composition of these coals, which has been accurately determined, would indicate. The day will arrive when the coal-mines of China will prove a source of wealth and power, and may possibly determine who shall exercise naval predominance in the East. These mines, in order to their successful development, must be worked under the direction of colliery engineers of experience and skill, and will require the introduction of steam winding and pumping machinery. Even the Chinese authorities dread all such foreign innovations, especially as they must for a considerable period be under the supervision of despised barbarians. Perhaps they may be distracted by a vision of what has befallen India. If, unhappily, we should again be involved in war with the Celestials, and again be victorious, it might be well to stipulate for a concession of a portion, at least, of this great coalfield.

We now arrive at the last stage in the production of coal, namely, anthracite, which, as we have previously stated, may practically be regarded as carbon. It is difficult of ignition and burns without visible smoke. It is abundant in Pennsylvania, and we have fine beds of it in South Wales. All the Welsh anthracite, and some only, we understand, of the Pennsylvanian, has the defect of decrepitating when heated, that is, of splitting into small particles. On this account much difficulty is experienced in using it in the iron-smelting furnaces of South Wales, as in a short time the quantity of fine particles becomes so great as to seriously check the passage of air through the furnaces, though injected under considerable pressure; and refractory masses, composed of slag and these particles, are also liable to be formed, which cause the greatest inconvenience. Every attempt either to prevent decrepitation or to counteract its injurious effect has hitherto failed. When suitably burned it develops a very high temperature, which is restricted to a limited space near the firebars.

One other variety of coal remains to be noticed, and that is Cannel coal. When a single piece of this coal is ignited, it continues to burn with a smoky flame, and hence the original name 'Candle coal,' which has become corrupted into Cannel coal. It is very rich in hydrogen, and is on that account particularly suitable for gas-making. For this reason, of all coals good Cannel commands the highest price in the market, and more especially because it is also the best adapted for the manufacture of the now well-known substances, paraffine and paraffine oil. Cannel coal occurs in distinct seams, and sometimes interstratified in a greater or less degree with ordinary coal. In coal-pits we have occasionally observed here and there in a seam pieces of characteristic Cannel. The precise conditions under which Cannel coal has been produced are not well understood at present, and the subject deserves the attention of chemical geologists.

The waste of coal is a matter to which we desire to direct special attention, as it is one which affects the interest of every person in the United Kingdom, and one which will influence the duration of our national prosperity. Let us reflect what is implied in the waste of coal. This precious mineral is derived exclusively from vegetable matter. This proposition is true even supposing animal matter to have been converted into coal; for it may be shown that the matter composing the bodies of animals has been originally obtained from plants, or, in other words, that plants are the food of animals. It is true that some animals are carnivorous. The serpent devours a rabbit, the eagle a lamb, and

and the tiger an ox; but the rabbit, the lamb, and the ox all feed upon plants. Again, one carnivorous creature may prey upon another; but all animals which feed upon flesh derive their substance from others which have fed upon plants. Now, the element of chief importance in coal, in reference to the question of fuel, is carbon, and the carbon in plants has assuredly proceeded from carbonic acid. Plants only have the power of decomposing carbonic acid, that is, of tearing asunder the elements, carbon and oxygen, which are so firmly united in that acid. The result is that oxygen is separated in a greater or less degree and exhaled by the green parts of plants, and by this means, with the addition of water and ammonia, vegetable tissue is elaborated, along with the marvellous variety of odorous, colouring and other substances of the plant world. But plants have no inherent faculty of decomposing carbonic acid; for that another agent is indispensable, the light of the sun. And thus all plants, and therefore all coal, have resulted from the exercise of what may be termed *sun force*. One kind of force may be changed into another form of force; but it has of late been clearly demonstrated that there is no annihilation of force, any more than there is annihilation of matter. Neither is the creation of force any more possible than the creation of matter. Hence it is plain that coal may be regarded as an accumulation of sun force. Whatever view may be adopted with regard to the time which has elapsed during the deposition of coal—whether we believe in the catastrophic action of Murchison or in the undeviating uniformity of Lyell—whether we accept the view that in former geological periods the proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere was much greater than at present and plants flourished with more than tropical luxuriance, no geologist will deny, and none but geologists are competent to form an opinion on such a subject,—that there must have been an enormous interval of time, it may be millions of years, between the beginning and end of the formation of the carboniferous system alone, to say nothing of that which has elapsed during the deposition of post-carboniferous series of coalbeds. We may here quote the following striking passages from Tyndall's translation of Dr. Mayer's Paper on Organic Motion and Nutrition:—

‘Measured by human standards, the sun is an inexhaustible source of physical energy. This is the continually wound-up spring which is the source of all terrestrial activity. The vast amount of force sent by the earth into space, in the form of wave-motion, would soon bring its surface to the temperature of death. But the light of the sun is an incessant compensation. It is the sun's light, converted into heat, which sets our atmosphere in motion, which raises the water into clouds,

clouds, and thus causes the rivers to flow. The heat developed by friction in the wheels of our wind and water mills was sent from the sun to the earth in the form of vibratory motion.

'Nature has proposed to herself the task of storing up the light which streams earthward from the sun,—of converting the most volatile of all powers into a rigid form, and thus preserving it for our purposes. To this end she has overspread the earth with organisms, which, living, take into them the solar light, and by consumption its energy generate incessantly chemical forces.

'These organisms are *plants*. The vegetable world constitutes the reservoir in which the fugitive solar rays are fixed, suitably deposited, and rendered ready for useful application. With this process the existence of the human race is inseparably connected. . . .

'The time does not lie far behind us when it was a subject of contention whether, during life, plants did not possess the power of arranging the chemical elements, and indeed of creating them. Facts and experiments seemed to favour the notion; but a more accurate examination has proved the contrary. We now know that the sum of the materials employed and excreted is equal to the total quantity of matter taken up by the plant. The tree, for example, which weighs several thousand pounds, has taken every grain of its substance from its neighbourhood. In plants a *conversion* only and not a *generation* of matter takes place. . . .

'The physical force collected by plants becomes the property of other classes of creatures—of animals. The living animal consumes combustible substances belonging to the vegetable world, and causes them to reunite with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Parallel to this process runs the work done by animals. This work is the end and aim of animal existence.' \*

The foregoing considerations should forcibly impress us with the grave nature of the question which we are about to discuss, namely, waste of coal. This question may be divided under two heads; the first is waste in getting, and the second is waste in using.

Waste in getting is partly inevitable and partly preventible. Every blow of the pick reduces some of the coal to comparative powder, and the amount of waste from this cause will vary with the quality of the coal, as to tenderness, and with the character of the bed, especially as to joints. Coal-cutting machines have been introduced into some collieries, which there is reason to hope will have the effect of economising labour, and lessening the kind of waste under consideration. The first step in the process of getting coal is what is technically termed 'holeing,' that is, undermining it with a pick, so that it may be loosened and drop. When this operation is effected by men, a large

\* 'Heat considered as a Mode of Motion.' By John Tyndall, F.R.S., etc. 2nd ed., 1865, p. 507.

quantity of coal must be excavated to afford space for them to work in; but when it is performed by machinery, very much less space is needed, and this implies correspondingly less waste from the production of fine slack.

In some collieries blasting by gunpowder is extensively employed, and is defended on the ground of economy. There is no doubt that, owing to the greater hardness of the coal and other causes, blasting has diminished the cost of getting; but it necessarily renders valueless a considerable quantity of coal. This is a point which particularly concerns the lessors of collieries, who are paid by royalty; it is one that has been too much disregarded. Blasting may be profitable to a lessee, but quite the reverse to a lessor; and it ought to be prohibited unless it can be clearly shown to be indispensable to the successful working of a colliery. Especially ought it to be forbidden by law in all fiery collieries, where the use of the safety-lamp is enjoined as essential to the security of life. Several explosions of firedamp have been caused by blasting. The terrible explosion at the Edmund's Main Colliery, near Barnsley, in 1862, which destroyed the lives of sixty persons, was the result of blasting by gunpowder. The late Mr. Nicholas Wood, the eminent colliery engineer, gave evidence on this subject before a Select Committee of the House of Commons on accidents in coal-mines (July 14, 1853), and stated that, in his opinion, 'in a mine that is doubtfully safe, safety-lamps should be used and gunpowder should be prohibited.'

There are several systems of getting coal which for want of space we are unable to describe. A comparison of these with each other would clearly show that, while loss takes place in all, they differ considerably as to the degree of waste. In the 'long wall' system the whole of a seam is extracted at once, getting, no ribs and pillars are left, and the roof, with all the superincumbent strata, falls gradually as the work of extraction proceeds, filling up the space previously occupied by the coal. Theoretically and practically this system is the best; but in some collieries where the roof is bad it is absolutely necessary to leave a considerable layer of coal for the purpose of forming a second roof, and the whole of that coal is irrecoverably lost. In the 'pillar and stall' system the coal is extracted in two gettings. In the first, large ribs and pillars of coal are left to prop up the roof of the pit, and these are taken out at the second getting. But in this second process there is always much loss, owing to the crushing of the ribs and pillars by the enormous weight upon them, and the consequent production of a large quantity of fine and, if the coal be non-caking, worthless slack. Of all the coal  
seen

seams of Great Britain the greatest waste has occurred in that known as the 'ten-yard,' or 'thick coal,' of South Staffordshire. The seam ranges in thickness from eight to ten yards, and is composed of a series of distinct beds, varying much in quality. It is now on the eve of exhaustion. With very few exceptions it has been gotten on the 'pillar and stall system,' huge pillars about ten or twelve yards square, and enormous ribs, being left in the first working. The residual coal was imperfectly extracted in a second working; and some of the old pits have been thus rifled even several times in succession. This coal is wholly non-caking, and it may be confidently asserted that millions of tons of its slack now lie buried in the worked-out collieries of South Staffordshire, it is to be feared without hope of resurrection. Yet every ton of that slack has stored up in it as much heat-giving force as the same weight of solid coal! The fine lack of this coal is particularly liable to spontaneous ignition, which has often occurred in the first getting, and very frequently in the second. It is the curse of the 'thick coal,' and has occasioned the destruction of a large amount of property and great pecuniary loss. In some cases the 'thick coal' has been extracted on the 'long wall' system in two or even three gettings, and with a much larger yield per acre. But as this seam is in many localities greatly disturbed by faults, it is probable that the 'long wall' system would not have been generally applicable, for reasons that will be immediately appreciated by colliery engineers, though not by the general reader.

It is a fact known to every well-informed colliery engineer in the kingdom that the working of this fine coal-seam, far exceeding in thickness any other in Great Britain, has for the most part been entrusted to unskilful and often unscrupulous persons. Indeed, at one time even the bare mention of the term colliery engineering in South Staffordshire was regarded as a joke, and excited sceptical laughter. But it was no joke, either to proprietors, managers, or the nation. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the destruction of coal which formerly resulted from a combination of ignorance and roguery. All this is perfectly notorious both in South Staffordshire and elsewhere. It is not pretended that there have not always been honourable exceptions to this course, or that in this county colliery engineers do not now exist as well instructed in their art and as upright as can be found in any other part of the kingdom. There are happily many such, and they are well known and appreciated.

The specific gravity of the South Staffordshire coal is stated to be about 1·3, so that a cubic yard should weigh 2190·24 lbs., or nearly

nearly the statute ton of 2240 lbs. Hence, inclusive of thin layers, termed partings, an acre of the 'thick' or 'ten-yard' coal should contain somewhat less than 48,400 tons, and an acre of the same coal eight yards in thickness somewhat less than 38,720, say 38,000 tons. Now, it is certain that on the average at least one-third, or 12,000 tons per acre, have been irretrievably lost from the mode of getting as previously described.\* But, as usual, where God has been most bountiful man has been most prodigal. Imagine that enormous store of force, which, as we have seen, it may have required millions of years to accumulate, not only lost, but in great measure needlessly and wickedly wasted. Warning, alas! comes too late, for the mischief is done, and the nation has been robbed of what never can be restored.

It should be observed that in South Staffordshire it is not customary to weigh the coal as it leaves the pit, but directly to discharge the contents of the skips into boats, and every one knows how much the system of boat-gauging is open to fraud. What a South Staffordshire collier calls a ton of coal may probably be estimated at about 27 cwts. of 112 lbs. to the cwt. This should be borne in mind in collecting colliery statistics in this locality, for otherwise the results will be to a considerable extent erroneous. It is a common practice for the South Staffordshire colliers or colliery proprietors to pay a fee to the steerers of the boats which may be sent to be loaded, it being frequently left to these men to choose where they shall go. It need hardly be remarked that this is another opportunity for the practice of rascality. Moreover, it is not unusual for those having the charge of loaded boats to abstract some of the coal *in transitu*, and to pour water over the remainder in order to make up the weight. We know that these statements are true, and we publish them in order to show how much rottenness still prevails in the colliery trade of a particular district, and to put statisticians on their guard against inaccurate returns of colliery yields. It is, however, satisfactory to know that this state of matters is exceptional.

With regard to the total waste of coal in all the collieries of Great Britain, either in the way already described, or by the destructive practice of burning at the pit's mouth great heaps of small coal and dust, it is not possible to present any precise and trustworthy information. There is too much reason for apprehension that it greatly exceeds what the public may suppose, or what the workers of collieries would be willing to admit. One illustration, on undeniable authority, shall suffice. The late Mr. Nicholas Wood

\* See above, pp. 448, 449.

rted that, in 1861, the waste at the Hetton and Black Boy leries alone amounted to 160,000 tons of small coal in a year! rom information collected at the Museum of Practical Geology, ould seem that last year about 96,000,000 tons of coal were ed. It would probably be safe to add to the number at least 00,000 tons for waste; or say, in round numbers, that we are raising about 120,000,000 tons yearly. In 1860 the ntity raised was 80,000,000 tons; and in 1856 about 500,000 tons.\* These numbers are so large that it is difficult orm an accurate conception of what they really mean. *With 000,000 tons, a girdle of coal three feet wide and about seven ight be put round the earth!*

he next point for consideration is the waste of coal in burning. ommon domestic fires it has been computed that seven-eighths, even more, of the heat capable of being evolved from the pass up the chimney unapplied, so far as mere warming oncerned; and, whether this estimate be exaggerated or not, oundoubtedly true, that the proportion of heat lost, and constantly of coal wasted, is very large. About half of the generated by the fire is supposed to be carried off with smoke, about one-fourth in the constant current of the med air of the room into the chimney between the mantel- e and the fire, and the remainder of the loss of heat is repre- ed by the unburned particles of carbonaceous matter in smoke.† It is this matter which renders coal-smoke so and offensive, and which is partially deposited as soot. We l no further proof of the quantity of fuel wasted in this ner than what is afforded by the observation of a chimney on

But an English fire-place is so cheerful and attractive, though we may be roasted on one side and frozen on the r,—what matters the waste of fuel? Moreover, it is argued the open fire causes excellent ventilation, and no doubt it , but not so as effectually to remove the air which has become t vitiated by animal exhalations, namely, that at the upper of the room. Our legs may thus be refrigerated, while our ls are immersed in contaminated air above. The open fire as us by radiation, and long habit has wedded us to the em, in spite of its manifold defects, not the least of which is e of coal,—a mineral which it needed no Sir Robert Peel to rm the House of Commons is more precious to us than all the r of Mexico and Peru.

a some other countries, especially those of colder climates,

\* See Q. R., vol. 110, p. 329.

† 'On the Smokeless Fire-place.' By Neil Arnott, M.D., 1855, p. 114.

where



where the death-rate is not higher than in Great Britain, there is comparatively no prodigality in the consumption of fuel. People there find comfort without intellectual or bodily deterioration, in houses suitably heated by warmed air. In such climates our fire-places would be useless, and would be discarded even by those who may have been brought up in more genial latitudes, and have been led to believe in the necessary connexion during inclement weather between comfort and an English hearth with its wasteful pile of blazing coal.

Climate is greatly concerned in this matter. Let fuel be ever so abundant, if the temperature of the external air be very low, as it is, for example, in Sweden and Canada during winter, the warming of houses by such fire-places as we are accustomed to in this country would be very inefficacious, and would not be tolerated. The alternative would be roasting or suffocation; unless the inhabitants were willing while in-doors to clothe themselves after the fashion of Esquimaux. In such countries, notwithstanding the rigour of climate and the copious supply of cheap firewood—a material which, unlike coal, is constantly being replenished—there is much greater economy in the use of fuel than with us. In the good old times in England our ancestors seem to have been as lavish in the consumption of wood, of which in those days there was no lack, as we are at present with respect to coal. This is proved by the large dimensions of the hearths in the baronial halls and other dwellings of ancient date which may still be seen in various parts of the kingdom.

If we could only be induced to give up our prejudices and prefer reality to semblance, there would be no difficulty in warming and ventilating our houses with a fraction of the coal which we now employ. But then the open fire must be superseded by what most Englishmen instinctively abhor, namely, stoves or other similar appliances more or less concealing the fire. Ordinary stoves are an abomination, especially if no special arrangements for ventilation are provided. The air, by contact with them, becomes not *warmed* but *heated*, and between warming and heating there is a great difference. Minute particles of dust are everywhere floating on the atmosphere near the surface of the earth, which are immediately made manifest by the streaming of the sun's light into a comparatively dark room. Those particles consist in a certain degree of organic matter, which, on impinging upon the strongly-heated surface of a stove, are decomposed and yield odorous products. It is conjectured by some, but it is a mere conjecture, that the air undergoes some other change which renders it disagreeable if not unwholesome. However this may be, no such objection can apply to air simply warmed

d stoves may be constructed which warm and do not as it is termed. At the same time they may be mental, safe, and moderate in price. Such stoves been seen in the International Exhibition of 1862, in the Swedish department. They presented a large r of white enamel or of pottery. The ingenuity of tors, or rather of patentees, has been largely exercised t of stoves, and as every fresh invention of the kind o excel all its predecessors in the saving of fuel,— is a trifle,—we ought now to be able to generate any fuel at all! Many of these contrivances are as cal in principle as they are repulsive in appearance. nation is, unhappily, too applicable to a great many ventions which have been concocted by patentmon- f late have multiplied and become an obstructive real inventors.

what may be done in the way of economizing coal in lds we may cite the following statement of Dr.

r of this (Dr. Arnott) has in his own house a striking : the matter in a peculiar enclosed fire, which, for four- st in a large dining-room, has maintained, day and night, to May a temperature of 60° (Fahrenheit) or more, with ion, by an expenditure of only *twelve pounds of coal for urs*, or about a fourth of what would be used in an open for fifteen or sixteen hours. The aperture by which air enters the room to maintain combustion sufficient to m, is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. If ared with the aperture of a common chimney-pot, which r of ten inches, and an area or size, therefore, more than and fifty times greater than that of the stove,—and if the onsidered with which a column of dense smoke filling es from it when the fire is burning briskly,—and if it be urther that such column consists almost entirely of the of the room, defiled by a little pitchy vapour from the : proof of prodigious waste, and room for reasonable hope aving is possible.\*

omy is not the only incentive to the saving of coal in lds. It is really distressing to perceive the vast dif- e quality of the atmosphere of London and our large hat of the country or of many cities on the Continent example. Here we are in the metropolis breathing begrimed by coal-smoke, and sometimes involved in 'cloud of infernal darkness,' through which we see

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\* Op. cit., p. 10.

the sun dimly as a fiery red ball. Our buildings are made hideous by coal-smoke, being patched with horrid streaks of black, where the rain fails to penetrate. The things we call statues, though consisting of bronze, are blackened with soot—an effect which it is reported an eminent deceased sculptor admired, as they were thus boldly relieved against the sky! If we keep our windows close the ubiquitous smut gains access, and if we open them—as we needs must—woe betide us. And not only do our hands and faces contract dirt, but soot finds its way into the air-tubes of our lungs. Plants as well as animals are poisoned by smoke, and see how they struggle for existence even in the Parks of London. The fine trees in Kensington Gardens are dying apace, and roses bloom not within some miles of Charing Cross. Then how great oppression falls on our spirits from the fuliginous exclusion of the pure light of the sun! Tyndall tells us that the aqueous vapour in our atmosphere keeps us warm like a blanket, and so prevents us from being speedily frozen to death. But what is that dense canopy of coal-smoke over our heads but a veil which makes man wretched and nature hideous? This, as we all know, is not the language of exaggeration; and what is so bad in the metropolis is far worse, if possible, in many manufacturing towns of the country. With us the evil is now caused in great measure by the imperfect combustion of a very large quantity of coal in our domestic fires, as with few exceptions the nuisance formerly occasioned by furnace-chimneys has been greatly abated. But in the country, as Sir Robert Peel stated recently in the House of Commons, it is far otherwise. There factories are permitted to vomit forth torrents of black smoke with impunity, although, as Sir George Grey remarked, ample powers exist for the suppression of this great evil, if only his favourite ‘local authorities’ could be prevailed upon to put the law in force. Who are these ‘local authorities’ of whom we have of late heard so much in Parliament? Why, doubtless, in many cases the very men who create the abomination. Mr. Henley, the venerable member for Oxfordshire, advised that heavy penalties should be inflicted for a breach of the law in this respect, and that half should go to the informer. This is good sound sense. Another suggestion has been made that the Factory Inspectors might with advantage be directed to take this matter in hand, and we are disposed to think this suggestion reasonable. At any rate, your ‘local authorities’ who produce the smoke can hardly be expected to proceed against themselves; and as they are often omnipotent in their locality, the suffering inhabitants would not be likely to risk an encounter with these mighty men of the mills. Lan-  
cashire

hire contains, we are assured, some of the dirtiest and filthiest mans in the kingdom, and smoke has done and is doing most the mischief. Why do not the rich possessors of these mills, so generally take good care to reside as far as possible from their own smoke, show some regard for the health and comfort of their working people? They can declaim loudly enough in Parliament and elsewhere against the employers of agricultural labour, and prattle on the rights and virtues of the working man. Can they say that they have themselves done their duty to the working classes while they knowingly and needlessly inflict such an intolerable and wide-spread nuisance upon a large, and for the most part, dependent population?

After the statement of the fact, which cannot be denied, that the chimneys of metropolitan furnaces—with only a few exceptions, such as those of the Pottery-kilns at Lambeth—no longer pollute the atmosphere in anything like the same degree as heretofore, when there was no Act of Parliament in force for the compulsory consumption of smoke, it would be superfluous to insist that what has thus been done in London may be done likewise in Lancashire and elsewhere. Leicester, it should be added, has followed the example of London, and its tall chimneys give but little visible smoke, and plants are now reported to flourish where previously they languished and died. The production of black smoke may be prevented, whatever the nature of the coal employed, and the millowners and other manufacturers know this full well. Moreover they know that prevention attended with positive gain, and though generally keen in the pursuit after pence, yet, strange to say, in this case they throw away pounds by the thousand. But there have always been paradoxes, and this is one. Mr. Hanbury asserted in the House of Commons, the night when Sir Robert Peel made his onslaught on smoke and smoke-producers, that by the application of an arrangement, well known as Jucke's, there was an annual saving in the economy of his firm in Brick-lane of not less than 2000*l*. Evidence is also given by other speakers that a great saving, as much as 50 per cent., had followed the consumption of smoke at other establishments. There are smoke-consuming schemes innumerable, of which not a few are ridiculous. An intelligent and attentive engineer is absolutely essential, even with what may be considered the best appliances. When the fire is well covered with incandescent fuel, the production of black smoke may always be stopped by the proper admission of air, not too much, near the firebridge, and no engineer of common ingenuity will have the least difficulty in contriving how this should be done in a satisfactory manner, notwithstanding a swarm of patentees have claimed the principle

in

in their specifications. Another point of great importance is the mode of charging the coal. It should obviously be done gradually, and not in large quantity at a time, as is frequently the case with a view to save trouble.

We have directed attention to the prodigious waste of coal in the state of fine slack, waste which is as unnecessary as it is unjustifiable and wicked. Our successors will have bitter cause to deplore our folly in this respect and to regard us as spend-thrifts, who have ignorantly or knowingly destroyed so much of that force by the application of which we have in great measure achieved our prosperity and our position amongst the nations of the earth. There is no doubt that even the finest slack, whether of non-caking or of caking coal, may be profitably utilized. During the last few years, in consequence of the increasing scarcity and price of coal in certain districts of England, manufacturers have been compelled to consider the question of economy in the use of fuel; and some progress has been made in the art of burning fine slack with advantage. We have thus seen stuff which at the time did not cost more than 6d. per ton, and which not long previously was considered to be utterly worthless, profitably employed as fuel under steam-boilers. The slack of caking coal, from its property of agglomerating into lumps when heated, may be wholly consumed without any special arrangement in open fires or furnaces in which coal of the same description in lumps is burned. Not a particle of the slack of caking coal need be wasted, and for household purposes such coal is more economical than the non-caking coal which is now largely supplied to the metropolis. The fine slack of the latter retains its powdery condition when heated, and if thrown on a common household fire checks combustion by impeding the passage of air through the mass. Moreover, the fine slack of caking coal will yield excellent coke; whereas that of non-caking coal will not, except by admixture with other matters as we have previously stated, and that adds greatly to the cost. The Germans have for some years used what they term the 'step grate,' which seems to be well adapted for the consumption of slack. The fire-bars are not arranged in the usual manner, parallel and in one horizontal plane, but over each other like steps, thus forming an inclined grate. These bars are wide and flat, and are placed at a short distance apart with their flat sides horizontal, and overlapping to such an extent that, supposing fine slack to fall from one bar upon another, it will form a little talus on the lower bar and will not drop into the ash-pit. Through the spaces between the bars air passes freely to maintain combustion.

One of the most important inventions for economizing fuel is  
that

t of Mr. Siemens, who is so well known in connection with electric telegraphy. It is founded upon what its author designates the 'regenerative principle,' and is now in successful operation in many parts of Europe and in this country. Its special advantages are great saving of fuel, utilization of slack or prior fuel, capability of producing uniform and, if need be, very high temperatures, and power of easy and exact regulation. The principle is extremely simple and familiar to every person. When a handkerchief is put round the mouth on a frosty day, the breath on leaving the lungs at a temperature of about  $98^{\circ}$  passes through the interstices and imparts heat to the fibres of the handkerchief. On inspiration the cold air is drawn through the handkerchief and becomes thus warmed by contact with its fibres. This is precisely the principle of the regenerator, which consists of several pieces of superimposed metallic gauze; and it is also the principle of Siemens' regenerative furnaces. The products of combustion, which usually escape from the chimney at a high temperature, in their course to the chimney, in these furnaces, traverse a brick chamber filled with bricks, so piled that the mass is pervious throughout. The chamber and contents thus become strongly heated, and the temperature of the gases at the chimney-top is very greatly reduced, and need not, if the interior of the furnace be white-hot, exceed about  $300^{\circ}$  Fahr. Let us suppose there are two such chambers similar in all respects, and that one has been made hot in the manner described. If, now, we cause the air requisite to support combustion to pass through this heated chamber in its way to the grate, it will become strongly heated before it reaches the fuel, and, *pari passu*, the temperature of the chamber will be lowered. By supplying air thus heated to the furnace great economy is the result; for it is really catching, if it were, the heat which otherwise would be dissipated uselessly in the atmosphere, and putting it back into the furnace where it is needed. While the heated chamber is growing cool the circulation through it of cold air from without, we will allow the products of combustion in their way to the chimney to pass through the other chamber, which, in its turn, will become strongly heated. When the first chamber has become comparatively cool and the second chamber very hot, we will reverse the currents of air and gaseous products of combustion respectively, sending the former through the second chamber and the latter through the first chamber; and so in succession. If gaseous fuel be employed, such as is produced by the distillation of coal, or such as Mr. Siemens employs, this may, in like manner, be previously heated, and in that case when it burns in contact

contact with air previously heated, a very high temperature will result. Such is the Siemens furnace. It is successfully applied to furnaces for the making of glass, the extraction of zinc, and the melting of steel; and it is assuredly destined to great extension and to play an important part in numerous manufacturing operations. But to us it is more particularly interesting as a means of saving coal.

We are glad to find that the slack question is now exciting the attention of practical men, and in proof we insert the following sensible letter from 'A Practical Collier,' published in the 'Times,' Dec. 2, 1865. The writer treats of—

'the working management and the consumption of coal, which is the backbone of this prosperous country; because we owe our greatness to our coal, iron, copper, tin, and other innumerable manufactures, neither of which can be carried on without coal; and the quantity wasted of this useful commodity is considerable. The furnaces of steam-engines and manufactories should be constructed so as to burn in steam-engines of all descriptions "through-and-through" coal, and in smelting furnaces, small. If furnaces can be constructed that will smelt copper with small coal, which produces such intense heat, why not construct the same class of fireplaces for steam-engines? I have no hesitation in asserting that fully one-half the coal comes down through the fire-bars of the steamers without having been burnt and done its duty. There is constant "white heat" kept on the copper furnaces from Monday morning to Saturday night, which ought to produce steam enough for a large marine engine, and that with about eighteen tons of small coal of a proper mixture. There are thousands of tons of coal left underground in the South Wales collieries, which, if brought out and used fresh with bituminous coal, would do immense duty. I hope that some experiments will be tried, either by Government or by some private persons, to save this immense waste. The coal that is not very deep, and which is the very best quality, is being fast exhausted. Thirty years ago there was but a very small consumption of steam coal, and, if we go on increasing at the same rate for the next thirty years, all the best and hardest descriptions of steam coal will be exhausted, and we shall have to draw our supplies from a great depth, the quality of which has been proved by experience to be much inferior to what is termed "crop" coal.'

It is satisfactory to know that at many of our largest iron-works coal has now been greatly economised. The gas which is belched forth from the mouths of our gigantic blast-furnaces contains about 30 per cent. of carbonic oxide, which, in contact with air, burns and develops, as we have seen, a very large quantity of heat. Formerly the whole of that valuable gaseous fuel was wasted, while at present it is extensively applied to the raising of steam and other purposes. The first application of this kind was made in France so long ago as 1811, and was adopted generally

ly on the Continent long before our ironmasters would con-  
scend to entertain it.

In other departments of the manufacture of iron an enormous amount of heat is still allowed to escape uselessly into the air, for example, that from the puddling and reheating furnaces. But the loss has at length excited attention, and the utilization of this waste heat may be seen carried out to perfection at the great Ebbw Vale and Dowlais Ironworks. Where only a short time ago clouds of black smoke existed, scarcely any smoke can now be seen. These improvements have not only increased the gains of the proprietors, but have also promoted the comfort of their workmen. There is still great room for regret that scarcely anything has been done in this country towards applying the heat evolved in the process of coking; and the amount which is thus annually lost represents a very large mass of coal. In Belgium during many years the waste heat of coke-ovens has been successfully used to raise steam; and we understand that in one or two places in England the same application has been practised with advantage.

By the carefully regulated distillation of coal, such as the non-  
caking coal of Staffordshire, oils may be produced in considerable quantity. We have seen such oils from this coal which might be practically applied with advantage; and as the patent for the manufacture of oils from coal by distillation expired last year, there is a new and open field for commercial enterprise in South Staffordshire which well deserves attention.

There is another and totally different direction in which we may not unreasonably hope for a saving in coal. It seems practicable, in a great measure, to supersede domestic fires, and to lay in heat, or the means of generating heat, to our houses pretty much as we now lay on gas. But this would involve a considerable amount of architectural reconstruction. It is, however, worthy of reflection, whether heated air might not be conveniently supplied from one source, say to a row of houses; and if so, from various sources to an entire town. It is also a question whether very cheap gaseous fuel might not be manufactured from coal-slack or other low-priced material, and laid on to houses for the purpose of warming and cooking. Only about a year ago it was proposed in Birmingham to start a company with the object of carrying out such a scheme in reference to manufactories. In any case, if the gas were inodorous, it would be requisite to render it strongly odorous, in order that its escape might be detected; and if carbonic oxide should be a prominent constituent, special care would be requisite on account of its poisonous nature. All innovations have to encounter difficulties, and hitherto no novel  
scheme,



scheme, however plausible, has ever been proposed that has not either been ridiculed or condemned by professional or otherwise. With gaseous fuel London might be rendered smokeless, and it remains for engineers to determine whether such fuel can be manufactured and supplied at remunerative prices. In a household fire heat is, as it were, manufactured on a very small scale, and experience has proved that the cost of production of an article has always been inversely proportionate to the scale of its manufacture.

It has been proposed to abate the smoke nuisance in towns by connecting the chimneys of all the houses with underground culverts, provided at intervals with high shafts, in which, if necessary, the draught upwards might be greatly increased by furnaces, just as in most of our collieries. We have long been familiar with extensive manufactories, covering large areas, in which were very numerous fires, all in communication with a single lofty chimney. We have seen the exterior of a mansion built on the same principle by Mr. Wright, of the Butterley Ironworks, in Derbyshire, near Tissington, if we mistake not, between twenty and thirty years ago. There is only one high stack, at a considerable distance from the house, with which every chimney is in communication. With such an arrangement no visible smoke should be produced, and with due attention a smoky chimney should be impossible. As novelty is the order of the day, and money is readily thrown away even on schemes of the most worthless description, surely means might be found to carry out a really important experiment, either in the metropolis or some other large town in the country, in the erection of dwelling-houses on the principle in question. It would be well deserving a trial in building a new mews, if only with a view of preventing the neighbouring houses from exposure to the usual annoyance of London from innumerable chimney-pots emitting a stinking cloud of smoke just behind the back drawing-room windows. Or a new street might empty its entire smoke through the medium of a single tall tower resembling one of those mediæval campanili which are to be seen in Bologna and other Italian cities. Not the slightest apprehension of failure need be entertained with the exercise of reasonable architectural and engineering skill. This principle might be applied to a whole town as well as to a single row of houses, but then it would involve an amount of reconstruction, which is at present impracticable. It might, however, be adopted in the erection of new towns, or perhaps introduced *pari passu* with extensive alterations and improvements in old ones. There is no reason why ordinary sewers should not be made to serve the double purpose of carrying off smoke and sewage at the same time, provided

vided they were connected here and there with high shafts, lered powerfully exhausting by furnaces. Sewage would be roved for agricultural purposes by admixture with soot, ch is an excellent manure, and the noxious quality of the age gases would be destroyed. These offensive gases have n engendered formidable diseases, and have in several inces of late been clearly shown to have caused the outbreak of typhoid fever and cholera. When sudden decrease of perature occurs in London the sewage gases, being much mer, and therefore specifically lighter than the air, freely pe into the street, a pretty active current being then estabed, on well-known principles, between the gaseous contents he sewers and the atmosphere. The evil here alluded to has siderably increased of late; and in certain localities, we have a informed by one of our foremost civil engineers of the day, as become so intolerable that it has compelled some of the bitants to change their residences. The Metropolitan Board Vorks should lose no time in suppressing this dangerous and usting nuisance; which may be done by effectively venting sewers and rendering the gases innoxious before they are wed to escape into the atmosphere. Furnace ventilation, and lone, will easily secure both these conditions. Hence there othing unreasonable in the notion that the sewers of towns ht be used with the twofold object of removing smoke as as sewage.

We could call attention to a singular, interesting, and inge- is paper, entitled 'Coal, Smoke, and Sewage, scientifically practically considered,' read before the Literary and Philo- ucal Society of Manchester in 1857 by Mr. Peter Spence, ll-known chemical manufacturer, and the largest alum-maker e world. He says:—

should propose a system of *atmospheric* or *gaseous sewage*, and the plete removal of all these gases to a safe distance from our towns. original suggestion of a mode for effecting this object is not mine, I therefore disclaim all the credit that may attach to its author; I am not aware of its having ever been given to the public in a ticable shape, and there are some views of the matter which may afely presented as new. I would combine this gaseous sewerage ch a form with our town drainage, as would bring all the liquid ge into contact with the gases from our furnaces and our house , the liquid sewage being kept, as now generally proposed, separate all surface drainage. The semi-liquid and fetid mass being ght into contact with the sulphurous acid gas (the result of our et combustion), would have its putrefactive process arrested and foul emanations neutralised,—all its ammonia converted into sul- e and thus permanently fixed, and all the sulphuretted hydrogen and

and other unwholesome gases decomposed. When concentrated in this innoxious form from various districts to a convenient place, it might with perfect safety be manufactured into manure more valuable than the richest guano, as I shall afterwards attempt to show. All the gases from our coal combustion would have to be conveyed along the same tunnels to centralising conduits converging to a point, where an immense chimney, at least six hundred feet high, should be erected to discharge these gases into the atmosphere,—the ascensive power being obtained either from the retained heat of these gases, which would probably be found quite sufficient, or if not, artificial heat could then be supplied to effect that object.

‘As the idea of one chimney being sufficient for all the furnaces and domestic fires of Manchester will, on its first announcement, be looked upon as preposterous, I shall first give the size and cost of the chimney proposed, and shall then demonstrate its more than sufficiency for the purpose.’ [We omit the details of this demonstration.]

‘Now in the plan here proposed, provision is made, as I shall more fully explain, for the neutralisation of the liquid filth, the stopping of the putrefactive process, and the decomposition of all that is deadly arising from the sewerage; but at the same time a power is provided that will be able to lay hold of all the gaseous emanations, and draw them off so pertinaciously and effectually, that it will be utterly impossible for one breath of them ever to be felt where it is in operation. Our chimney having an excess of nine-tenths of its draught, and being connected with all the town sewers, will effectually carry off every particle of foul emanations from thence; and every leak or opening to the upward air from these sewers would not then emit foul gases but draw in fresh air with a pressure or suction of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. per foot, at a velocity of 40 feet per second.

‘This I consider is one of the most valuable features of the scheme, and the principle involved in it as essential to the sanitary condition of our towns. It is idle to talk of trapping, and thus confining gases evolved underground; exit they must and will have, and when you imagine you have secured them in one place you will find them pouring out from another. I shall, however, probably make this matter plainer by an illustration. I lately took an old-fashioned detached house. After entering into possession, I found frequently very disagreeable smells, especially after rain, a change of wind, or a fall of the barometer. They evidently belonged to the sewerage.

‘No time was lost in getting all the exits newly trapped with the most approved patent grids; all slopstone pipes, &c., were cut and waterluted. But it was of no use; it came through the very walls and floors, and one bedroom on the first-floor, which showed no apparent connexion with the sewer, was quite uninhabitable. What was to be done? I had exhausted all the remedies which the philosophy of the London scheme acknowledges, and yet the evil was uncured. I adopted a plan which it does not acknowledge:—A branch from the main sewer was brought right under the kitchen-grate, from that a pipe of cast iron,

iron, four inches diameter, was carried up through the brickwork behind the kitchen fire, and the open top projected into the chimney a yard and a half above the fire. When this fire was again lighted, in a few hours all the house was perfectly sweet, and the distant bedroom, uninhabitable before, has been slept in ever since. Now, if no provision is made for separating and conveying completely away to a safe distance the effluvia from the accumulated excreta of London, the scheme will turn out to be a futile and dangerous one. By separating the surface drainage, and thus concentrating the sewage as much as possible in order to lessen the quantity, the exact requirements for energetic putrefaction will be provided. Dilution below a certain point is adverse to putrefaction; that dilution will at present be the general state of the sewage, but with the separate sewerage plan it will be the exception, and the putrefactive process will have full play.'

The question of the duration of our coal-fields is, as we have stated at the beginning of this article, gravely discussed at the present time by persons who have studied the geology of Great Britain, and have watched the enormous drain upon our collieries in late years. Of course complete and absolute exhaustion of our coal must come,—it is only a matter of time. Such an obvious proposition as this might seem superfluous, but it may not be so; for only a few years since it is reported that the foremost statesman of the day believed in the growth or reproduction of coal! Coal once gone is gone for ever, so far as we are concerned. The carbonic acid gas which it produces on combustion may serve as food for plants in this and other parts of the world, and so its carbon, by the agency of sun force, may again be deposited in a form available for fuel. But, notwithstanding what Lyell may propound, it is certain that no flora now exists in any part of the world, either in kind or luxuriance of growth, like that which formed the coal of the carboniferous system.

Sir William Armstrong in his Address, which, as President, he delivered before the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1863, uttered a mournful, yet salutary, warning as to the end of our coal; and we believe that he spoke the truth, and that the end is much nearer than is commonly supposed. Nations, like individuals, when overflowing with wealth, are too apt to be reckless as well as lavish, and to go on scattering their resources broadcast, until they suddenly find themselves ruined beyond hope of redemption. Thus have we sinned with regard to our coal—that matchless reservoir of force—and thus shall we fall from our high estate if we proceed in our mad career of waste and extravagance. Prophets have arisen proclaiming the end to be far distant and our apprehensions unfounded, but they present  
no

no credentials worthy of acceptance. We flatter ourselves that the coal will last our time, and so it will; but men who are susceptible of patriotism look forward with reasonable anxiety to the future of their country. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof' is not their creed, whatever the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have preached to the contrary when he brought in the Electoral Franchise Bill.

The estimation of our residual resources of coal, with any approximation to trustworthiness, is an exceedingly difficult problem. Much coal, as in South Wales, lies so deep that it is doubtful whether it will ever be accessible to man, on account of the great increase of temperature at great depths, the expense, and other obvious circumstances. The loss from the occurrence of faults, and the ruinous expense of contending against water, are elements, and important ones, too, not to be neglected in this consideration. We must not be misled by that transparent and mischievous fallacy which was imposed upon the House of Commons on the occasion of the French Treaty, namely, of taking the aggregate thickness of all the beds of coal in the series, and regarding all as equally workable with profit, whereas any person having the smallest practical acquaintance with collieries knows perfectly that many beds are so thin or so inferior in quality that they are, and ever will be, utterly worthless, unless the price of coal should advance far beyond all expectation.

Mr. Jevons has, we think, fairly examined this question of exhaustion, which he seems to think is not extremely remote. We may here remark that the book of this author well deserves attentive perusal, and that the 'Coal Question' in its various aspects is treated with care and judgment; but we also think that he has committed the error of not sufficiently discriminating with respect to the value of the opinions of persons whom he cites as authorities. Nevertheless his book is a good one, and we can with confidence recommend it.

We shall not venture in this article to commit ourselves to any definite numerical statement, either as to the quantity of coal which may remain to be gotten, or to the time when exhaustion will occur. But on this point we would press upon the attention of Government the following suggestion. The Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland is being actively conducted at the national expense. It is under the direction of Sir Roderick Murchison, and is carried on by well-trained and trustworthy practical geologists. The mineral statistics of the country are yearly collected by the same Institution, and published in a compendious and most useful form. Sir Roderick, it is well known, has, in spite of his pet Siluria, devoted great attention to the

Carboniferous

**Carboniferous system.** About a year ago, in a public speech, he confidently predicted a considerable extension of the coal-field in Nottinghamshire, and has thereby raised the hopes, or, it may be, fears, of many landed proprietors of that county. We would advise that Sir Roderick should be officially instructed to collect all possible evidence bearing upon this question, and present a well-digested report thereon for our guidance. We do not want the individual opinion of this or that person, founded, perhaps, on very insufficient data, or on no data at all worthy of the name; but what we do want is such information as the Geological Survey ought to be able, and would no doubt be willing, to supply, and which at the present time would be most valuable and opportune.

We know men highly educated after the usual fashion in everything except physical science, and men too in a commanding position either to instruct or mislead the public mind, who fancy that a substitute will be found for coal. In the first place, they forget that for our purposes it would not be sufficient that a mere substitute should be found. To enable Britain to maintain her place among the nations, she should have as peculiar advantages in respect of the supposed new fuel as she now possesses in respect of coal. But to return to our speculators. They point to the wondrous inventions which in our time have proceeded from the brain of man, and they argue that, as our ancestors had not the faintest notion of the possibility of such achievements, so there may still be occult powers in nature hereafter to be revealed of which we have no conception. Hence they rashly jump to the conclusion that the power now supplied by coal will in future be derived from another source. Now, if we examine the nature of the achievements above referred to—for example, steam-navigation, railway-travelling, and the electric telegraph—we shall find that they consist not in the discovery of any new force, but simply in the novel application of forces previously well known. Suffice it to add, that every day strengthens the conviction of those who are spending their lives in the pursuit of science—or, what is equivalent, in searching out the powers of nature—that the idea of a substitute for coal or similar carbonaceous matter, which is virtually accumulated sun-force, is indeed the ‘baseless fabric of a vision.’ Let us reflect for a moment upon that prodigious store of pent-up force which may be set free by the application of a tiny spark, and then try to conceive of the possibility of any source of power so abundant, so condensed, so available, and so easily transported where it may be required. Mr. Jevons states the truths clearly in the following passage:—

‘Coal

Coal has all the characteristics which entitle it to be considered the best natural source of motive power. It is like a spring, wound up during geological ages for us to let down. Just as in alluvial deposits of gold-dust we enjoy the labour of the natural forces which for ages were breaking down the quartz veins, and washing out the gold ready for us, so in our seams we have peculiar stores of force collected from the sunbeams for us. Coal contains light and heat, bottled up in the earth, as Stephenson said, for tens of thousands of years, and now again brought forth and made to work for human purposes. The amount of power contained in coal is almost incredible. In burning a single pound of coal, there is force developed equivalent to that of 11,422,000 lbs. weight falling one foot, and the actual useful force got from each pound of coal in a good steam-engine is that of 1,000,000 lbs. falling through a foot; that is to say, there is *spring* enough in coal to raise a million times its own weight a foot high. Or again, suppose a farmer to despatch a horse and cart to bring a ton of coals to work a portable engine, occupying four hours on the way, the power brought in the coal is 2800 times the power expended in bringing it; and the amount of useful force actually got from it will probably exceed by 100 times or more that of the horse as employed in the cart. In coal we pre-eminently have, as the partner of Watt said, "What all the world wants,—Power." All things considered, it is not reasonable to suppose or expect that the power of coal will ever be superseded by anything better. It is naturally the best source of power, as air and water and gold and iron are, each for its purposes, the most useful of substances, and such as will never be superseded.'—p. 141.

Much interest has been excited in the public mind concerning the recent discoveries of very large accumulations of petroleum in Canada and the United States. This substance is a combustible mineral oil, composed essentially of carbon and hydrogen, which may be employed either as fuel or for the purpose of illumination. Petroleum, or rock-oil, has long been known to occur in various parts of the world. It is derived exclusively from vegetable or animal matter, and in many cases has certainly been produced from coal by a natural process of distillation. According to Professor Lesley, of the United States, one of the best authorities on the subject, rocks hold it in three ways,—by being more or less gravelly or porous throughout,—by being cracked in cleavage planes throughout,—and by being traversed by large fissures, which are probably all of them mere enlargements of cracks along the cleavage planes. There are many scientific as well as economic considerations of great interest connected with petroleum which we cannot enter upon in this article. We have only to observe that *quâ* fuel we may *virtually* regard it in the same light as coal. Mr. Jevons says, 'What is petroleum but the essence of coal, distilled from it by terrestrial

al or artificial heat? Its natural supply is far more limited and uncertain than that of coal; its price is about 15*l.* per ton ready, and an artificial supply can only be had by the distillation of some kind of coal at considerable cost. To extend the use of petroleum, then, is only a new way of pushing the consumption of coal. It is more likely to be an aggravation of the evil than a remedy' (p. 141). It should be stated, that geologists maintain, seemingly on good grounds, that the Canadian rock is chiefly of animal origin.\*

Besides fuel, there are other supplies of sun-force at our command, namely, wind and water currents, which have long been employed as the motive powers in wind and water mills. The wind owes its motion to solar heat, and the water of every stream has been evaporated from the sea and subsequently condensed under the refrigeratory influence of the high land; so that the power in both cases may be correctly ascribed to the sun. In the ebb and flow of the tides there is vast expenditure of force, due mainly to the attraction of the moon; and in many localities it might be possible to apply this force to the movement of machinery. Reservoirs, for instance, might be constructed to receive the water at the flow and to turn mills at the ebb. Mr. Jevons records several examples of tidal mills, and makes the following remarks upon them, with which we agree:—

'Not long ago Sir Robert Kane, in his "*Industrial Resources in Ireland*," supposed tidal-mills capable of supplying power to Ireland. Their direct application to machine labour is out of the question, on account of the periodical variation of the tides by day and night; but even if we used them to pump water for artificial water-power, the tendency of tidal docks and reservoirs to silt up is an insuperable objection in cost. Engineers, from the time of Brindley, have constantly found that there is nothing more nearly beyond the remedy of silting up of harbours, docks, and reservoirs. The great Liverpool Birkenhead Docks are threatened with this evil, and a tidal-mill reservoir constructed on the opposite side of the Mersey, about a century ago, was soon abandoned for a similar reason.'—136.

Nothing can be cheaper or more available than water-power, where the supply is abundant and constant during the year; but, unfortunately, this is not the case in many situations where water-mills exist. But water-power is very local and in this country scarce; and, it need hardly be observed, that if it had been the only natural motive power at our command, our manufacturing

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An interesting account of the mode of occurrence of petroleum in the eastern field of Kentucky, by Mr. Lesley, will be found in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* for May, 1865.



capabilities would have been exceedingly limited and our material prosperity, therefore, comparatively small.

We have met with persons having a vague notion that electricity will, in some mysterious way, be economically employed to generate force; but they are ignorant of the fundamental fact, upon which we have insisted, that no creation of force occurs in this world, and that we can only develop electricity by the exercise of some other equivalent force. Tyndall, in the exuberance of philosophic fancy, has imagined the possibility of transferring heat from the burning sands of the Desert of Sahara to the ice-bound shores of Greenland. Gigantic thermo-electric batteries are to be placed in the desert, and the resulting electric currents conveyed, by insulated wires of metal, through the Atlantic Ocean; when at the end of their journey they will be transformed into heat,—heat and electricity being forces reciprocally convertible.

That dismal and unceasing complaint about the wrongs of Ireland has of late resounded loudly through the land. Englishmen and Scotchmen cheerfully accept the world as they find it, manfully struggle onwards, and die at peace with all mankind. Not so the Irish. What is the reason? Is there a grievance, and, if there be, what is it? It may be 'sentimental,' to adopt the phrase of Lord Clanricarde in the House of Lords the other night, and sentimental grievances are incurable, except by a natural process of exhaustion like the rinderpest. It may be tenant-right; but then it is Irish and not English landlords who are to blame. There is one cause of the condition of Ireland which the natives never seem to think of, and that is *want of coal*. There is Ireland, poor and complaining, a breakwater against the fury of the Atlantic waves, and Great Britain rich and happy. The two islands are severed only by St. George's Channel, and whence this difference of fate? Irish emigrants flock to the United States and there prosper, on account of the demand for white labour, and, consequently, the high rate of wages. They quit their native land penniless and ragged, and in America they save money and live in comparative comfort. With characteristic and unreasoning impulse they attribute the change for the better to the virtues of a Republican Government, whereas it is obviously due to the state of the labour market. Irishmen see England and Scotland wealthy and prosperous beyond parallel, and they cannot understand why they should not be equally so. They blame the British Government for this inequality of lot, and absurdly suppose they are the victims of injustice.

No delusion can exceed that on which is founded the cry for Government encouragement of Irish manufactures; as though it  
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se days of free trade it were possible to establish and carry manufactories in localities where the conditions are unfavourable. In the North of Ireland certain branches of manufacture are taken root and thrive, because there the conditions are durable. Ireland is for the most part exclusively a pastoral country, and no pastoral country can become as rich and prosperous in a material sense as a country which, like Great Britain, possesses vast stores of coal, or, in other words, of manufacturing power. It would seem that Irish wrongs are in part the result of fuel theft which Nature herself committed at an extremely remote epoch; for there is reason to believe that coal was once deposited over a large part of Ireland and afterwards almost wholly washed away, or, as geologists would say, removed by denudation. This is the conclusion arrived at by one of our most practical geologists, Mr. Jukes, Director of the Irish Geological Survey.\*

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The following is the evidence on which Mr. Jukes founds this conclusion :—The rocks which appear at the surface in Ireland are mostly those which lie in the coal-measures, a very large part of the country being occupied by the carboniferous limestone which lies *next* below the coal-measures. In several places, however, the uppermost bed of carboniferous limestone is covered by the coal-measures, sometimes by a thickness of 2000 or 3000 feet of those beds. This is the case either, 1st, where the ground rises into hills; or, 2ndly, where the uppermost bed of limestone sinks below the surface; or, 3rdly, where such a combination of internal structure and external form (No. 1) combine to produce the effect.

In the South of Ireland there are *two principal coal-measure areas*, a large continuous one spreading from North Cork, through Kerry and Limerick, into Clare, and a smaller but richer area in Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Queen's County. The former is divided into two coal-fields—that of Castlecomer and that of Killenaule—the valley of the river Nore, which cuts deep enough into each side of the coal-measure-basin to expose the limestone below for a considerable distance, leaving only a narrow neck of coal-measures in the centre to connect the two areas into one. This is surrounded by six or seven isolated patches of coal-measures of greater or less extent, separated from the main area by valleys or low spaces of limestone-grounding from half a mile to three or four miles in width. Nobody who examined the rocks of these hill-sides, and found in each case a succession of beds exactly corresponding through a thickness of one or two thousand feet, could doubt that they had once been continuous over the intervening spaces.

But the same argument serves to show the former connexion of the *two principal coal-measure areas*, the nearest points of which are separated by a space of forty or fifty miles, measured from the edge of the one in Limerick to the edge of the other in Tipperary. For not only do the beds resting on the limestones precisely correspond with each other in the two areas, but there are, in the intervening spaces, several small isolated patches of the very same beds resting on the same limestone. These occur wherever the uppermost bed of limestone sinks into a small basin-shaped form below the present surface of the ground, or as in one place where the country is traversed by a great fault or dislocation, on one side of which the rocks are let down 4000 feet below the level they have on the other side of it.

It is obvious that the only rational way of accounting for these facts is to suppose that the whole area was at one time covered by coal-measures, which were subsequently bent and broken by internal force of disturbance, and more or less

The export of coal is a subject which demands grave consideration. In the French Treaty we ceded our right during its continuance to levy any export duty on coal shipped to France. Much was said in Parliament for and against that stipulation. Certain persons in the House of Commons, who were largely concerned in Welsh Collieries, naturally spoke strongly in favour of it, urging as one ground the usual nonsense about the practical inexhaustibility of our coal-fields. It is neither unreasonable nor uncharitable to suppose that the judgment of men is liable to be warped when their personal advantage is at stake. In the House of Peers Lord Overstone contended 'that an export duty on a commodity of peculiar value and limited supply, like coal, may be an advantageous and legitimate source of revenue.'\* To this it is replied that an export duty on coal would be virtually a tax upon outward tonnage and therefore a discouragement of navigation. It would, doubtless, be difficult to levy such a duty so as not to injure or inconvenience our shipping interest. Again, it may be asked whether the coal which we sell to foreigners will not bring more gain to the nation in the end than if it were allowed to remain for a long period underground. We have not, however, space at our disposal to enable us to examine this highly important problem of political economy. If they who framed the French Treaty had been as well informed and as much interested in the coal and iron trades as in those of cotton and calico, we should not have been outwitted as we have

less destroyed by the external operation of denuding action, the parts now remaining being those which were spared by that action, in consequence of their being most removed from its operation.

'In proceeding from the South to the North of Ireland we traverse a great limestone plain till we again find (in Leitrim) hills of coal-measures resting on the limestone, which may similarly be shown to have been most probably connected originally with those of the South; so that there are good grounds for the belief that Ireland was at one time one great coal-measure area with mere islands of still older rocks standing up through the coal-measures at wide intervals.

'It appears, also, that the lower part of these coal-measures, say the lowest two thousand feet of them next to the limestone, were very poor in coals, the lowest thousand feet having no coal at all, and that beds of good coal, with a workable thickness of from 4 feet to 6 feet, did not occur below a level of 2600 feet above the top of the limestone.

'Such beds of coal are found in little isolated basins where that thickness of coal-measures is brought into the ground, and render their former extension over much larger areas extremely probable.

'This denudation and destruction of coal-producing rocks is not recent, for an examination of the geological structure of Antrim and its borders shows that it had been already largely carried out before the Permian and Triassic periods.

'Nature herself, therefore, began to impoverish Ireland even at so early a period as the Palæozoic epoch, and has done very little since to compensate her for this harsh usage.'

\* 'The Coal Question,' p. 330.

with respect to both. The quantity of coal sent to France be comparatively small, but what then if the policy be wrong in principle? Many statesmen of the present day seem disposed to ignore principle altogether in the matter of legislation, and are swayed by the fear of noisy and mischievous demagogues of the hour rather than influenced by a patriotic regard either for the present or for the future welfare of their country.

We cannot refrain from noticing in this article one point which concerns every inhabitant of London and the surrounding country in a circle of which the centre is the General Post Office—the length of the radius twenty miles—we allude to the coal-tax impost of which the lamentable history will be found in the pamphlets, of which the titles are given at the head of this article; and they are well deserving of perusal at the present time, when Bills have just been brought into the House of Commons by the Metropolitan Board of Works for the Thames Embankment (North) Approaches and Park Lane Improvement. It is proposed to carry out these works with money borrowed on the security of 'The Thames Embankment Metropolitan Improvement Fund,' established out of the proceeds of the taxes raised under the 'London Coal and Wine Duties Act, 1863,' which will not expire until July 5th, 1882. Under this Act every ton of coal which enters the metropolitan area contained within a circuit of twenty miles in a *direct line* from the General Post Office, whether brought by canals, railways, or the Thames, pays a duty of somewhat more than a shilling, or more than twice the amount of royalty which many proprietors of coal receive. How at this period of commercial freedom and abolition of excise duties the manufacturers of London should tolerate such an imposition is extraordinary. Such a tax is a matter of serious consideration where the consumption of coal is so large, as in many establishments within the metropolitan area. We believe it to be wrong in principle, and condemn it accordingly. We should be sorry to be hampered with the French *octroi* system in London. We are in favour of all reasonable metropolitan improvements, and we know that for such purposes money must be forthcoming; but let it be levied by rates upon property, like the sewers' and other rates. What can be more unpalatable than to allow the French to have our coal duty free, while not a pound of the same coal can be consumed in London or the vicinity without having paid a tax? Good British coal may even be purchased on the West Coast of South America for about 2*l.* per ton, or only about a third more than the London price. Every coal is sufficiently taxed before it reaches us.

In conclusion, we may observe that there is plenty of coal in the  
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the world, however soon our own may come to an end. The largest coal-field in the world is that of the United States. There is excellent coal in Nova Scotia. From Brazil we have received samples of coal, apparently of the carboniferous system, but much of it is worthless from the presence of pyrites in large quantity. We have examined the lignites of Trinidad, some of which are of good quality, and one variety closely resembles carboniferous coal in composition as well as appearance. There is lignite even on Desolation Island in the South Pacific Ocean, but it is comparatively worthless from its being seamed, remarkable to say, with a zeolitic mineral. The lignite of New Zealand is a valuable fuel. There is carboniferous coal in Borneo and Australia. We have referred to the coal-field of China. There are copious deposits of lignite in Europe, as in Bohemia and, many other localities. France, Belgium, Saxony, and Prussia, raise annually an increasing amount of carboniferous coal; but probably in the aggregate not a third of what is gotten in Great Britain. There is much interesting information on this subject in the volume of 'Reports received from Her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassy and Legation respecting Coal,' to which we invite attention. We would suggest that in future Reports of this kind it would be desirable to present a well-digested summary of the produce of the different countries in the convenient form of a table.

The time must come when Great Britain shall cease to be a great manufacturing nation, according to the accepted meaning of that expression; but, however mournful and unwelcome this proposition may be, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are now laying the foundation of prosperous and mighty kingdoms in various parts of the world. Nor can we for a moment believe that, even when the resources on which we now so much rely shall have been exhausted, this great imperial nation, which possesses so many advantages of position, will cease to be the abode of liberty, of happiness, of religious and intellectual enlightenment.

ART. VI.—1. *St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland: a Memoir of his Life and Mission.* By James Henthorne Todd, D.D., S.F.T.C.D., &c. Dublin, 1864.

2. *Essay on the Origin, Doctrines, and Discipline of the Early Irish Church.* By the Rev. Dr. Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome. Dublin, 1864.

3. *The Ancient Church of Ireland: a few Remarks on Dr. Todd's Memoir of the Life and Mission of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.*

*eland.* By Denis Gargan, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical history in the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth. Dublin, 1864.

ORD BOLINGBROKE tells a story of some man of letters who never omitted in his devotions to offer a special thanksgiving for the existence of men who were satisfied to spend their time and labour in compiling dictionaries, and other fragments of useful knowledge. We feel very much disposed to join in the good man's thanksgiving, when we find antiquarians and archæological societies exhuming the materials of history from the rubbish in which they had been long concealed and almost lost. No doubt their labour has been a pleasure to them. However dreary the questions investigated may seem to the uninitiated, they have the same attraction for the professed antiquarian as the solution of a difficult problem for a mathematician. For ourselves, without in the least doubting the interest which men feel in their studies we are well satisfied to have the results of their investigations laid before us, without any trouble on our part, and to begin our inquiries where theirs generally

We prefer examining and polishing the diamonds which have dug up to becoming miners ourselves. In Ireland, as in England, attention has been at last directed to the importance of preserving ancient records, and printing and curiously documents in such a shape as to be accessible to the public. If such records are not history, they are the materials for the historian's use; and their accumulation is as necessary and preliminary to the writing of a genuine history as the labours of the quarryman to the building of a club-house in Pall-mall. We are thankful for dictionary-makers, and no less so for antiquarians and archæological societies.

Nothing can be more creditable than the publications of the Archaeological Society. Some of the oldest and most valuable documents connected with the history and religion of Ireland, which had been almost forgotten, and ran the risk of being mutilated or destroyed, have been printed with an accuracy and purity of type that cannot be surpassed. But these efforts have been restricted to societies. They have been ably seconded by individual enterprise. Works like Petrie's 'Tara,' Todd's

'Patrick,' and the promised publication of the 'Book of Inagh,' by Dr. Reeves, open up stores of ancient lore to the general reader. The discovery of the 'Codex Sinaiticus,' and its publication by Tischendorf, are scarcely more interesting to the Biblical critic than the investigation of the contents of the 'Sol. 119.—No. 238.

famous 'Book of Armagh' to the student of Irish Church history. Since the days of Archbishop Ussher this precious manuscript had been almost forgotten, having passed from the custody of the officials of Armagh, through less careful hands, into the possession of a private family. It has at last found its proper resting-place in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and its contents will soon be published, in two quarto volumes, by Dr. Reeves.

We have placed Dr. Todd's 'Memoir of the Life and Mission of St. Patrick' at the head of this article, because it is not a mere compilation of ancient records, but an attempt to give the result of modern researches, in a readable form, to the public. The subject is one that ought to interest every native of the British isles. It is not only the history of one of those remarkable men whose labours turned a whole nation from Paganism to at least the profession of Christianity, and who seem to have no successors in these degenerate days; but it is the history of the foundation of those ecclesiastical institutions which in the succeeding centuries sent bands of zealous missionaries to various parts of the world. To some of these we are indebted for rescuing half of England from the Paganism of the Saxons. Notwithstanding the busy, material spirit of the age, we must be sadly deficient in the higher feelings of humanity, if our curiosity is not aroused to know something of the secret of St. Patrick's success. Why cannot we, with all the resources of modern learning and civilisation at our command, produce as deep an impression upon the heathen nations of the East? How did the Church founded by St. Patrick not only occupy Ireland, but show vitality sufficient to revive the Christianity which had been extinguished elsewhere? We cannot help asking whether any answer has been given to these questions by recent investigators. We open Dr. Todd's book with at least the prospect of learning all that is known upon the subject. The author possesses every requisite for his task. A scholar of extensive and multifarious learning, he has always devoted a large share of his time and thought to the literature of his country. It is said that in his ardour to make himself master of the Irish tongue he at one time spent the summer in a lonely island on the Western coast, where not a word of English was spoken. In time he became skilful in the interpretation of Celtic MSS., and edited some of the most valuable volumes published by the Irish Archæological Society. But he has long devoted special attention to the records of the See of Armagh, and the life of its great founder. In the 'Memoir' we have the result of some of these studies in a form thoroughly accessible and intelligible; and if we have some faults to find with

with the execution of the work and the conclusions of the writer, we fully appreciate the service which he has rendered to literature and religion by his well-timed and valuable publication.

But Dr. Todd's fame as an antiquarian has not saved his work from hostile scrutiny. He could scarcely handle such a subject without offending the theological prejudices of many of his countrymen. He has maintained that there is no ground from ancient and authentic records for the common tradition, that St. Patrick received his commission from Pope Celestine. Moreover, he has given a picture of the saint's tenets and practices, in which a member of the Anglican Church could find little to object to. He offends still further, by attributing superstition to some of the early Irish saints, and by ascribing irregular and uncanonical practices to the ancient Irish Church; and to crown all, he adopts the theory which represents the Church in Ireland, in common with the early British Church, to have been independent of Rome, and to have long refused submission to its authority. These views are not novel. They have obtained a wide circulation among the English public, through Canon Wordsworth's attractive sermons on the history of the Irish Church; and are well and clearly discussed in the first volume of King's excellent Church History of Ireland. But to have put forward these views as the result of the most modern and searching investigations was an unpardonable offence on Dr. Todd's part. Accordingly, it was not long before an octavo volume, in answer to the 'Memoir,' appeared, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College in Rome; and a less elaborate but more popular work by the Rev. Dr. Gargan, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Maynooth. The object of both these books is entirely polemical. The investigation of historical truth is not the avowed object of the writers, but to uphold the view commonly held by Roman Catholic divines of their Church's position in Ireland. We have no right to complain of this: such books were to be expected. But in placing them side by side with the work to which they profess to reply we are warned at every step of the different spirit of the writers. We do not always agree with Dr. Todd's conclusions; but we feel that his search for truth is honest, and his temper philosophical. His opponents cannot for a moment get rid of the tone and temper of polemics; and they seek for every opportunity of destroying the credit of a writer from whose conclusions they shrink.

Dr. Todd says in his preface:—

'The story of St. Patrick's commission from Pope Celestine is rejected in the following pages, simply because the writer believes that there is no satisfactory evidence for it. He hopes that no reader will



suppose him to have been influenced by any controversial prejudice in coming to this conclusion. He is conscious of no such prejudice. He is indeed sincerely attached to the Reformed Church of these kingdoms, in which he holds the office of a priest; but he cannot perceive how the question whether Patrick had or had not his mission from Rome affects in any way the controversy which now unhappily divides the Western Church. The Rome of the fifth century was not guilty of the abuses which rendered the Reformation necessary in the sixteenth. If we acknowledge, as we must do, the Roman mission of Palladius, as well as the Roman mission of Augustine of Canterbury, it is difficult to see what is to be gained by denying the Roman mission of Patrick.\*

It is possible, notwithstanding this profession of candour, that Dr. Todd may have an unconscious bias in favour of a theory which asserts the independence of his own Church from its foundation. His opponents cling tenaciously to the opposite view. As Roman Catholic writers of note on the continent have acknowledged the alienation that existed between the ancient Church in these islands and the See of Rome; it seems strange that Irish writers of the same faith should be so intolerant on the point. We have no intention of following out this question in its theological bearings. Our object is to give our readers a sketch both of the facts which seem generally admitted, and the points which are still in dispute. But we must first endeavour to enumerate briefly and classify the authorities which are relied upon as evidence.

There are probably many persons who think of St. Patrick as they would of our patron saint, St. George; and regard both as equally mythical characters. No doubt the toads and snakes, which St. Patrick so summarily ejected from Ireland, belong to the same fairy-land as St. George's renowned dragon; but we possess more solid memorials of the Irish saint. We find an almost universal agreement as to the authenticity of a work commonly known as St. Patrick's 'Confession.'† This work gives an account, written by himself in advanced life, of the motives which induced him to undertake his Irish mission. It is in fact the religious autobiography of the apostle, and, so far as it gives an account of his history and opinions, it outweighs all other authorities. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity

\* Preface, p. vi.

† Baronius says, 'Eâdem plane quâ Britanni, pariter et Scoti erant schismatis fuligine tincti, ac discessionis ab Ecclesiâ Romanâ rei.'

‡ "The genuineness of this work, and of the 'Epistola ad Coroticum,' is admitted by Ussher, Ware, Cave, Spelman, Tillemont, Mabillon, D'Aché, Martene, Du Cange, Bollandus, Dupin, O'Connor, Lanigan, Villanueva, and others.—Todd's 'Memoir,' p. 347.

also of his 'Epistle to Coroticus' and of the hymn known as his 'Lorica.' In the same class with these may be placed another authority which claims to be contemporary with the saint, or very nearly so—namely, the 'Hymn of Sechnal,' or 'Secundinus,' written in his praise. These documents are of far higher authority than any written subsequently, and must be considered as the first class of records available as evidence.

There is one other document of great antiquity and importance, though it cannot rank with those we have mentioned; that is the 'Hymn of Fiacc,' written probably not more than eighty years after the saint's death. Beside its great antiquity, it has a peculiar value, inasmuch as it is a *biographical poem*.

The chief collection of lives of St. Patrick in common use contains this one ancient document, with six other larger biographies of very doubtful authority. It was compiled by *Colgan* early in the 17th century, and has been the chief storehouse from which subsequent writers have drawn. Unquestionably these lives contain fragments of much older documents, but they are themselves comparatively modern, and filled with legendary and miraculous stories. Dr. Lanigan, the Roman Catholic historian, says of the second, third, and fourth lives, in this collection, that they are 'full of fables;' and he attaches even less credit to the sixth life by Joceline. The fifth life, attributed to Probus, though by far the best, cannot be assigned to a very ancient date. In all probability the oldest of these lives is at least 400 years later than St. Patrick's time. All these writers use the biographical outline of the acts of St. Patrick, which is given in his own writings. 'That outline is as it were the skeleton which the biographers have clothed with miracle and legend.'

Intermediate, between the older and more modern documents, are the ancient lives contained in the 'Book of Armagh,' viz., the 'Life by Muirchu Maccumachtene' (whom for brevity we shall call *Muirchu*), and the 'Annotations' of Tirechan. Dr. Todd and other writers assign them to the beginning of the eighth century. We may safely say that while they are older by two centuries than any of the lives in *Colgan's* collection (except the 'Hymn of Fiacc'), they are more than two centuries subsequent to the Confession, or even the 'Hymn of Sechnal.' But it is not easy to determine their exact value as narratives of fact. Their authors have overlaid the original story with palpable legends, though not to the extent of later writers.

There is a host of other documents bearing more or less directly upon St. Patrick's history. For example, the 'Chronicle of Prosper,' written in the saint's lifetime, and the 'History of Bede,'

Bede,' which was nearly contemporaneous with the lives in the 'Book of Armagh,' both record the mission of Palladius to Ireland, and ignore the existence of St. Patrick. This fact gives rise to various speculations, while every document which records the death of a king or of a saint is appealed to to corroborate or confute some chronological theory. The only safe course is obvious enough, and has been generally followed by Dr. Todd; and that is, to take the oldest class of documents as the only trustworthy authority, and to supplement their meagre story with the narrative of later writers so far as their antiquity and the inherent consistency and probability of the events narrated warrant us in so doing.

It would have been a great assistance to his readers if Dr. Todd had given a separate chapter classifying his authorities and stating his reasons for giving them more or less weight. His remarks on such matters are scattered up and down in his book, and it is not easy to discover the principles by which he has been guided in adopting one story and rejecting another.

The unanimity that prevails with regard to the mission of Palladius to Ireland, A.D. 431, is due undoubtedly to the 'Chronicle of Prosper,' who was a contemporary writer, and an unimpeachable authority. He records the fact that Germanus was sent in the year 429 to extinguish the Pelagian heresy in Britain. He says that, 'by the instrumentality of the deacon Palladius, Pope Celestine sends Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, in his own stead to displace the heretics and direct the Britons to the Catholic faith.\*' He thus records the mission of Palladius himself, in the year 431 (a date famous as that of the Council of Ephesus): 'Palladius was consecrated by Pope Celestine, and sent to the Scots believing in Christ (ad Scotos in Christum credentes), as their first Bishop.†

It may be well to remind our readers that, according to the most common modern view, the 'Scoti' meant the *Irish*, and

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\* This is Dr. Todd's version: the words are:—'Et deturbatis hæreticis Britannos ad Catholicam fidem adigit.'

† Memoir, p. 270. Dr. Todd denies that there is any authority for the current story that Palladius was Archdeacon of Rome. But in addition to the fact that he is called a deacon by Prosper, and that the mission of Germanus to Britain is ascribed to his intervention with Celestine, he is expressly called by Muirchu 'Archidiaconus Papæ Celestini urbis Romæ episcopi.' Dr. Todd strangely omits these words in his translation of the passage from Muirchu, though he gives them in full in a note; and, as if totally forgetting them, he says elsewhere (p. 276) 'that Palladius being called a deacon by Prosper is the only foundation of the opinion that he was a deacon in the Church of Rome.' He adds, that 'it is nowhere said that Palladius was of Rome, or a deacon of Rome, much less that he was a deacon to Pope Celestine.' This is one of those slips which gives a great advantage to his opponents. Dr. Todd may not consider Muirchu's authority sufficient; but if not, he was at least bound to notice and discuss it.

'Scotia'

notia' Ireland, not only in Prosper's time, but down to the tenth century: and the colonies which left Ireland in the third century, settled in Argyleshire and the western isles, ultimately gave its name to the country which they had only partially colonised. We learn from this passage of Prosper that there were Christians in Ireland before the mission of Palladius. This fact is corroborated by a sentence of Jerome, who sneers at his Pelagian opponent as being '*stolidissimus et Scotorum pulvis zgravatus.*' Whether the opponent alluded to was Pelagius himself or not, these words imply the existence of a Christian of Irish birth, who had ventured to engage in controversy with Rome.\*

All accounts agree in representing the mission of Palladius as a failure. He landed near the present town of Wicklow, but was returned; though, according to some accounts, he made several converts and founded three churches. Whether he suffered martyrdom in Ireland, or removed to Scotland and preached to the Picts, or, according to Muirchu's account, died on his way back from his abortive mission, it seems impossible to determine. Prosper and Bede make no mention of any further mission to Ireland from Celestine or his successors; but the biographers of St. Patrick are almost unanimous in representing him as having landed in Ireland A.D. 432. Whether his mission had any connexion with Palladius or Celestine we shall have reason to discuss; but first it will be necessary to sketch briefly what is known of St. Patrick's previous life and education.

It seems impossible, and not very important, to determine the place of St. Patrick's birth. He tells us himself, in his 'Confession,' that his father had a farm near Bonavem Taberniæ, from whence he was carried away captive; and the 'Hymn of Fiacc' tells us that he was born at Nemthur. But where were these places, and were they the same? Dr. Todd inclines to the story told by the scholiast on Fiacc's Hymn, which represents him as having been born at Alcluaid (near Dumbarton), but having been transported with his family to some place in Armorica (Brittany, in France). The story of his family and his captivity is best told in his own words, taken from the 'Confession':—

I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful, and the most despicable among most men, had for my father Calpurnius, a son, son of the late Potitus, a presbyter, who was of the town Bonavem Taberniæ; for he had a farm in the neighbourhood, where I was taken captive. I was then nearly sixteen years old. I knew not the true God, and I was carried in captivity to Hiberio,† with many

\* See 'Quarterly Review,' v. xciii., pp. 19, 20.

† The name he always gives to Ireland.

thousands of men, according to our deserts, because we had gone back from God, and had not kept His commandments, and were not obedient to our priests, who used to warn us for our salvation. And the Lord brought upon us the wrath of His displeasure, and scattered us among many nations, even unto the ends of the earth, where now my littleness is seen among aliens. And there the Lord opened the sense of my unbelief, that even, though late, I should remember my sins, and be converted with my whole heart unto the Lord my God, who had regard unto my lowliness, and had compassion on my youth and on my ignorance, and preserved me, before I knew him, and before I could understand or distinguish between good and evil, and protected me, and comforted me, as a father would a son.'

Dr. Todd gives the following abstract from the 'Confession' of the circumstances of Patrick's captivity and escape:—

'He was employed when he came to *Hiberio*, as he always calls Ireland, in tending cattle daily; but was every day frequent in prayer: thus he says, the love and fear of God and faith increased so much, and the spirit of prayer so grew upon him, that often in a single day he would say an hundred prayers, and in the night almost as many, so that he frequently arose to prayer in the woods and mountains before daylight, in snow and frost and rain: "and I felt no evil," he adds, "nor was there any indolence in me, because, as I now see, the Spirit was burning within me."

'One night, he tells us, he heard in a dream a voice saying to him, "Thy fasting is well; thou shalt soon return to thy country." He waited some time, and again had a dream, in which the same voice told him that the ship was ready, but was distant two hundred miles. Although he had never been to the place, and knew nothing of the inhabitants, he fled from his master, with whom he had been in slavery for six years; "and I went," he adds, "in the power of the Lord, who directed my way for good, and I feared nothing till I arrived at that ship." The captain of the ship, however, roughly refused him a passage, and Patrick was about to return to the hut where he dwelt, first offering up a prayer, as was his wont. His prayer was not finished, when one of the sailors called to him, saying, "Come back quickly, for these men call thee." He returned, and they said, to him, "Come, for we receive thee in faith, make friends with us how thou wilt." . . . . .

'They were three days at sea, and afterwards twenty-eight days wandering in a desert till their provisions ran short. No doubt, Patrick had been speaking to them of the power of God, of the efficacy of prayer, and of trust in God's Providence. The leader of the party therefore said to him, "What sayest thou, Christian? Thy God is great and all-powerful. Why, then, canst thou not pray to him for us? for we perish with hunger, and we can find here no inhabitants." Patrick answered, "Turn ye in faith to my Lord God, to whom nothing is impossible, and He will send you food, and ye shall be satisfied, for He has abundance everywhere." And so it was; for a  
hard

herd of swine soon after appeared, many of which they killed. Patrick and his companions were relieved from their hunger, and remained in that place for two nights. After this, he says, "they gave great thanks to God, and I was honoured in their eyes."\*

This narrative is extremely interesting. † It breathes a spirit of great simplicity and deep piety, and presents a striking contrast to the legendary tales of later writers. There seems no reason to doubt that the scene of Patrick's captivity was in the north of Delaradia, in the part of Antrim near to Ballymena. Subsequent events are not so easily arranged. He tells us that he was with his parents in the Britannia (whatever be the locality meant), and that they received him as a son, and besought him after such sufferings not to leave them again. He felt himself bound, however, to return as a missionary to Ireland, and he traces this obligation to an inward call. He gives the following account of some of the visions which urged him on to undertake the preaching of Christ in Ireland:—

'And there (he says) [namely, in the Britannia, with his parents] in the dead of night, I saw a man coming to me as if from *Hiberio*, whose name was *Victoricus*, bearing innumerable epistles. And he gave me one of them, and I read the beginning of it, which contained the words, "*the voice of the Irish*." And whilst I was repeating the beginning of the epistle, I imagined that I heard, in my mind, the voice of those who were near the wood of *Foclut*, which is near the Western sea. And thus they cried: "We pray thee, holy youth, to come, and henceforth walk amongst us." And I was greatly pricked in heart, and could read no more; and so I awoke. Thanks be to God, that after very many years the Lord granted unto them the blessing for which they cried.

'Again on another night, I know not, God knoweth, whether it was within me, or near me, I heard distinctly words which I could not understand, except that at the end of what was said there was uttered, "He who gave His life for thee is He who speaketh in thee." And so I awoke rejoicing. And again I saw in myself one praying, and I was as it were within my body, and I heard him, that is to say upon my inner man, and he prayed there mightily with groanings. And meanwhile I was in a trance, and marvelled, and thought who it could be who thus prayed within me. But at the end of the prayer he spake so as to reveal that He was the Spirit.† And so I awoke, and recollected the Apostle's words, "The Spirit helpeth the infirmity of our prayer. For we know not what to pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be

\* Todd's 'Mémoir,' p. 367-370.

† This is evidently the true reading, and not that in the Book of Armagh. We cannot understand Dr. Todd's hesitation about adopting it. The passage otherwise has no meaning.

uttered,"

uttered," which cannot be expressed in words. And again, the Lord our advocate intercedeth for us.'

On these passages Dr. Todd remarks :—

'There is nothing in all this which is not quite consistent with the feelings of an enthusiastic mind, filled with the holy ambition of converting to Christ the barbarous nation amongst whom he had been in captivity. There is no incredible or absurd miracle. He believed, no doubt, that his call was supernatural, and that he had seen visions and dreamt dreams. But other well-meaning and excellent men, in all ages of the Church, have in like manner imagined themselves to have had visions of this kind, and to have been the recipients of immediate revelations.'\*

The 'Confession' is silent as to the long interval which must have elapsed between the resolution of the saint to return to Ireland and its actual accomplishment. The common story of all the later writers is, that he was sixty years of age when he returned to Ireland in A.D. 432, and that he spent another sixty years in the work of his mission. The only clue to amend this chronology is given in a passage which is found in some copies of his 'Confession,' but not in that given in the 'Book of Armagh.' It states that a fault committed by him at the age of fifteen was brought forward and objected to him by his friends thirty years afterwards with a view to prevent his being consecrated a bishop, and to obstruct his design of devoting himself to the Irish mission. To determine the value of this passage would involve us in a controversy similar to that with regard to the longer and shorter forms of the Ignatian Epistles. The copy of the Confession in the 'Book of Armagh' is much shorter than the other copies; and the question arises, Are the passages omitted in the shorter version (like that mentioned above) to be considered authentic? Dean Graves, in his masterly examination of the 'Book of Armagh,'† gives it as his opinion that the copy of the Confession in that manuscript, though professing to be transcribed from the Saint's autograph, was meant to be an abridgment of the original work. Dr. Todd says (p. 348) that the passages omitted in that manuscript 'are of high antiquity. They are written in the same rude dialect of Latin, and exhibit internal evidence of having proceeded from the same pen as the rest of the work.' This being so, we seem to be safe in relying upon this passage and assuming that St. Patrick was forty-five years of age when he was consecrated a bishop. This is not inconsistent with his having commenced his mission at the age of sixty; but it is more probable that his

\* Memoir, p. 378.

† In Proceedings of Royal Irish Academy, Nov. 30, 1846.

consecration immediately preceded his journey to Ireland, as is expressly asserted in the story (in 'Book of Armagh') of his consecration by Amatorex, as well as in the later histories which represent him as consecrated by Celestine. But even this computation leaves an interval of more than twenty years unaccounted for. How was this spent, and where?

We cannot understand why Dr. Todd so dogmatically rejects the story of Patrick's having studied under the famous Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and in the convent of Lerins. The 'Confession,' if true, makes no mention of it, but it says nothing of how the interval was spent, or of the place and manner of his consecration. But, in the authority next in age to St. Patrick's writings, the 'Hymn of Fiacc,' it is expressly stated as follows:—

'He went across all Alps beyond the sea.  
Happy was the journey.  
He remained with Germanus  
Southwards, in the south of Leatha.  
He dwelt in the isles of the Torrian (Tyrrhenian) Sea,  
As I record. [or "There he meditated."]  
He read the Canons with Germanus,  
As histories relate.'

This story is repeated in the 'Book of Armagh,' for though the first leaf of Muirchu's life has been lost, we have the headings of the missing chapters, which are as follow:—

De etate ejus quando iens videre sedem apostolicam \* voluit discere scientiam.—De inventione sancti Germani in Galliis, et ideo non vit ultra.'

Much stress cannot be laid upon the fact, that later writers repeat this story in various and not very consistent forms; but only there is no reason for rejecting such ancient authorities for the fact, which is neither improbable in itself nor contradicted elsewhere. Dr. Todd is certainly not warranted by any principles of sound criticism in setting aside these authorities, and saying dogmatically,—

'It is evident, therefore' [i.e. because Fiacc's hymn asserts it] 'that a part of the history of Palladius had begun to be transferred to the saint Patricius, in the interval between the publication of the former works, and the composition of St. Fiacc's Hymn.'†

The reasoning of this passage is singularly inconclusive. The writings of St. Patrick are silent about his connexion with Germanus, as they are about all the events of more than twenty

\* *Sedes apostolica* is the title given by the same writer (Muirchu) to the See of Rome, when recording the mission of Palladius. See Memoir, p. 288. Note.

† Memoir, p. 314.



years. Fiacca's Hymn, written eighty years later, asserts plainly, that he spent part of that time studying under Germanus, and in some insular retreat; *therefore*, says Dr. Todd, this later account cannot be true of Patrick, but is an incident transferred to him from Palladius. We may remark that we have no evidence of any kind that Palladius ever studied under Germanus or at Lerins. We know only that it was by his intervention Germanus was sent to Britain.

But Dr. Todd says,—

'It is not possible that an ecclesiastic who had been regularly educated in the schools of St. Germain and St. Martin could have thus spoken of himself, as he speaks throughout the whole of the 'Confession.' . . . He speaks of himself as unlearned, *indoctus*, and alludes to his want of skill or knowledge, *imperitia mea*. The rude Latin of this tract [the Epistle to Coroticus], as well as of the Confession, is confirmatory of the author's defective education, and a collateral evidence of the authenticity of both.'\*

This seems pushing the argument too far. The expressions referred to are partly used out of modesty, partly to exalt his spiritual gifts as 'an Apostle, not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father.' The passage most relied upon by Dr. Todd to show that he had never been in a school like that of Germanus, seems to bear quite another meaning. St. Patrick says,—

'I have not read like others who have been well imbued with sacred learning, and have never changed their studies from infancy, but have added more and more to perfection; for my speech and language have been changed into another tongue.†

These expressions seem suitable enough in the mouth of one whose early years had been spent herding cattle as a slave, and who had been employed, at the time when he wrote, for 40 or 50 years in teaching a barbarous people, far from the abodes of learning. His humble estimate of his own learning rather bespeaks one who had been the fellow-student of Vincentius of Lerins, and Hilary of Arles; men who, unlike himself, had 'never changed their studies from infancy,' and who in after life were 'adding more and more to perfection,' while he himself felt his 'speech and language changed into another tongue.'† We may remark that no disciple or admirer of St. Patrick (if the Confession had been forged by such a one) would have written thus.

\* Memoir, p. 311, 312.

† Ibid., p. 311.

† We assume that the 'other tongue' here mentioned is the Irish; which, after half a century spent in missionary work, must have nearly supplanted the Latin of his earlier years. Can Dr. Todd understand the other tongue to be Latin?

cannot doubt that we are reading here the words of Patrick himself.

In the absence of any conflicting testimony, therefore, we feel ourselves bound to receive the evidence of more than one ancient authority that Patrick studied under Germanus; and to the Roman Church we must also assign the saint's consecration and missionary commission. Men, according to their theological views, will admit or reject the story of his commission from Pope Celestine. It is a striking fact, upon which Dr. Todd lays much stress, that the most ancient authorities say nothing about it. It is of little importance as regards some of them, but it is remarkable as regards the 'Confession,' and the 'Hymn of St. Patrick,' because these works are both biographical. It certainly appears strange that St. Patrick should make no mention of his commission from Celestine (if he had received it). But the force of this argument, from his silence, is diminished by the fact that he makes no mention of the circumstances of his consecration, and of the events of more than twenty years. The 'Confession' is no doubt a biography, but it is rather the history of internal feelings and changes than of external events. The silence of the 'Hymn of St. Patrick' seems more decisive, inasmuch as it records his travels and his sojourn with Germanus. The more we are inclined to credit this statement, the more we are compelled to discredit the story of his consecration by, or commission from, Pope Celestine. The silence of Prosper, and of Sozomen (who, while they distinctly record Palladius's mission, make no mention of St. Patrick) must be regarded as a strong corroboration.

Passing from the oldest documents to those next in antiquity, we find a story in Muirchu's life, in the 'Book of Armagh,' which is at least consistent with all that older documents say or hint at. Probus, in the fifth life, adopts it, and tries to combine it with the story of the Roman mission, but fails signally to weave them into a consistent narrative. Muirchu narrates, that an angel, in a vision, warned Patrick that the time was come when he was to go forth to fish with evangelic net; that immediately he set out 'to the work for which he was before prepared, namely, the work of the Gospel.' Germanus, he tells us, sent him Patrick an aged priest named Segetius, to be a witness and companion of his labours, 'for Germanus had not yet raised him to the Pontifical order, inasmuch as it was certain that Palladius had already been ordained and sent by Pope Celestine' to convert the Irish. It would seem from this narrative that Patrick had already set out for the scene of his future labours, when Augustine

tine and Benedict,\* the disciples of Palladius, met him at Ebmorea, and communicated to him the news of their master's death. What followed must be told in Muirchu's words:—

'Then Patrick and those who were with him went out of their way to a certain wondrous man and chief bishop, named Amathorex, who lived in a neighbouring place; and there St. Patrick, knowing what things were to happen, received from the holy bishop Mathorex (*sic*) episcopal orders. Auxilius and Iserninus, and others of inferior rank, were ordained on the same day as St. Patrick.'†

On the whole this appears to be the most probable account that has come down to us, as it is certainly the most ancient, of the circumstances of St. Patrick's consecration and entrance upon his Irish mission.

Much has been said upon the fact that the ancient life by Muirchu wants the first leaf; and it is the most unworthy exhibition of the *odium theologicum* which this controversy has elicited, that both Dr. Moran and Dr. Gargan insinuate plainly that it was designedly cancelled on account of its bearing testimony to the Roman mission of St. Patrick. To us that idea seems sufficiently negated by the story given above from the leaf which follows the lost one. It represents Patrick as sent out on his mission by Germanus, and afterwards consecrated on his way by Amathorex. But Dr. Gargan says—

'Dr. Todd cannot prove that [Muirchu] Maccumachtheni has not noticed Patrick's mission from Celestine, in that part of his tract which has been lost, *perhaps designedly destroyed*, within the last two hundred years.'‡

He speaks elsewhere of the probability of some works of St. Patrick, which

'distinctly inculcated the doctrine of Papal supremacy, and consequently of the necessity of a mission from Rome,' having 'shared the fate of so many Irish records that have been lost, either through neglect or from lapse of time, or *destroyed by the barbarous policy of rulers hostile to Catholic faith and Irish nationality.*'

Dr. Moran is equally suspicious. He speaks (p. 77) of the 'two chapters of Mactheni having *mysteriously disappeared* from the 'Book of Armagh;' and elsewhere (p. 74) he says,—

'It is an unfortunate and *as yet unexplained circumstance*, that within

\* The occurrence of these great names is suspicious, though they may possibly have been the names of the companions of Palladius. Benedict, from its derivation, must have been a common, long before it became a famous, name; and the name of Augustine was already celebrated.

† Memoir, note, p. 317.

‡ Gargan's 'Ancient Church,' p. 88.

the last two hundred years the first leaf of the tract of *Maetheni* has disappeared; and with it have been lost those chapters in which we would expect to find commemorated the close relations of St. Patrick and Pope Celestine. I say within the last two hundred years, for in Ussher's time the tract was complete.\*

' . . . Thus, then, the silence of *Muirchu-Maccu Maetheni* is a rather mysterious silence, and one to which we hope Dr. Todd will not refer again.'\*

Those who know anything of our universities and public institutions will scorn the insinuation here implied, and which certainly is not creditable to the moral standard of those who make it. Had the 'Book of Armagh' remained in the custody of the See of Armagh, or been lodged with Ussher's MSS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, no care would have been wanting to preserve it in safety. Unfortunately, even in Ussher's time, it was not under his control; and through the bankruptcy of the official in whose custody it was, it was pledged for a small sum in the year 1680. Dr. Reeves, in his interesting sketch of the history of the MS., informs us that the name of the holder, and what happened to it between 1680 and 1707 is not known. It then came into the possession of a private gentleman, Mr. Arthur Brownlow,

' who, not without much labour, arranged in their proper order the leaves which were at the time displaced, wrote the numbers at the head of the pages, to mark the leaves, added others in the margin to distinguish the chapters, and took care, when they were so arranged, to have them securely stitched in their old cover in the condition in which it now appears, and caused the whole to be kept in the ancient case, together with a bull of a Roman Pontiff which was found in company with it,' &c.†

It remained in the possession of the Brownlow family till a few years ago, and they gave it into the custody of the Royal Irish Academy in 1846, without, however, resigning the ownership. This wise and liberal act led to the examination of the MS. by Dean Graves and others. It was purchased by Dr. Reeves in 1853, and from him the late Primate of Ireland purchased it in 1858 for 300*l.* (the price which Dr. Reeves had himself given), and lodged it in its present resting-place in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Such is the history of this precious MS. since the time of Ussher. That there was great carelessness at one time on the part of its keeper is undeniable; and even after it had passed into better hands the Bull which

\* Dr. Moran's Essay, p. 74.

† Reeves's 'Memoir of Book of Armagh,' p. 9.

accompanied it was lost, and the MS. was more than once in serious jeopardy. Dr. Reeves says (p. 11),—

‘Transmitted through six successions of the Brownlow family, as the manuscript was, and in later times liberally lent to the curious, and on one occasion *all but lost*, it is very likely that the loose document (the Bull) was either disregarded as unimportant, or forgotten during the literary travels of its principal.’

If Dr. Moran and Dr. Gargan had taken the pains to inquire into the history of the MS. they would rather express thankfulness for the care which has preserved so much, than indulged in unworthy insinuations about the causes which led to the loss of a single leaf.\*

Certainly the designed mutilation of the ‘Book of Armagh,’ imagined by Drs. Moran and Gargan, must have been very clumsily performed; for it left untouched another part of the volume, which contains a distinct assertion of Patrick’s commission from Celestine. The Annotations of Tirechan, which Dr. Todd admits (p. 289) to be of equal antiquity with the Life by Muirchu, contain the following passage:—

‘In the thirteenth year of the Emperor Theodosius, the Bishop Patrick was sent by Bishop Celestine, Pope of Rome, to teach the Irish. This Celestine was the forty-fifth bishop in succession from the Apostle Peter in the city of Rome.

‘Bishop Palladius was first sent, who was called Patrick by another name, who suffered martyrdom among the Irish, as the old saints record.

‘Then the second Patrick was sent by the Angel of God, named Victor, and by Pope Celestine, whom all Ireland believed, and who baptized almost the whole nation.’†

There is no stranger omission in Dr. Todd’s work than his leaving unmentioned this passage of Tirechan, when he insists so strongly upon the silence of his contemporary Muirchu. He quotes it elsewhere (pp. 289 and 305) in connexion with the history of Palladius, and makes great use of the statement contained in it that Palladius was also called Patrick; but he omits it from the list of witnesses, whom he interrogates about the commission from Celestine.

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\* Nothing can be more futile than Dr. Moran’s attempt (p. 77) ‘to reconstruct the missing chapter’ of Muirchu-Mactheni’s life, by taking instead the narrative of Probus in the ‘Vita Quinta,’ which he says is ‘nothing more than an amended text of Mactheni.’ Probus, indeed, makes Muirchu’s life the basis of his own; but he adds largely to it, and we have no way of knowing whether his account of Patrick’s prayer and visit to Rome is one of these additions or ‘emendations of the text,’ as Dr. Moran mildly terms them.

† Dr. Moran’s Essays, p. 25. Todd’s ‘Memoir,’ p. 289.

We cannot place implicit credence in these lives in the 'Book of Armagh,' as in many cases they have palpably overlaid the original story with legendary matter. (See the accounts of St. Patrick at Tara, quoted by Dr. Todd, pp. 419-425.) But in many instances they had unquestionably a true outline of facts. The story of the consecration by Amathorex is one not at all likely to be an invention, and it is altogether at variance with the story of a consecration by Celestine, or even by Germanus. But these lives in the 'Book of Armagh' show that there was a desire in the writers' time (A.D. 700) to connect St. Patrick with the Roman See, and they may have had some warrant in historic fact for so doing. It is not impossible or inconsistent with older authorities that St. Patrick may at some period of his life have visited Rome. He may have been marked out by Germanus (whose connexion with both Celestine and Palladius we have already seen) to take a part in the Irish mission, either distinct from or subordinate to Palladius, and may have actually been on his way to Ireland when the news of Palladius's death reached him and induced him to seek for consecration from the nearest bishop. All this is at least consistent with the silence of some ancient documents and the statements of others, and helps to fill up the blank which Dr. Todd's scepticism leaves in the history of one important era of the Saint's life.

But if the silence of St. Patrick's own writings and other ancient documents does not actually disprove his commission from Rome, and still less a commission from Germanus, that was considered to carry with it the sanction of Celestine, it is certainly a strong proof that his opinion as to the supremacy of the See of Rome was very different from that held by Dr. Moran and Dr. Gargan. Rome was then the capital of Western Christendom and the centre of civilisation and letters. St. Patrick might well have desired to visit Rome, and might even have obtained the sanction and blessing of its patriarch for the intended mission, without entertaining any extravagant view of his prerogative. And we so far assent to Dr. Todd's argument that we think it quite inconceivable, if St. Patrick regarded a commission from Rome as the one credential of paramount importance, that he could have passed it over in silence in his Confession. Imagine Dr. Cullen, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, or the late Cardinal Wiseman, omitting to press this against adversaries who doubted their right to govern and dictate in the Roman Catholic Church in these islands. Would they fail to produce their authority from Rome, and to silence all opposition by an appeal to the commission they held? We grant that St. Patrick *may* have had a commission from Celestine, and we admit that his silence

out it is not absolutely inconsistent with the fact; but we grant it is only on the supposition that he set upon it no extravagant value, but regarded it as a colonial bishop in our Church might regard his mission from Canterbury and his consecration at Lambeth.

This view is strongly confirmed by the struggles which the early Irish Church maintained, longer and more pertinaciously than that of Britain, against the encroachments of Rome. The contests about Easter, about the tonsure, and other matters, plainly show that the early Irish Church had *no close connexion* with Rome, but clung fondly to customs which were regarded as the traditions of its founder. It is impossible that this could have happened if St. Patrick had been as anxious as Dr. Cullen would be to extend the influence and establish the discipline of Rome.\*

It might be expected that, whatever obscurity hung over St. Patrick's early life and education, would disappear when we came to inquire into the actual circumstances of his mission. But if, in the former case, we are perplexed by the silence of the most important documents and the want of information, in the latter we are embarrassed by the extent to which the real history has been overlaid with legends and miracles. Still the outline of his travels is plain enough. He landed at the mouth of Lough Strangford, in the county of Down, and made his first ecclesiastical settlement at Sabhal, or Saul, which was also the place of his death. The most marked event was his preaching at Tara, then the most important place in Ireland, before King Laoghaire and his court. In all probability this was the crisis on which

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\* Dr. Todd is not satisfied to adopt the common chronology which places St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland in A.D. 432. He fancies that he has discovered traces of an older and truer chronology, which would place his arrival some ten years later. He attributes the current date to the desire of later writers to prop up the story of the mission from Celestine, who died in 432. No doubt the later date would reduce the length of St. Patrick's life and mission within more probable limits, besides allowing sufficient time to elapse between the failure of Palladius and the mission of his more fortunate successor. For this latter reason chiefly it was adopted by the excellent historian Tillemont. But the evidence which Dr. Todd brings forward in support of it is of a very doubtful kind. This may be the most original, but it is certainly not the most successful part of his book. The fact is that all attempts to construct a thoroughly consistent chronology must fail, and it is simply a useless exercise of ingenuity, and one that will be sure to bring him who attempts it into trouble. Dr. Todd's conjecture that many of the adventures of Palladius (who, as we learn from Tirechan, was also called Patrick) have been transferred by later writers to his greater namesake, is more happy, and helps to solve some difficulties. St. Patrick's alleged landing in the county of Wicklow, and rejection by the native tribes (p. 338), seems plainly a leaf from Palladius's life. But Dr. Todd pushes this conjecture quite too far: it is with him a *Deus ex machina*, always at hand to dispose of every difficulty. He has no right to use it, as he does, to set aside positive testimony of ancient date.

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ed the fate of Patrick's mission. The opposition he met and the courage he displayed appear through the legendary which are crowded round this portion of his life, and which destitute of interest. Dr. Todd preserves the best of these, from the 'Book of Armagh' (pp. 412-425). Perhaps the interesting point that transpires in connexion with Tara is that, notwithstanding his profession of Christianity, Kingaire was buried, at his own desire, with Pagan rites—upright in the ramparts of Tara, with his armour and his face turned towards his hereditary foes (Memoir, 438). This mode of sepulture, which would reverse the ancient precept of forgiveness and carry men's enmity with them to the grave, shows how imperfect must often have been the reception of Christianity by its first converts.

Todd comments thus upon this and other similar events :—  
 "Viewing the history of St. Patrick's missionary labours, we are struck by the fact that he appears to have always addressed himself first instance to the kings or chieftains."

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 This policy must have been pursued by St. Patrick as much from prudence as from a knowledge of the character and habits of the people. A chieftain once secured, the clan, as a matter of course, were disposed to follow in his steps. To attempt the conversion of the clan, without the will of the chieftain, would probably have been upon inevitable death, or at the least, to risk a violent expulsion from the district. The people may not have adopted the outward profession of Christianity, which was all that, perhaps, in the first instance, they adopted, from any clear or intellectual appreciation of its utility to their former religion; but to obtain from the people an outward profession of Christianity was an important step to success. It secured toleration at least for Christian institutions. It enabled Patrick to plant in every tribe his churches, schools, and monasteries. He was permitted, without opposition, to establish the half-Pagan inhabitants of the country societies of holy men, devotion, usefulness, and piety soon produced an effect upon the barbarous and savage hearts.

It was the secret of the rapid success attributed to St. Patrick's mission in Ireland. The chieftains were at first the real converts. The influence of the chieftain was immediately followed by the adhesion of the clan. The clansmen pressed eagerly round the missionary who visited the chief, anxious to receive that mysterious initiation into a new faith to which their chieftain and father had submitted. The requirements preparatory to baptism do not seem to have been rigorous; and it is, therefore, by no means improbable that in many, and other remote districts, where the spirit of clanship was strong, Patrick, as he tells us himself he did, may have baptised some hundreds of men.\*

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\* Memoir, pp. 498, 499.



St. Patrick's course, after his encounter with the Druids at Tara, is overlaid with legends, some beautiful, others merely puerile. We can trace his course from Tara, under the guidance of two Western chieftans, sons of King Amalgaidh, into Connaught, where he preached in Tirawley, especially near the modern town of Killalla in Mayo. From Connaught he went to Leinster. Dublin was then too insignificant a place to receive any notice from him or his more ancient biographers. In Munster also he spent some time, and is said to have stood upon the Rock of Cashel and baptised King Aengus there. Many curious legends cluster round the foundation of the ecclesiastical settlement at Armagh, which unquestionably became the seat of the saint and his successors. Nevertheless, it was not there he died, but at his first settlement, Saul. He was buried at Downpatrick.

But instead of attempting to wade through the legends that cover the events of the Apostle's career, it will be more interesting to inquire how far we can trace the system of his missionary operations, and the form of those ecclesiastical institutions which were destined soon to be a blessing to other lands. One point we have already adverted to, namely, the policy which led St. Patrick, in the first instance, always to direct his efforts to secure the adhesion, or at least the toleration, of the chiefs.\* His method of dealing with Pagan superstitions is thus described by Dr. Todd :—

'In this policy, also, we may perceive the cause of that spirit of toleration which he seems to have shown towards the old superstitions. Conscious that he had gained only the outward adherence of the adult members of the clan, he was compelled to use great caution in his attempts to overthrow the ancient monuments and usages of Paganism. It was only in some rare instances that he ventured upon the destruction of an idol, or the removal of a pillar-stone. Sometimes he contented himself with inscribing upon such stones the sacred names or symbols of Christianity. The very festivals of the Irish were respected, and converted into Christian solemnities or holidays. The *Beltine* and the *Samhain* of our Pagan forefathers are still observed in the popular sports of May-day and All-hallow-e'en. "Nothing is clearer," says Dr. O'Donovan, "than that Patrick ingrafted Christianity on the Pagan superstitions with so much skill that he won ~~the~~ people over to the Christian religion before they understood the ~~exact~~ difference between the two systems of belief; and much of this ~~half~~ Pagan half-Christian religion will be found not only in the ~~Irish~~

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\* This was not peculiar to him. The conversions of Clovis and Ethelbert were the result of similar efforts and led to similar effects. The method of conciliating Pagan prejudices was also common to all the early missionaries. Pope Gregory directed Augustine (of Canterbury) not to demolish the Pagan temples, but to convert them into churches.

stories of the middle ages, but in the superstitions of the peasantry to the present day." \* \*

Dr. Todd thus describes the effect of the monastic institutions in Ireland:—

‘Many of the foundations of St. Patrick appear to have had the effect of counteracting this evil, by creating a sort of spiritual clanship, well calculated to attract a clannish people, and capable of maintaining itself against the power of the secular chieftains. But this was, perhaps, an accidental result only: it was certainly not the primary design of these institutions. St. Patrick had a much higher object in view. He seems to have been deeply imbued with faith in the intercessory powers of the Church. He established throughout the land temples and oratories for the perpetual worship of God. He founded societies of priests and bishops, whose first duty it was to make constant supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority; persuaded, in accordance with the true spirit of ancient Christianity, that the intercessions of the faithful in their daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving were efficacious, as St. Paul’s words imply, for the salvation of mankind, and for bringing to the knowledge of the truth those upon whom appeals to reason, and arguments addressed to the intellect, would have been probably a waste of words.’

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‘The lands given by the piety of St. Patrick’s converts for the foundation of these establishments often conveyed the rights of chieftainship, and so secured the allegiance of the clan. When this was the case, many of the causes obstructive to Christianity were removed, and the people were with less difficulty weaned from their ancient superstitions, and brought the more fully under the influence of the Gospel. But in some places the lay succession continued, and in time swallowed, or became identified with the ecclesiastical authority. In every case, however, it is evident that the spirit of clanship was ingrafted upon the institutions of the Church. This, in the earlier ages of Christianity in Ireland, tended to protect the monastic societies from outrage and plunder, as well as to spread their influence amongst the people. This was also the real cause of the great extension of the monastic life in Ireland. The state of society rendered it practically impossible to maintain the Christian life, except under some monastic rule. The will of the chieftain was law. The clansman was liable at any time to be called upon to serve upon some wild foray, in a quarrel or feud with which he had personally no concern. The domestic ties were unknown, or little respected. No man could call his life, or property, his wife or children, his own; and yet, such is the inconsistency of human nature, the people clung to their chieftains and to their clan with a fidelity and an affection which continue to the present day. Hence the spirit of clanship readily transferred itself to

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\* Memoir, p. 500.

the monastery. The abbat was sometimes also chieftain, or a near relative of the chieftain, and the welfare or progress of the monastic society was identified with the prosperity of the clan.\*

St. Patrick sought from the first to identify Christianity with the institutions of the country, and to raise up a native ministry. Dr. Todd says,—

‘St. Patrick seems, in a large majority of instances, to have placed natives of the country as priests and bishops over the ecclesiastical or monastic societies which were founded by him. This may, at first sight, seem difficult to understand. It is not possible (miracle apart) that a lawless chieftain, baptised in adult life, could be at once converted into a devoted priest or a saintly bishop, without any previous preparation or instruction. But it is a prominent feature in St. Patrick’s history that he was at all times accompanied by a body of men under training for the priesthood.’

‘The churches and ecclesiastical or collegiate bodies established by St. Patrick throughout the country must have had considerable educational influences. Every such society, as it was formed, became a school for the education of the clergy. The daily offices of devotion trained the inmates to the correct observance of the ritual of the Church, and prepared them to become the heads, as priests or bishops, of similar establishments.†

‘Hence it was that in Ireland Christianity became at once a national institution. It was not looked upon as coming from foreigners, or as representing the manners and civilisation of a foreign nation. Its priests and bishops, the successors of St. Patrick in his missionary labours, were many of them descendants of the ancient kings and chieftains so venerated by a clannish people. The surrounding chieftains and men in authority, who still kept aloof in Paganism, were softened by degrees, when they perceived that in all the assemblies of the Christian Church fervent prayers were offered to God for them. In this point of view, the public incense of prayer and “lifting up of hands” of the Church in a heathen land, is perhaps the most important engine of missionary success. “Nothing,” says Chrysostom, “is so apt to draw men under teaching as to love, and to be loved,” to be prayed for in the spirit of love.’‡

It is impossible to read these valuable remarks without a feeling of deep regret that so little of the spirit and wisdom here described descended to later times. It is painful to recall the fact that, under English rule, it was made penal by the infamous statute of Kilkenny (A.D. 1367) to present an Irishman to benefice, and it was also made penal for any religious house within the English pale to receive any Irishman to their pri-

\* *Memoir*, pp. 503-506.

† *Ibid.*, p. 506.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 513, 514.

fession. In fact, as Dr. Todd has pointed out (p. 241), there were two Churches in Ireland from the Conquest to the Reformation, the one the Church of the English, within the pale, from which the natives were rigorously excluded, the other the

'Church of the native Irish, discountenanced and ignored by Rome as well as by England. It consisted of the old Irish clergy and inmates of the monasteries, beyond the limits of the English pale, who had not adopted the English manners or language, and who were therefore dealt with as rebels, and compelled to seek for support from the charity or devotion of the people.'

And at a subsequent period, when the clergy as a body had accepted the Reformation, when the mere Irish clergy were found to have become practically extinct, the spirit and example of St. Patrick were again forgotten. Neither a native clergy nor a liturgy in their own tongue were given to the Irish people,\* and the bulk of the population, as happened also in Wales, were allowed to escape from the control of the Church. But it is painful to dwell on these instances of folly and wrong. We return with pleasure to the study of St. Patrick's career. Dr. Todd thus sums up the lessons derived from his life:—

'On the whole, the biographers of St. Patrick, notwithstanding the admixture of much fable, have undoubtedly portrayed in his character the features of a great and judicious missionary. He seems to have made himself "all things," in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to the rude and barbarous tribes of Ireland. He dealt tenderly with their usages and prejudices. Although he sometimes felt it necessary to overturn their idols, and on some occasions risked his life, he was guilty of no offensive or unnecessary iconoclasm. A native himself of another country, he adopted the language of the Irish tribes, and conformed to their political institutions. By his judicious management, the Christianity which he founded became self-supporting. It was endowed by the chieftains, without any foreign aid. It was supplied with priests and prelates by the people themselves; and its fruits were soon seen in that wonderful stream of zealous missionaries, the glory of the Irish Church, who went forth in the sixth and seventh centuries to evangelise the barbarians of Central Europe. In a word, the example and success of St. Patrick have bequeathed to us this lesson, that the great object of the missionary bishop should be to establish among the heathen the true and unceasing worship of God's Church, and to supply that Church with a native ministry.' †

Dr. Todd's book is not limited to the life and times of

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\* As the clergy were sometimes unable to read the Liturgy in English, they might have edified their people by instructing them in the Irish tongue, but the Act (2 Eliz. c. 2) ordered them in that case to read the service in *Latin*!! See 'King's Church History,' p. 755.

† Memoir, pp. 514, 515.

St. Patrick. A large portion of it is devoted to the history and peculiarities of the church in subsequent times. By a strange, and, as it seems to us, injudicious inversion of chronological order, he has placed this portion of his work first as an introduction, reserving the biography of St. Patrick for the end. The changes and peculiarities of the Church in subsequent times, would have formed a natural and interesting sequel to the life of its founder. The wisdom of St. Patrick's institutions is attested by the vitality of the Church in subsequent times. In the following century, St. Columba settled at Iona, and became the Apostle of Scotland. Fifty years later still, Aidan, and other monks from Iona, converted the Saxons of Northern England to the Christian faith, and restored the churches which Paganism had nearly overwhelmed. At an earlier date, Columbanus and his companions were among the most famous missionaries to the barbarians of Central Europe, while the Irish Church, in common with the remnants of the British Church, struggled vigorously to maintain its ancient customs, and resist the dictation of Rome.

But though the wisdom of St. Patrick's institutions is attested by their vitality, it is hard to form any definite idea of their nature, and of the changes which they underwent in subsequent times. There seems little room to doubt that they were in many points unlike the system which prevailed elsewhere, and which was gradually established in Ireland, though not fully developed till the twelfth century. We know enough to be able dimly to discern the outline of the changes which took place in the two centuries which followed the era of St. Patrick.

No student of Irish ecclesiastical history is ignorant of the division of the Fathers of the Irish Church into what are called the three orders of Saints. The catalogue first published by Archbishop Ussher, and assigned by him to the middle of the eighth century, marks out plainly the distinguishing features of the three eras, which may be described—the first, as the era of St. Patrick and his disciples, from A.D. 432 to A.D. 534; the second, as the era of Columba, from A.D. 534 to A.D. 600; and the third as the ascetic era, from A.D. 600 to A.D. 666. We subjoin the leading sentences of this remarkable catalogue, omitting the lists of names.

‘THE FIRST ORDER of Catholic Saints was in the time of Patrick; and then they were *all bishops*, famous and holy, and full of the Holy Ghost; 350 in number, founders of churches. They had *one head*, Christ, and *one chief*, Patrick; they observed *one mass*, one celebration, *one tonsure* from ear to ear. They celebrated *one Easter*, on the fourteenth moon after the vernal equinox, and what was excommunicated by one church, all excommunicated. They rejected not the services  
and

and society of women, because, founded on the rock Christ, they feared not the blast of temptation. This order of saints continued for four reigns.'

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'THE SECOND ORDER was of Catholic Presbyters. For in this order there were few bishops, and many presbyters, in number 300. They had one head, our Lord; they celebrated *different masses*, and had *different rules*, one Easter, on the fourteenth moon after the equinox, one tonsure from ear to ear; they refused the services of women, separating them from the monasteries. . . . They received a mass from Bishop David, and Gillas, and Docus the Britons.'

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'THE THIRD ORDER of Saints was of this sort:—They were holy presbyters and a few bishops, 100 in number, who dwell in desert places, and lived on herbs and water, and the alms of the faithful; they shunned private property; and they had *different rules and masses*, and *different tonsures* (for some had the crown and others the hair), and a *different Paschal festival*. . . .

'These lived during four reigns . . . and continued to that great mortality.' [A.D. 666.]

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'The first Order was most holy; the second Order very holy; the third Order holy. The first burns like the sun, the second like the moon, the third like the stars.'

This catalogue plainly indicates the progress of change. The unity of the first order is infringed by the *different masses* and *different rules* of the second, and a growing tendency to asceticism. In the third order there is a further diversity in the tonsures, and the time of celebrating Easter. The triumph of asceticism is marked by the prevalence of the hermit life. We see here the breaking up of the old rules and discipline of St. Patrick preparatory to the uniformity which was afterwards established on the basis of Rome. The ancient practices or irregularities (we may regard them in either light) in connexion with the episcopate, seem to have held their ground the longest.

These points, which were characteristic of the Irish Church through a long period of its history (though not found in it exclusively), were, according to Dr. Todd, 1st, Bishops without sees; 2nd, consecration by a single bishop; 3rd, consecration *per saltum*. The first two are plainly alluded to by Archbishop Anselm, in his letter to Murtach O'Brien, in the beginning of the twelfth century. He writes:—

'It is also said that bishops in your country are elected at random and appointed without any fixed place of episcopal jurisdiction; and that a bishop, like a priest, is ordained by a single bishop.'

\* Memoir, p. 88, 89, note.

† Ibid., p. 2.

But not only were there many bishops without any fixed territorial jurisdiction, but they were often attached to monasteries, and were subject to their respective abbots, though these were only presbyters. From the story given by Dr. Todd (pp. 11-13) it appears that St. Brigid had a bishop attached to her monastery at Kildare, to perform all the functions peculiar to the episcopate, without, however, giving up any of her own authority or jurisdiction. This, and many other stories, fully confirm the accusation made as to the want of fixed dioceses. The story in the 'Book of Armagh,' of St. Patrick's consecration by Amathorex, plainly shows (whether the tale be true or not) that in Muirchu's time (about A.D. 700) it was not considered an irregularity that a bishop should be consecrated by a single bishop. Dr. Todd (pp. 74-77) gives other proofs of this. The ordination *per saltum*, i.e., conferring episcopal orders upon one who had not received the previous orders of deacon and priest, rests upon more slender evidence, though it is not improbable that it may have existed along with the other practices which we have mentioned.

All these show either that the customs of the Irish Church were not derived from Rome, or that the insular position of the Church, and its want of intercourse with the Latin Churches had caused the introduction of anomalous practices. The probability seems to be, that the Irish Church derived many of its customs through a portion of the Gallican Church, from Asia Minor; and its insular position preserved many of these customs long after they had been completely obliterated elsewhere. The traces of orientalisms in the early Irish Church are undoubtedly wrapped in much obscurity; but we must not dismiss as mere idle legends the tradition that ascribed their time of keeping Easter, their tonsure, and their liturgy\* to the appointment of St. John.

We cannot linger over these topics, which offer so tempting a theme to the student of Church History, but must now take leave of St. Patrick and his biographer. On the whole, notwithstanding its solid merits, we confess to some feeling of disappointment in Dr. Todd's book. It does not place us so far in advance of the knowledge given by others as we expected; and the arrangement of the work takes much from its interest. We say the *arrangement*; for certainly the defect is not in the style, or in the want of interesting matter. The extracts we have given are sufficient to show that Dr. Todd handles his subject clearly and philosophically, and writes in an attractive style. Notwithstand-

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\* See the curious tract printed by Dr. Moran, p. 248, which traces the Irish Liturgy *cursum Scottorum*, from St. John through Irenæus, Polycarp, Germanus and Lupus,

ng, his book is a heavy one to read through. This seems to arise from a defect in the plan, which not only reverses the natural chronological order, but scatters the remarks upon a single topic among different parts of the book. But though we notice this defect, we willingly testify that Dr. Todd has rendered a great service to the literature of his country and the history of the Church; and we believe that the name of his biographer will long be remembered in connexion with that of the Apostle and Patron Saint of Ireland.

ART. VII.—1. *Principles of Education*. By the Author of ‘Amy Herbert.’ 2 vols. 1865.

2. *Woman’s Mission*. Tenth edition. 1842.

IN more than one treatise on the education of women, we have seen it laid down that its end and object should be to fit them for the duties of maternity. They are to be taught and trained to the end that they may be able to teach and train their children. If this theory is to be admitted, at least there should be no offence to the theorists in a faint smile at the inadequacy of the means to the end, under modern systems. Shallow, superficial, rapid as modern female education too often is, it is not quite fair to assume that the rising generation stands to it in the exact relation of fruit to tree. And, notwithstanding familiar instances of great men, whose character, ability, and genius have been directly traceable to maternal character and influence—notwithstanding Napoleon’s dictum ‘that the fate of the child is always the work of his mother,’ and the corroborations of it in the case of John Wesley, the Napier family, and many others—much remains to be said for the other side of the question, and examples, such as the second Pitt and the second Peel, may be urged to show that not seldom it is from the male parent that ability, energy, and intellect descend to his offspring. Without at all undervaluing that benignant influence, to have lost or never to have known which is one of the sorest earthly privations, the softening, winning, humanising influence of a mother, we think that it is an incomplete and narrow view of the scope of education to limit it to training woman for a destiny that may never be hers. Rather should that system recommend itself which purports to educate for the wider object of producing ‘the perfect woman, nobly planned,’ who shall be equal to the occasion, whether it be to bring up children, to be companion to a husband, whose home it is denied her to bless with offspring, or, perchance, to illustrate in single blessedness the sunny ‘afternoon



of unmarried life.' The primary and divine idea of woman is 'a help meet for man.' And if so, in educating her for her vocation, respect must be had, not less to such provisions as may fit her to exercise her proper influence as a wife over her husband, or as an unmarried woman over society, than to such as may make her a model mother to her boys and girls. In each sphere, if she realises her mission, she has it in her power to be 'vainqueur des vainqueurs de la terre;' the more cultivated her mind and heart, the more complete her spell in whatsoever state of life she finds herself occupying under the allotments of Providence. The childless wife, if highly educated, has the greater power to solace her husband's regret at lack of offspring by being all in all to him herself; the maiden lady, whose youthful training has ministered to her the essentials for becoming, if need be, agreeable company to herself, is the more likely to be welcome in society, because she brings to it the grace of contentment with her lot, and the power and will to contribute to it additional ornament and brightness. It is the lack of sound early education and intelligent preparation for life which makes the dissatisfied old maid, no less than the silly wife, and the weak incompetent mother. The whole subject, then, has a wide interest for the other sex. Considerations affecting woman's development claim our ready sympathies. When in Mr. Froude's 'Henry the Eighth' the paradox is mooted, if we recollect aright, that in a world without women that monarch would have been faultless, it occurs at once to the male reader that in such a world, humanly speaking, it would be indifferent whether one were good or bad. The joys and sorrows, the ups and downs, the prizes and the reverses of man's life, can scarcely be conceived of except in relation to his gentler helpmate. What, then, more natural than that the steps to fit her most completely for her mission should form an ever-welcome topic—a thesis, on which aught novel that can be said, anything old that can be dressed in newer fashion, is well-nigh sure of favourable reception. In this belief we venture a few remarks on female education from a male point of view, deferring all the while to the opinion of really qualified female writers on the subject, and freely admitting that a man's estimate of the matter is in danger of being one-sided and selfish.

On the first point for consideration, the time over which female education should extend, we have little fear of being at issue with those most capable of dispassionate judgment, although we may perchance do despite to the views of modern young ladies, and contravene the principles of worldly-wise mammas. About early training all are more or less agreed. A good mother begins teaching her child from the moment it can crawl, and the educa-  
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tion of the first years is ever the most indelible. Happiest that childhood where the mother's teaching goes on longest; next to it that where the direction, if not the details, are under the mother's eye. But as to rudimentary teaching, no one doubts the wisdom of beginning to impart it early, and in gradual, moderate draughts. It is when the rudiments are mastered, and the girl in her teens, that difference of opinion arises touching the hours and years of female instruction. Here, if one may judge by common practice, the verdict of mothers and daughters is as much at variance with that of disinterested lookers-on, as universal suffrage differs from the decision of a select committee. While lookers-on are wont to deem that the meet preparation for cultivated womanhood is gradual unforced acquisition of such knowledge, graces, and endowments, as will sit easily, cling lastingly, and minister the most unfailing resources to the future life, it seems as though those most nearly concerned had come to the conclusion that the main object is to crowd so much of music, languages, sciences, graces, and accomplishments, into the years between twelve and seventeen, that at the latter limit a girl may be pronounced to be 'out,' may look to take her part in the grown-up world, and be at leisure to contemplate an eligible investment in the matrimonial market, before her younger sisters arrive at the margin of this immature Rubicon. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that this kind of forcing is physically as well as morally hurtful. The ablest authorities are unanimous in saying that a young girl's intellect is in far greater risk of being overstrained than that of her hardier brother. He has his safety-valves in cricket, football, boating, riding, running; and his rougher system is less susceptible of peril from too much mental food, which it rejects, than the carefully-tended, delicately-nurtured, sooner-developed organisation of the girl, which will retain, it may be, the instruction crowded into a space too small for it, but retain it, too frequently, at the risk of health, and generally to the hurt of mental digestion. A boy at seventeen is entering the most telling years of his mental culture. At the very same age the hot-house plant, his sister, is transferred from the school-room, where every appliance has been used to facilitate precocious ripeness of mind and manners; and henceforth the round of gaiety, the engagements of society, the 'no-leisure' of a restless age, preclude, for the most part, the further cultivation of previous studies. We say for the most part, because we must except the light literature and the music, which still divide the hours with croquet, because most attractive to the male sex, most fitted for reproduction in small talk, and most favourable to an indolence resulting from undue previous taxing of the intellect.

Doubtless

Doubtless it may be a human weakness to be evermore singing 'Ætas parentum pejor avis' as we grow older, and, as such, especially to be distrusted is the inclination to exaggerate the excellencies of our grandmothers and great aunts; yet surely it is noteworthy that, while their training lasted longer, it extended over far less ground, and that of them we may say, without controversy, that they were neither weaker mothers, worse wives, nor less pleasant and agreeable spinsters than are produced under the Procrustean system of the present day. To justify such a system, we must first concede the axiom that girls ought to be taught everything, and taught it moreover by the age of seventeen. And this axiom is one which the more sober-minded of either sex will, we suspect, be loth to grant. It strikes them, on the contrary, that very much ought to be left for after-study; that a great deal of what is non-essential may be passed over, where there is no manifest talent for acquiring it, and that, above all things, the cultivation of bodily health and vigour should go concurrently with the ripening of the mind. For boys and men the stimulus of emulation is wholesome and desirable; but as it is quite out of place among girls, whose sphere is the home circle and whose grace a sweet retiringness, it is surely enough if their schooldays be spent in acquiring such modicums of knowledge as can be easily digested; for these will prove more in the end than the crude notions which a modern schoolgirl carries off from her multifarious lectures. Sound education and instruction effect this chiefly, that they open the door to knowledge, so as to enable the pupil to avail himself of access to it. Let female education recognise this, and extend itself over the eighteenth year, with the understanding that even then it is but intrusted to a girl's own hands, instead of her teacher's, and the fruits will be visible in higher aims, less frivolous tastes, more definiteness of purpose, and greater strength of character. Such common-sense training is the course by which to earn the high and discriminating praise which De Quincey awards to Miss Wordsworth: 'She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered, lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own fervid heart.'\*

Enough has been said to indicate strong dissent from the foolish system of making schoolgirls slaves to the acquisition of accomplishments for which they have no taste; and there is a natural transition to the questions *what* and *how* to teach, in negative as well as positive aspects. And here a division meets us which it is less than ever possible to ignore in the present day,

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\* De Quincey's Works, vol. ii. p. 126.

It is to say, education of accomplishments, and education of intellect and moral powers. Most people rank these in the order in which we have placed them, though sounder wisdom would reckon that which we have set first, the education which aims at improvements in society, as very secondary to that which cultivates mental and moral power. The one has an eye to externals; the other is introspective. And while the former secures at too great a sacrifice of time and pains, considering what must be foregone to make room for it, the mere transient power of attracting and captivating, the latter furnishes the far more precious life-endowment, the independence and self-containedness, which enables her who has it to be as happy, good, and useful to society as in it. Let the education, then, of accomplishments be relegated to the second rank, and disposed of briefly, before we treat of essentials. No one would lay down a law that should bann the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music, knowing that it exercises, when successfully developed, so just an all-over so many hearers, and such soothing, awakening, ritualising influences upon even those who are wholly ignorant of its principles. But it may admit of grave question what is needed by two hours and a half of practice *per diem* in the case of the ninety and nine girls who will never become first-rate performers, and who will unquestionably play and sing no more, when they become wives and mothers. It is quite time that in female education a wider recognition should take place of the wisdom of electing what accomplishments to pursue, and what to decline. At Oxford and Cambridge a man may choose his *and* school or tripos, while the ancient studies of the University are *sine quâ non* to all alike. Might it not be well to take a little more trouble in ascertaining the various bents of girlish capacity likewise, so that, where it was to end only in mediocrity, music might not be followed up, but more time allotted to drawing, if, as is often the case in the absence of musical talent, a taste for drawing appeared to be a compensating gift? It may be doubted whether, except in a few brilliant instances, the years of girlhood can furnish space for thorough attainment of anything; and the struggle to master too many accomplishments is apt to end in a superficiality, spreading over the more solid studies, and acting prejudicially on the whole mind. In like manner we venture to think it a mistake, unless in cases of rare genius, to encourage the acquirement in mere school-days of more than one modern language. 'Non multa sed multum' may do good in this case, if interpreted for the nonce of getting a rough knowledge of one or two languages, instead of a smattering of many. Perhaps, even where there is talent for languages, the

the complete mastery of one is a greater power than divided acquaintance with half-a-dozen; and, as French is the passport to Europe, and serves as a medium of intercommunication to the civilised world, it deserves to be more really and effectually taught to every English schoolgirl, than it is likely to be, so long as, beyond a few verbs and a few exercises, it is left to teach itself through the broken gabble wherewith girls cheat the hours during which a veto is put upon their mother tongue. A wise selection of French books would enhance the value of this branch of study. Better and more attractive vehicles may be found for conveying the knowledge of the French language to English youth than the 'Gil Blas,' and 'Recueils Choisis,' the 'Télémaque,' and 'Gonsalve,' of our early days. This done, and care being taken to teach it thoroughly and grammatically, the study of French may serve to the female mind as a substitute for that mental drill which the dead languages supply to the English schoolboy. It will furnish the mastery over grammar and syntax, and a key to self-instruction in other languages, if such should chance to be the taste. Not indeed the master-key; for that unquestionably is Latin, though at various times objections have been urged to its introduction into the female curriculum. Weighty, indeed, ought such objections to be, if they avail to exclude a girl from a discipline so promotive of accuracy, so improving to English style, so helpful to familiarity with the grammar and syntax of most European tongues. Yet to what do they amount? To no more, we are constrained to own, than may, with equal or greater force, be urged against the unwatched study of French or English authors. Nothing in the Latin language is more dangerous than the ordinary type of French novels, teeming, as these do, with a subtler, because less manifest, poison. And, to quote the most recent editor of Homer, 'As regards matters of delicacy we apologize to modern ears for Shakspeare, on the score of the fault of his age, on a moderate computation five hundred times at least for once that such an apology is needed for Homer.'\* And what, we may ask, would be the ratio if for Shakspeare we were to read Beaumont and Fletcher? Yet it may be doubted whether the worst blemishes of the Elizabethan dramatists are half as much calculated to sap the foundations of simplicity and purity, as the equivocal situations, and maudlin sentimentalities of the modern sensational novel. Much truth lies in Mr. Ruskin's remark that 'the chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book never does any harm to a noble girl:' nor can we exclude

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\* Hayman's 'Odyssey,' vol. i. p. 2.

Latin from the studies of girlhood without ignoring another sound position of the same eloquent writer; viz., 'that a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly; while a woman should know the same language or science so far as to enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.'\* But the true answer to objectors is, to concede the peril of unguarded and unrestricted reading of the classics (as indeed of *all* unrestricted reading in the case of the young), whilst we uphold the importance, towards strengthening the female mind, and completing its education, of such a discriminating study of Latin and Greek as is imparted by conscientious instructors, best of all, perhaps, if it may be, under parental surveillance or tuition. The movement to admit abstruser sciences, such as mathematics, into the schoolgirl's course we regard with less favour, although in the very rare cases where she has a taste and capacity for such knowledge, the study of it need not be discouraged. Women in general are probably best as they are—in possession of that intuitive right judgment which is safe at first thought, though with the stronger half of the intelligent creation 'second thoughts are best.' No teaching imparts this inborn leaping to sound conclusions, or matures the tact which is a woman's chief advantage over her more methodical partner in life. What she does want, perhaps, is the means of amassing data for induction, of storing up lessons corrective of her natural enthusiasm, of arranging examples available in any conceivable situation or question.

It may be that History, and, even more, Biography (in naming which we pass from education of the accomplishments into the range of practical education of the intellect), deserve a very chief place among the studies of girlhood. 'What have been the books,' asks Archdeacon Allen in a lecture on the everyday work of ladies, from which many valuable suggestions might be gathered, 'that have best helped man to live? They are all biographical.' And Longfellow's reiteration of the same idea in his 'Psalm of Life' is too well known to need quotation. Now if this is true for men, much more for women. Their school days should be so parcelled out that a liberal allowance of time may be given to History and Biography—kindred studies, interlacing each other—to be learned not out of colourless compendiums, but from accepted 'works for all time' of which there are enough for ample choice. On some collateral studies, *e. g.* Geography, it may be that too much time is bestowed. The

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\* 'Sesame and Lilies' p. 165. Ibid. 161.  
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broad landmarks well laid down and defined ought not to want endless repetition, or to usurp space more urgently due to studies having a greater influence on life. ‘Hoc illud est præcipue in cognitione rerum salubre ac frugiferum, omnis te exempli documenta in illustri posita monumento intueri: inde tibi. . . . quod imitere capias: inde fœdum inceptu, fœdum exitu quod vites.’ There can be no healthier discipline conceivable for the female mind than instruction by examples in a well-chosen course of Biography. And, not so much indeed for its disciplinary effects as for its essential claim to form part in the training of educated Englishwomen, and its legitimate stimulus to patriotic feeling, the kindred study of English literature is entitled to far more attention. Why should not English girlhood be taught, first and foremost, its own mother tongue—so as to love it, to read it, to write it: to be conversant with its poetry; to appreciate its prose: to know something of its structure and history and development? One knows not whether to smile or blush, in this age of books and literary luxury, to see how ignorant of our standard literature are three-fourths of the young ladies one meets. Without expecting them to pass an examination in ‘Shakespeare’ or ‘Paradise Lost,’ or to be thoroughly at home in the ‘British Essayists,’ one ought to find it a harder task than it is, to fathom the depths of their knowledge of English literature, especially if their skill in making talk out of small data is taken into account. To say nothing of the more frivolous, whose best reading is the serial of Dickens or Trollope, the better average of young ladies contents itself too generally with semi-religious novels, and the lighter articles of the various monthlies. The fault must lie with the misdirection of taste in school days; and lack of knowledge so valuable and so accessible is surely an inexcusable fault. Boys indeed must pick it up at by-times, as their school hours are mainly devoted to classics. But classics to them are partly in the place of English literature, and partly the stepping-stones to a knowledge of it, seeing that it is chiefly modelled after the classical patterns. Girls, on the other hand, have only English literature from which to gain ideas of style or composition, except the mother-wit which it must be admitted serves them in good stead. A decided improvement in all girl-school rooms would be the introduction of such text books as the ‘Student’s Manual of English Literature,’ by Dr. Smith, or the similar Manual of Mr. Thomas Arnold. These might be supplemented by copious readings from the particular authors most deserving of study, and it would be a further advantage if lessons upon such subjects could be required to

to be reproduced in abstract. The gain of this process would be twofold. The memory would be strengthened, and this is no unimportant aim in education. And, beside this, a style would be formed, which would have its foundation in accredited models and accurate principles, and yet retain a certain character of its own peculiar to female composition. We might again look for the lively, easy, graceful letters, which women penned in time past; but which the hurry of modern life, the preference for showy accomplishments, the skimming of many light books in place of the digestion of a few sound ones, has done so much to banish. What is there even now to equal the natural, unsystematic, but delightfully versatile correspondence of some few women, whose education has been modelled after the elder fashion, and whose letters achieve a more enduring popularity at the breakfast-table, than the most skilful and elaborate performance in the music-room? Or what more barren than the hasty scrawls, the ungainly sentences and (save the mark!) phonetic spelling of many young ladies, on whose education there has been no stint of expense. The practice recommended above would help to remove this blot, which however has at all times clung more or less to our fair countrywomen. From the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher we gather that a letter-writer's sex was discoverable by solecisms of spelling. 'A letter,' says Podramo, in 'A Wife for a Month,' Act I. Scene 2—

'But tis a woman's, Sir, I know by the hand,  
And the false orthography. They write old Saxon.'

And from numerous other instances in later days we may select the specimen of spelling, found in her own handwriting, in the Bible of William III.'s Queen Mary. We are indebted for it to a note in Lord Macaulay's History—'This book was given to the King and I at our *Crownation*. Marie R.' Yet slovenly orthography is less than ever excusable in an age of such refinement as our own: and there is no surer remedy for it than written abstracts, which are but another form of dictation-exercises.

A word or two may be said in favour of more cultivation of the art of reading aloud, an accomplishment so popular and so needful that its value cannot be exaggerated. What simpler repayment than this of the price of nurture to an aged father? What sweeter solace to the sick, whom it is woman's mission to tend? What surer mode of kindling love of books in young children? And, in quitting the topic of 'what to teach,' it were wrong to omit a word for the science of Botany, a science



specially fitted for the gentler sex, to whose country rambles it gives endless variety, whilst it inspires them with ever-increasing reverence for the Author of Creation.\* No kindred study comes near it in attractiveness, in freshness of charm, in facilities for cultivation, or in enduringness of resource. It were wrong, too, to let Mr. Ruskin's 'veto' upon theology as a science for ladies lack our hearty endorsement. There is no need to teach them wider charities, or more trustful and unaffected piety. Those, in the true woman, are innate. And if one thing rather than another is calculated to mar and outroot these, it is surely the incompetent intrusion of themselves into the region of religious controversy, 'into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred.'†

It is harder to settle how to teach: and to dogmatize on this topic in an essay would savour of arrogance. So much depends on natural gifts, so much on self-discipline in the teacher, that what in one would be a successful method, might prove an utter failure practised by another. Patience, temper, quickness of insight, a 'happy knack,' a readiness of illustration, are blessings no less to those engaged in teaching than to those whom they teach. But one or two remarks in passing upon this particular topic are, if not new, at least not too old to be repeated. For example, it seems of permanent consequence to all real teaching, that the life of the seed sown should be continually and searchingly tested. Repetition and reproduction ought to be at least weekly businesses. Inaccuracy is the bane of shallow and discursive teaching: and what is rarer, especially in women, than so clear a knowledge of a few subjects, that its depths will bear sounding? Now repetition must impress lessons on the mind, and the reproduction of them on paper must test the strength of the impression. The wholesome confidence and sense of strength which will ensue act as a stimulus to fresh acquisitions, and are, besides, a moral benefit. Again, to the question 'how?' the best half of the answer is 'Teach principles.' To this system the Gradgrind plan of 'facts,' 'facts,' is the ill-fruited opposite. But the main object of education must be to provide a thorough groundwork for the reception of after-structures. No evidence of good teaching, in the case of boy or

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\* Tennyson has an eye to both these womanly studies where, in the 'Princess' he writes—

'To and fro  
With books, with flowers, with angel offices  
Like creatures native unto gracious art,  
And in their own clear element they moved.'

† 'Sesame and Lilies,' p. 158-9.

girl, can be so decisive as the enthusiastic following out of the subjects taught, after emancipation from tutors and governesses. Rightly viewed, education of youth is but the opening of the vestibules of the glorious Temple of knowledge, the gateway of an avenue, the end of which is not to be reached even in a life-walk. Give a sure step at starting, put them in the way to make progress safely by themselves, and (if a teacher is in earnest and inspires a contagious enthusiasm) you supply object, purpose, and confidence to pupils, whose lives would otherwise be a prey to dissatisfaction and ennui. The best boys' schools quite recognise this. The ablest masters do not attach so much weight to the number of Greek plays or books of Thucydides a lad has read before he goes to college, as to his having thoroughly mastered the principles of grammar and construction, and learnt the way of manipulating difficult passages, and of extending his own stock of reading. And this should hold good equally in female education.

But who shall best carry this out? We have left till last this very absorbing question, involving as it does such diversity of opinion, and experiencing at the present time so many attempts at solution, that reference to the subject can hardly be inopportune. Long have the stronger minds of either sex been busy with the problem; long will it be ere they arrive at unanimity or light on an undeniable panacea. Of late years some attempt

‘To lift the woman’s fall’n divinity  
Upon an even pedestal with man’

has proceeded from the promoters of ‘Ladies’ Colleges,’ to be officered by eminent professors of the stronger sex; and a kindred scheme is that which proposes to admit to public examinations and degrees young ladies, school or home-bred. Such schemes proceed on the assumption that

‘With equal husbandry  
The woman were an equal of the man,’

but probably such Utopian dreams will influence few parents or guardians until at least it is ascertained that all milder and less evolutionary means of improving the class of female educators are fruitless. There may be reasonable doubt whether male teachers will be equally alive to the danger of straining the girlish intellect, or know so well as women at what point to cog the wheels of the intellectual machine. Natural quickness and enthusiasm enhance the risk of hot-house development; and against this the womanly instinct is the only safeguard. Physically, therefore, it is better that, as heretofore, women should discharge

discharge the chief functions of female education, having recourse to masters to supplement the stated curriculum with their special arts. It is better also mentally. Elder women of thought and tact will discourage the unfeminineness of rivalries and competitions among meek-eyed maidens, and deem the fervid emulation of honours and classes more suited to the 'palæstra' than the 'gynæceum.' And as to the moral aspect, this, we fancy, is untouched by both the college and the examination scheme. Women, it seems to be admitted, must be installed as the moral assessors, whose presence and nearness shall countercheck the chiefly intellectual influence of professors. Omit this safeguard, and there looms a danger of the sex being unsexed, of the depression of the chief womanly graces, and of the exaltation into their throne of unseemly ambition, and the conceit of being smarter than one's neighbours. The opinion of sensible men on these matters may be gathered from the significant fact that they rarely take a wife from the ranks of those ladies who have courted the appellation of 'blues,' though they by no means hold cheap the unaffected refinement and high feminine cultivation not seldom found in those who most 'shun to have their *mental* graces spied.' What then is the true course? Are we to adopt the principle of large girl-schools? The testimony of the ablest female writers on education, and the consensus of less initiated but not less interested male thinkers, go to negative this proposition. Miss Sewell, in her '*Principles of Education*,'\* adduces cogent arguments to prove that 'gregarious education for girls is injurious.' 'To boys,' she says, 'the school is the type of the life they are hereafter to lead. Girls are to dwell in quiet homes, amongst a few friends; to exercise a noiseless influence; to be submissive and retiring. There is no connexion between the bustling mill-wheel life of a large school, and that for which they are supposed to be preparing.' She remarks, too, on the evils of indiscriminate companionship, more lasting in the case of girls than of boys; the absence of any strong principle correspondent to the traditionary school-boy honour; the greater facilities in girls' schools for pettiness, deceit, and frivolity. Such is a lady's view, derived from experience and observation, and written in no animus against female education by females, but quite the contrary. And it does but confirm the more speculative impressions of many fathers and guardians, for whose more confirmation we throw one or two lesser arguments into Miss Sewell's side of the scale. Seminaries for young ladies

\* II. p. 219, &c.—[We have given the substance of her remarks—though, for compression's sake, we have not quoted word for word, except where this is indicated by inverted commas.]

involve,

involve, it strikes us, all the jealousies, heart-burnings, and contentions of the 'public examination' system, without its good results. If class-lists and places and prizes are desirable for girls, the award should emanate from a high tribunal, and not from the proprietress of Bayleaf Villa, with her English and Parisian aides-de-camp. This is worth noting; but it is a trifling matter compared with the sacrifice of motherly influence which those make who send their daughters to a large girls-school. Let the mistress be ever so conscientious, she is still not the parent, but only 'in loco parentis;' and the shades of distinction which teachers apply to this phrase vary according to the degrees of unselfishness in those who undertake a work more or less for profit's sake. Can this ever compensate for home care, home example, home teaching? Can there be gain or need for girls of premature initiation in the school of life, apart from the home, where needful instruction may be imparted by a governess, while the tone, influence, and presiding spirit is, as it ought to be, the mother's? We think not; and for like reasons, though in a less degree, we regard 'select and limited establishments' with coldness. These serve their purpose for orphans, and perhaps for a class towards which it is impossible not to feel kindly—the little girls sent home for education from India. And it would be base wrong to womanhood, to doubt that there are many high-minded ladies who are 'mothers' indeed to such. But, by preference, that system, be it what it may, seems aptest for female education, which lets the mother be to the governess what the provost is (theoretically) to the head master of a public school. So best will distinctive character be transmitted; so tact and sound sense infused 'pari passu' with knowledge; so women retain that crowning grace which even the heathen Thucydides singled out for her, 'fidelity to her own sex and nature, and the being, as little as possible, the subject of men's remarks, whether in praise or dispraise.'\* It is the absence or the depression of the motherly influence which the best French writers on education have seen to be the prime blot in conventual education; and if, as there is reason for concluding, this fault is fatal to the best schemes in which it can be detected, there remains but one, or, in a special contingency, two resources and resorts. To dispose at once of that which is contingent, it has often occurred to parents having a common interest in the question, that a day-school open to the nominees of a limited proprietary might be a safe solution of the educational problem

\* Thuc. II. 45. Εἰ δὲ με δεῖ καὶ γυναικείας τι ἀρετῆς, . . . μνησθῆναι, Βραχεία παραινέσει ἅπαν σημανῶ. Τῆς τε γὰρ ὑπαρχούσης φύσεως μὴ χείροσι γενέσθαι ὑμῖν μεγάλη ἢ δόξα, καὶ ἥς ἂν ἐπ' ἐλάχιστον ἀρετῆς περὶ ἥ ψόγου ἐν τοῖς ἄρσεσι κλέος ᾖ.

in the case of girls. In other words, the junction of four or five families having girls to educate, in purchase or rent of premises, and the establishment in them of a well-selected and responsible instructress, to be aided by the best masters. The gain of such a plan would be, doubtless, great; nothing less, indeed, than the recourse for daily instruction to highly competent teachers, while the hours of relaxation, rest, and meals, would still be passed at home—still, as is meetest, under the mother's eye. The moral advantage would be great. But the plan is beset with difficulties, which greatly impede its application. It is feasible, indeed, in towns, though even there it involves, however great our advance since the age of Appius Claudius, the attendance of discreet handmaids to conduct our Virginias to and fro. This claim of society and its usages is wholesomely imperative. And yet compliance with it involves an extra domestic; and even then it is not every parent who will relish the thought of his daughter

‘With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,  
Home as she bounding went from school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.’

But for country families the thing is out of the question. In many neighbourhoods it is hard to organise weekly drawing or dancing classes, so wide apart do houses lie. How much more impossible, then, a daily junction of forces. We are driven therefore to home education, to the governess-system with its admitted drawbacks, yet with its, in our judgment, compensating gains. There is here no severance from the parental influence; no delegation to others of the chief work of education, the moral discipline. And though some may object that girls brought up at home are apt to lack polish and self-possession in society, while a schoolgirl acquires these by mixing with numbers, yet it may still be an open question whether schoolgirlish confidence is preferable to home-bred bashfulness. The graver objection to education by governesses at home, is the difficulty of finding well-qualified candidates for the post. The fault is partly due to the social rule obtaining in England, that if a lady has to earn her bread, her only recognised resource is the profession of a teacher. Those ladies who are seeking to open to their sex other ways of livelihood may not indeed always command our implicit faith in their ‘modus operandi,’ but at any rate they deserve thanks for good service, if they decimate the lists of incompetent governesses. Miss Sewell, in the thoughtful work to which we have more than once referred, justly observes that ‘the choice lies in great measure between well-born, well-bred ladies, driven by circumstances to a profession for which they are imperfectly qualified,

qualified, and under-bred, but clever women, who really know what they profess to teach.\* It is the case, in fact, of 'superficial v. vulgar.' And this we suspect is the true account of the average number, though of course there are prizes in this as in other lotteries. Yet after all, as of all systems this is the least objectionable, to this ought mainly to be directed our efforts at improvement. Our aim should be so to answer the query 'quis erudiet ipsas eruditrices,' as to ensure the combination of high and thorough education with careful home nurture and rearing. 'Here, then,' cries the advocate of Ladies' Colleges, 'here is our basis of operations. We propose to supply the defects you point out. We offer you a collegiate institution with a staff of most eminent professors in their various departments, and we invite you to encourage the resort to it of at least those of the gentler sex who desire to qualify as instructresses.' There is reason in the proposal. There is philanthropy in the scheme. Yet surely it is to be accepted only with reservations and limitations; and then not as the best means, but as good in default of better. Poll the educated men and women of England, and an immense majority will vote for confining the education of each sex to its own members. And, in truth, without sighing for a female college for governesses after the model of Princess Ida's,

'With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair,'

we should augur more unmixed good from training-schools for governesses under the control and tuition of women of good sense and fair endowments, than from the best Ladies' College with the most earnest gentleman professors. That such would discharge their duty, no one can doubt. But will they, or can they, so well as women teachers, gauge the female intellect and calibre? Will they learn to accommodate their thoughts to women's thoughts? And if they try, will they not trivialize and impoverish them by the endeavour? That were bad enough! But we apprehend a worse effect upon the taught. And here, as before, we deem it prudent to shelter ourselves under the ægis of Miss Sewell, whilst we notice a feature, the exposition of which by our own pen might involve us in a fate resembling that of Pentheus. 'Any one who has had much to do with young girls of the educated classes will probably own that in most instances there are but three points of view in which they are likely to regard their gentlemen teachers. Either they will be afraid of them, or they will quizz them, or they will make romances about them. Fear, ridicule, and romance are not very elevating influences. The last

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\* 'Principles of Education,' II. p. 257.

indeed will often be hidden under the veil of respect; but if examined, it will be seen that underneath lies a very large admixture of vanity and excitement, which cannot fail to do grave injury.\* Is not all this easily conceivable? Without formal or stealthy admission to the mysteries, a vision of them has floated to us. The timid Blanche was just collecting her senses, and beginning to get the better of her fears, as the astronomical lecturer was perorating his subject and coming down to earth. Hippodamia and Myrtila were filling their note-books with—caricatures of their Mentor for the time being; nought recking of the Lady Visitor who, let us hope, is from a vantage-ground taking account of their proceedings. Gushing Melissa is soaring in thought, not indeed to the starry heavens, but to those lower, yet not less interesting orbs, the ‘dear’ professor’s eyes. She will wake from her reverie in time to rush to the door, and, with reverential awe, rejoice to hold it open for his exit from the lecture-room. To be serious, the order of things is reversed: the relations of the sexes are confused in a most unchivalresque degree, and this, so far as we can see, for little certain gain, with much probability of loss. Doubtless this last will be diminished in proportion as the element of strong womanly influence predominates in the Ladies’ College; and we are not unaware that at the best of these institutions it is carefully brought to the foreground. Still it is but natural to fear diminution of the sweet simplicity of girlhood from habituating them to male instead of female teachers; and many old-fashioned people will prefer the mild level of female education as it is, to the heights which, under masculine auspices, it may be destined to scale. There is indeed a conceivable case where man’s teaching may be all gain to woman; we mean, where Miranda sits at the feet of Prospero; where a highly educated and well-read father directs his daughter’s studies, and finds time to make her mental development the occupation and delight of his leisure. The relation subsisting between teacher and taught here is a great security against the pupil’s strength being overtaxed, while the desire of a father’s approval is a higher stimulus than honours or classes. Some branches of teaching will probably have to be neglected: but what is taught will be taught accurately and soundly. In this case the most straight-laced can have no objection to Latin forming part of the course of instruction. There occur to us at least three or four of the most accomplished female writers of our day, whose strength of mind and solidity of attainments is principally owing to such early influence and direction: nor is there in these in-

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\* ‘Principles of Education,’ II. p. 261.

ices any diminution of pure womanly grace and nature  
ndant upon a more masculine training than common. It  
e to be wished that our clergy, where able and at leisure,  
ld bestow time and pains upon this mode of improving female  
cation, and so qualify their daughters, if need should arise,  
becoming real prizes in the governess lottery; or, if not  
essitated to go out as teachers, for influencing the more  
rough instruction of their sex, as writers, as mothers, as  
men of high mental culture. If but a few such women would  
ibine here and there to elevate the tone of governess-dom by  
ng to mould others to a standard approaching their own, and  
ere they found young persons anxious to qualify for the teacher's  
ce, would direct their studies and advise upon their course of  
ling, more fruit might spring from seed thus unostentatiously  
n, than from more ambitious schemes, beset with radical  
iculties. For by women, mainly, must the young of their own  
be educated, whether it be in the school, or in the home.  
e principle is unassailable, though the practice has been  
erto defective. The hints which have been hazarded in these  
es, towards the amendment of the latter, will not have been in  
1, if they help to ventilate the subject.

T. VIII.—*Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of  
Jesus Christ.* 8vo. London and Cambridge, 1866.

THE author of this treatise explains his object in writing it  
by the statement that 'after reading a good many books  
Christ he still felt constrained to confess that there was no  
torical character whose motives, objects, and feelings remained  
incomprehensible to him.' As far as he is aware, the com-  
nts of learning, genius, and piety for upwards of eighteen  
dred years have left the character of our Blessed Lord an  
gma, and it has been reserved for the author of '*Ecce Homo*'  
solve the mystery. The pretension involved in the assump-  
1 is maintained throughout the work. Views which have  
n set forth a thousand times with far more completeness,  
uty and power, are propounded with an elaboration of method  
l an air of profundity as though they were important dis-  
eries. The verbose and ostentatious form under which hack-  
d truths are displayed appears to have imposed upon many,  
l, to quote the language of Dr. Johnson, 'they no longer know  
its new array the talk of mothers and nurses.' Apart from  
affectation of originality, the only novelties we have been  
e to detect are rash assertions, mistaken principles, and bad  
taste.



taste. The work, judged by its intrinsic merits, would have appeared to us unworthy to be distinguished from the common run of erroneous books; and the thoughtless approbation which has been bestowed upon it by orthodox persons is our sole inducement to examine briefly its claim to be accepted by members of the Church of England for a guide to the character and precepts of our Lord.

‘What the present writer undertook to do,’ says the author in his Preface, ‘was to trace the biography of Christ from point to point, and accept those conclusions about him, not which Church doctors or even Apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant.’

The facts must be ascertained before they can be ‘critically weighed,’ and yet the author of ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ without bestowing a single argument on the subject, sometimes quotes the Gospel of St. John alone in support of his notions, and sometimes treats it as if it was of dubious authenticity. He is thus either working with untrustworthy materials when he adopts it, or with mutilated materials when he rejects it. He preserves the same silence on his reasons for setting aside the declarations of Apostles, though he cannot pretend that it makes no difference in the interpretation of the Gospel narrative whether we accept their aid or renounce their authority. ‘Conclusions’ based upon an arbitrary selection of documents can afford no satisfaction to reflecting minds, and this mode of procedure by an author who professes to supply the solid and unambiguous views he has been unable to discover elsewhere betrays at the outset a total absence of the critical faculty to which he lays claim.

The want is not less apparent in the conclusion of the Preface, where he gives a second account of the scope of his work:—

‘No theological questions whatever are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will make the subject of another volume. In the meanwhile the author has endeavoured to furnish an answer to the question, What was Christ’s object in founding the society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?’

It is impossible to comprehend how Christ’s object in founding the society of Christians can be truly set forth when religion is excluded, unless the writer has arrived at the extraordinary conviction that ‘modern religion and theology’ did not in any shape enter into the scheme, but are altogether an excrescence, and improperly deduced from the primitive records. The same confusion of thought and laxity of language prevail throughout the work:—

‘Let us ask ourselves,’ he says, ‘what was the ultimate object of Christ’s scheme? When the divine society was established and organised,

ganised, what did he expect it to accomplish? To this question we may suppose he would have answered, The object of the divine society is that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. *In the language of our own day, its object was the improvement of morality.*

'The ultimate object of Christ's scheme' is not a matter of conjecture. The means and end are both unfolded with the utmost distinctness in the Bible, and there we learn that our duty towards our neighbour is inseparably interwoven with our duty towards God. A church of which the 'ultimate object was the improvement of morality' would not be Christian but infidel.

With these glaring defects both in conception and execution, we should still expect that the author would be extremely exact in such facts as he uses, and have a sure foundation for such conclusions as he draws, when he announces that these are his particular characteristics. Strange to say, it would be difficult to name a writer upon biblical subjects who more completely sets facts at defiance. He freely supplies them from his imagination, he remodels them at his will, and he misrepresents them without scruple. Of this habit we shall proceed to adduce a few examples, which will equally answer the purpose of testing the soundness of his theories. His method will be found to be the very reverse of what he professes; and instead of deriving his conclusions from the facts, he has adapted the facts to his conclusions.

'The Baptist,' he says, 'was a wrestler with life, one to whom peace of mind does not come easily, but only after a long struggle. His restlessness had driven him into the desert, where he had contended for years with thoughts he could not master.'

Where did the author find these facts, or from what facts are they the plain and legitimate deduction? The portrait, at best, is purely fanciful, and to us the assertion that the Baptist had a difficulty in attaining to 'peace of mind,' and 'contended for years with thoughts he could not master,' appears directly at variance with the announcement of the angel to Zacharias, 'He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb,' and with the declaration of St. Luke that 'the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit.\*' When the same Evangelist adds that this child who 'waxed strong in spirit,' was 'in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel,' the idea conveyed is not that of 'restlessness,' but of a calm and steady piety which could be richly satisfied in solitary communion with God. The perturbed and uneasy nature of John is contrasted by the author of 'Ecce Homo,' with

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\* Luke i. 15, 80.

the placid self-possessed character of Christ; and the greeting of the restless forerunner of our Lord, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world,' is explained to be a homage to his untroubled disposition:—

'The Baptist recognised the superiority of Him whose confidence had never been disturbed, whose steadfast peace no agitations of life had ever ruffled. He did obeisance to the royalty of inward happiness.'

The forerunner who proclaimed that Jesus was the 'Lamb of God,' proclaimed also that he was 'the Son of God,' and John must have paid obeisance to a far more stupendous royalty than that of 'inward happiness.'

The painful license which the author of 'Ecce Homo' allows his imagination is conspicuous in his paraphrase of the incident of the woman taken in adultery:—

'Christ,' says the writer, 'was standing, it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected in the very act. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the prosecutors, the legality that had no justice, and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow creature—all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd, or of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. Standing as he did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormentors continued their clamour, until he raised his head for a moment and said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct.'

The coarseness and latitude of the interpretation was never, we believe, exceeded by any comment which was not designed to be profane. The inability of the Saviour to 'meet the eye of the crowd' from 'an intolerable sense of shame,' his stooping down to write out of 'burning embarrassment and confusion,' the 'glimpse' which the Pharisees 'perhaps' caught of the 'glowing blush upon his face,' have not only no warrant from the words of the Evangelist, but his narrative bespeaks an entire composure on the part of our Lord. For 'facts critically weighed' the

the author of 'Ecce Homo' gives us a debased romance which must shock the instincts of religious men.

The author changes the facts with the same facility with which he invents them:—

'Signs miraculous, or considered miraculous,' he writes, 'are said to have attested the greatness of Christ's mission at the moment of his baptism. . . . A sound was heard in the sky which was interpreted as the voice of God himself acknowledging his beloved Son.'

The Evangelists do not state that 'a *sound* was heard which was *interpreted* as the *voice* of God,' but that 'a *voice* came from heaven, *saying*, This is my beloved Son.' The critic who repudiates the text of a narrative, and substitutes for it a version of his own, is bound to show that the historians are wrong and that he is right. There is not a syllable of the kind. This advocate for facts assumes the prerogative to reconstruct the Gospel story without one word of justification, and expects that we are to receive a modern fable in place of the testimony of the disciples of our Lord.

There is a still more signal instance of his system in his account of the temptation. He starts with the assertion that our Lord was not aware that he could perform miracles till he withdrew into the wilderness. The notion that Christ was hitherto ignorant of his own nature and endowments will be startling to those who believe the proclamation of his forerunner at the period of his baptism: 'No man hath seen God at any time; *the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.*'\* The argument which the author employs to establish his peculiar view of the facts is the weakest imaginable:—

'From the time of the temptation Christ appeared as a worker of miracles. We are expressly told by St. John that he had wrought none before, and all our authorities concur in representing him as possessing and using the gift after this time. We are to conceive him therefore as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers.'

Our Lord, he in effect reasons, wrought no miracles till he commenced his active ministry, and the proper occasion arose for working them. Therefore he could not have known previously that he was possessed of the gift.

'What is called Christ's temptation,' continues the author, 'is the excitement of his mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power.' He is represented as perplexed to determine how he should employ the new faculty, and this,

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\* John i. 18.

says the writer, 'is visibly the key to the whole narration.' He has no sooner advanced this statement than he proceeds to alter the narration in order to make it fit his visible key. The Evangelists relate that our Lord was tempted from without by the devil, and that the instant the temptations were offered they were spurned. The author of '*Ecce Homo*' maintains that the temptations were generated in the mind of our Lord himself, and that he passed through a stage of 'mental hesitation' before he subdued them. This violence done to the Gospel history will yet not suffice to resolve the whole series of temptations into the conflict 'caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power,' for there is no question of working miracles by our Lord when the devil shows him the kingdoms of the world, and says, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' But nothing baffles this critical weigher of facts. He boldly re-writes the version of the Evangelists, and accounts for their inferior knowledge of the circumstances by the supposition that when our Lord narrated the event to them he may probably have accompanied it with comments which they confounded with the incidents. In what way comments, intended to elucidate, were likely to have produced, in complete misapprehension, one of the most simple and circumstantial descriptions ever penned, we are no further informed than that 'we are perhaps to understand that Christ was tempted to do something which on reflection appeared to him equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit.' 'A vision of universal monarchy rose before him,' and the 'something' to which he was tempted was to employ supernatural 'force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom,'—a temptation which was not renounced without a 'struggle.' Such, we are to believe, is the correct substitute for the representation of the Evangelists that our Lord was solicited by the devil to worship him, and rejected the proposal with scorn. Conjecture is piled upon conjecture, and the sure foundation of Scripture is converted into a shifting sand, unsafe to stand upon. The process is employed in behalf of a lamentable theory. The doctrine that He who was perfect God and perfect man could admit the idea of taking wrongful courses, that he could entertain the temptation for a moment if it arose, that he could hesitate over a suggestion to adopt a method which 'was equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit,' is only consistent with some of the lower grades of Socinianism; and without pretending to guess at the creed of the writer of the treatise, we must be permitted to expose the inevitable consequences of his teaching.

The instances we have adduced are mainly cases in which the author has interpolated facts from his imagination, or avowedly  
modified

modified them to suit his purpose. His habit of misrepresenting them is quite as remarkable. He has some speculations, which contain the usual admixture of familiar truths with transparent errors, upon the conceptions the Jews entertained of the kingdom of their expected Messiah:—

‘Pilate,’ says the writer in the course of his exposition, ‘executed Christ on the ground that his kingdom was of this world; the Jews procured his execution precisely because it was not. . . . An eloquent teacher, gathering disciples around him in Jerusalem, and offering a new and devout interpretation of the Mosaic law, might have aroused a little spite, but not the cry of “Crucify him!” They did not object to the king, they did not object to the philosopher; but they objected to the king in the garb of the philosopher.’

In support of his position the author refers to the circumstance that Christ accepted the title of king on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and remarks that ‘this assumption of royalty was the ground of his execution.’ With reference to the end for which he produces it, the writer’s statement is incomplete. Until his last entry into Jerusalem our Lord did not openly acknowledge that he was a king. Those who sought his aid sometimes called him the son of David, but he never took the title, and commonly styled himself the Son of Man, or occasionally the Son of God. The general idea which the people had of him, even towards the close of his career, is seen in the reply of his disciples to his question, ‘Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?’ ‘And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.’\* The same account was given of him to Herod, and there was not a suggestion that he put forth regal pretensions.† After he had fed the five thousand with the loaves and fishes he ‘departed into a mountain alone’ for the express reason that he perceived ‘they would come and take him by force to make him a king.’‡ A public claim to the character would undoubtedly have been made the pretext of a charge before Pilate, and his hour was not yet come. No one will dispute the assertion of the author of ‘*Ecce Homo*’ that the Jews availed themselves gladly of the plea. The point at issue is whether he has given an honest description of the Gospel narrative when he affirms that they only desired to kill the prophet, or, as he calls him, ‘the philosopher,’ because Christ assumed to be both philosopher and king. Now, before any question respecting his royalty had arisen among the rulers, the ‘Pharisees held a council

\* Matt. xvi. 14.  
Vol. 119.—No. 238.

† Luke ix. 7-9.  
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‡ John vi. 15.  
against

against him how they might destroy him.\* And for what? 'They sought to slay him' because he had healed a man 'on the sabbath day,' and taught that it was no breach of the day 'to do well,' or, in other words, because he had offered that 'new and devout interpretation of the Mosaic law,' which the writer says 'might have aroused a little spite, but not the cry of Crucify him!' The crowning charge which our Lord brought against the Jews was that they were 'the children of them which killed the prophets,' and would 'fill up the measure of their fathers' in 'killing, scourging, and persecuting prophets, wise men, and scribes.'† In conformity with their usual spirit the true ground of their hatred to the Saviour, as we learn from himself, was that he testified that their works were evil.‡ So absolutely unfounded is the notion that the Jews had no disposition to put to death religious teachers as long as they presented themselves in that capacity alone. This is a sample of the common practice of the author of 'Ecce Homo.' In his ambition to be original he frames fallacious theories, and suppresses the facts which contradict them.

The larger part of the work is devoted to 'Christ's Legislation,' and the author commences with a grave misrepresentation of facts. A couple of chapters are occupied with the attempt to demonstrate that mankind are forbidden by our Lord to allow the prospect of future happiness, or, as the writer sometimes terms it, 'pleasure,' to be any motive to good conduct:

'Pleasure shall assuredly be ours, but in no extremity are we to make it our object.'—'Though self-surrender lead in general, though it lead infallibly to happiness, yet happiness is not its object.'—'Though by loving our neighbour and our enemy we shall win heaven, we are not to think of the heaven we shall win, we are to think of our neighbour and our enemy.' 'That pleasure is necessary for us, and yet that it is not to be sought,' is, he admits, a 'paradoxical position, and might, if it had been taken up by a philosopher, have been regarded as a subtlety which it would be impossible to act upon. But as a law laid down by a King and Master of mankind, every word of whom was treasured up and acted out with devotion, it has had a surprising influence upon human affairs.'

There is the difficulty that our King and Master has laid down a law directly the reverse:

'Scarcely once in the Sermon on the Mount,' says the author, 'does he inculcate self-sacrifice without a reference to the other side of the account,—to the treasures God has in store for those who despise the gold and silver of the earth.'

\* Matt. xii. 14; Mark iii. 6; Luke vi. 11; John v. 16.

† Matt. xxiii. 31-34.

‡ John viii.

This is resolved by the writer 'into a promise that those exceptional cases, in which virtue appears to lose its reward, shall prove in the end not to be exceptions.' The 'exceptional cases' would vitiate the principle maintained by the author of 'Ecce Homo,' but what we mainly wish to remark is, that his theory of 'exceptional cases' is in open contradiction to the language of our Lord, who held up future punishment as a motive to deter men from every species of sin, and future happiness as a motive to every species of goodness. The doctrine is found in its utmost generality in the Sermon on the Mount, to which the writer appeals: 'Whosoever shall break *one of these least commandments*, and shall teach men so, he shall be called *the least in the kingdom of heaven*; but whosoever shall *do and teach them*, the same shall be called *great in the kingdom of heaven*.'\* The Gospels and Epistles are too full of passages which reiterate the inducement, to render it necessary to quote them. The author of 'Ecce Homo' backs up his assertion on the nature of our Lord's teaching with the further assertion that, if we are actuated by the desire to secure our happiness, the 'self-surrender which Christ enjoins is simply impossible':

'A man,' he says, 'can no doubt do any specific acts, however painful, with a view to his ultimate interest. With a view to his ultimate interest, a man may fast, may impose painful penances on himself. . . . But can a man, with a view to his ultimate interest, in order that he may go to heaven, *love his enemies*?'

Our Lord will supply the answer: '*Love ye your enemies*, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and *your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest*.'† The motive is enjoined by our Lord in the precise instance which the writer selects for an extreme case to prove its impotence, and the simplicity of the Gospel knows nothing of the 'paradoxical position, which, taken up by a philosopher, might have been regarded as a subtlety impossible to act upon.' There is an intrinsic beauty in holiness, and men obey its dictates times out of number, without any thought of the promises; but there are times, again, when those promises restrain rebellious desires, stimulate failing resolves, and animate the heart with glorious hopes. Humanity cannot dispense with a motive deemed essential by our Lord; and the writer who denounces it strikes a blow at piety and virtue. Happiness is inherent in the nature of God, and it is no taint whatever to the purity of his servants, that they should labour for the purpose of participating in his happiness as well as in his holiness.

\* Matt. v. 19.

† Luke vi. 35.



The author defines the difference between the moral code of Christianity and the moral code of the Jews. The former he maintains was positive, and consisted in a constant endeavour to serve mankind; the latter was negative, and consisted in the endeavour to avoid injuring them :

‘The first Christians,’ he says, ‘had passed from a region of passive into a region of active morality. The old legal formula began *thou shalt not*; the new begins with *thou shalt*. The young man who had kept the whole law—that is, who had refrained from a number of actions—is commanded to do something, to sell his goods and feed the poor.’

This is perhaps the most singular specimen of misrepresentation in the volume. ‘Honour thy father and thy mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,’\* were two of the Commandments which the young man professed to have observed from his youth, and the assertion that he had kept the whole law by merely ‘refraining from a number of actions’ is a gross perversion of the facts. The four Commandments he had obeyed which commenced with ‘thou shalt not,’ were just as much binding under the Gospel as under the Law, and the author’s distinction entirely fails. He has no better success when he would have us imagine that the injunction to feed the poor was a peculiarity of the Gospel, for the duty had been enforced in the broadest language by Moses: ‘Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother, but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need in that which he wanteth. . . . For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land.’† This requirement, which was, in fact, included in the law of love to neighbours, the self-deceived young man had neglected to fulfil, and the allegation that he had kept the whole law is not to be reconciled with the Gospel narrative. Every one of the facts turns out to be a fiction, and the passage in which the author of ‘*Ecce Homo*’ continues his argument is of a piece with what precedes :

‘Condemnation passed under the Mosaic law upon him who had sinned, who had done something forbidden,—The soul that sinneth it shall die. Christ’s condemnation is pronounced upon those who had not done good: “I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat.” The sinner whom Christ habitually denounces is he who has done nothing.’

Our Lord ‘habitually denounced’ those ‘who had done something forbidden’ as well as those who did nothing: ‘The Son of Man

\* Matt. xix. 19.

† Deut. xv. 7, 8, 11.

shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire.\* The Mosaic code, in harmony with the Christian, condemned those who had not done good as well as those who did evil. The very passage in Ezekiel, from which the author of 'Ecce Homo' derived the expression 'the soul that sinneth it shall die,' is the counterpart of the language which he quotes from the discourse of our Lord, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat,' for the prophet enumerates among the acts which will cause a man to live, and of which the neglect will cause him to perish, 'that he shall have given his bread to the hungry, and covered the naked with a garment.'† 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen?' we read in Isaiah, 'to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?'‡ Pages might be filled with additional citations to demonstrate how thoroughly false is the distinction which the writer draws between the negative morality of the Old Testament, and the positive morality of the New. There is one short argument which might stand in the place of the rest, and which disposes at once, on the authority of Christ himself, of the pretence that *thou shalt not* was almost the exclusive characteristic of the Mosaic dispensation. Upon the two Commandments, Thou shalt love God, and Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, hung, says our Lord, all the law and the prophets,—the whole, without exception, hung upon two *shalls*, and the *shalt not*s were only a portion of the directions for fulfilling the end. In the face of these facts, the author can say of the Gospel,

'A new continent in the moral globe was discovered. Positive morality took its place by the side of negative. To the duty of not doing harm, which may be called justice, was added the duty of doing good, which may properly receive the distinctively Christian name of charity.'

He who delivered the morality of the Law was the same Divine being who delivered the morality of the Gospel, and to break up the unity, which, notwithstanding some differences, runs through both—to curtail and lower the primitive code—to convert it into a blank, heartless, selfish system—is to commit an outrage against revelation, and to undermine its foundations.

'If there be any other commandment,' writes St. Paul to the Romans, when speaking of the second table of the Law, 'it is

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\* Matt. xiii. 41.

† Ezekiel xviii. 7.

‡ Isaiah lviii. 6, 7.

briefly

briefly comprehended in this saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' The author of 'Ecce Homo' espouses the doctrine, and, after contending that the Jewish morality was negative, he, with curious inconsistency, maintains that the love of man to man—or, as he prefers to name it, the 'enthusiasm of humanity'—was the sum of the morality taught by our Lord. The writer descants upon it with his ordinary disregard of facts. He tells us that 'to love one's neighbour as oneself was, Christ said, the first and greatest law.' Our Lord, on the contrary, affirmed that 'the first and great commandment' was to love God.\* He called love for our neighbour the second, and, though he added that it was 'like unto the' first, or similar in its nature, he never placed the second above the first. The comment of the author accords with his altered text. He cites the words of our Lord, 'Except ye eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you,' and adds, 'What Christ meant by life is not now difficult to discover. It is that healthy condition of mind which issues of necessity in right action. This health of the soul we know Christ regarded as consisting in a certain enthusiasm of love for human beings as such.' He meant much more by 'life' than love of humanity. The primary source of life is the work of redemption resulting in the love of divinity. 'And this is *life eternal*, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.'† 'O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee,' exclaims our Lord at the conclusion of his address, and it required 'God to be in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' before 'the first and great commandment' could have proper sway. The author of 'Ecce Homo' has repeated in the body of the work the announcement in his Preface, and informs his readers in one of his chapters that he is not 'concerned at present with the relation of the Christian society to God and Christ.' He may consequently understand his assertions in some qualified sense; but, if he purposes hereafter to modify his doctrines, he is most reprehensible in stating absolutely that the 'life' imparted to the Christian 'by eating the flesh, and drinking the blood of the Son of Man,' is 'a certain enthusiasm of love for human beings.' Subsequent explanations cannot render language true which is inherently false, and the only effect in the interval must be to mislead the ignorant, and shock the enlightened.

The passage we have quoted occurs in the chapter on the 'Lord's Supper,' which is reduced to a symbol of the 'enthusiasm of humanity':

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\* Matt. xxii. 36-40.

† John xvii. 3.

'The union of mankind,' says the writer, 'but a union begun and subsisting only in Christ, is what the Lord's Supper sacramentally expresses.'

There is not a syllable to indicate that it had loftier objects, and a part throughout is put for the whole with uncompromising rigour. The comparison by which he seeks to convey a fitting idea of this most solemn rite would alone be revolting to reverent minds :

'If,' he says, 'it sounds degrading to compare the Christian communion to a club-dinner, this is not owing to any essential difference between the two things, but to the fact that the moderns connect less dignified associations with meals than the ancients did, and that most clubs have a far less serious object than the Christian society. The Christian communion *is* a club-dinner, but the club is the New Jerusalem. God and Christ are members of it, and death makes no vacancy in its lists; but at the banquet-table the perfected spirits of just men, with an innumerable company of angels, sit down beside those who have not yet surrendered their bodies to the grave.'

He, in another place, speaks of those persons who,

'when overwhelmed with the difficulties which beset their mind suddenly resolve to strive no longer, but rest content with saying that they believe, and acting as if they did,' and asks, 'Can there be such a disfranchised pauper-class among the citizens of the New Jerusalem?'

The best apology for the language is that it is worthy of the sentiment.

The author has a dissertation on the 'Law of Resentment,' and he is again at fault in his facts :—

'It is the custom to say,' he writes, 'that Christ died forgiving his enemies. True, no doubt it is, that he held the forgiveness of private enemies to be among the first of duties, and he did forgive the personal insults and barbarities that were practised upon him. But the legalists, whose crime was against the kingdom of God, the nation, and mankind, it does not appear that he ever forgave. The words of forgiveness uttered on the Cross refer simply to the Roman soldiers, for whom pardon is asked expressly, on the ground that they do not understand what they are doing. The words may even contain distinct allusion to that other class of criminals who *did* know what they were doing, and for whom therefore the same prayer was not offered.'

When St. Peter addressed the crowd of Jews which assembled at Solomon's Porch, he reproached them with their crucifixion of the Son of God. 'Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you, and killed the prince of life, whom God hath raised from the

the dead ;' but the accusation is immediately followed by the words, 'And now brethren I wot that *through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers.*'\* St. Peter, it was true, was only an Apostle, and the author of '*Ecce Homo*,' who forms his opinions independently of the conclusions of Apostles, may demur to his authority. All who listen to Apostles with reverence will admit that the testimony is decisive. The Jews had perpetrated a wicked deed, or there would have been no need to pray for their forgiveness ; but their ignorance, though heinously culpable, was real. They were not more enlightened than St. Paul, who 'ignorantly in unbelief verily thought with himself that he ought to persecute unto death the Church of God.' They never dreamt that they were crucifying the Messiah, but disbelieved that Jesus of Nazareth was he. 'He saved others,' they exclaimed in his agony, 'let him save himself *if he be Christ the chosen of God.*' 'If he be the King of Israel let him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God ; let him deliver him now if he will have him, for he said, I am the Son of God.'† The chief priests, the scribes, the elders, the people were there, reviling and taunting our Lord. In the midst of this awful scene of impiety and cruelty, the meek voice of the Redeemer is heard pronouncing the prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ;' and we are to believe that this comprehensive petition did not apply to the authors of his death, to the multitude of deluded mockers around him, but was limited to the heathen officials, who were compelled to obey the orders of the Roman governor. The sublime exemplification in our Lord's person of our Lord's precept, 'to pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you,' is deprived, by the petty interpretation of the author of '*Ecce Homo*,' of the reach and grandeur which taught the first martyr Stephen, in imitation of his Master, to cry out loudly with his dying breath, though those who stoned him were Jews and not Romans, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,' and which has taught myriads of martyrs since to look with compassion upon their destroyers, and plead for their pardon with God. Such a spirit shames the doctrine of a writer who argues that our Lord 'continued to the last to think of his murderers with anger,' and who tells us that he has urged his view of the law of resentment

'at some length, lest it should be supposed that Christianity is really the emasculate, sentimental thing it is sometimes represented to be.'

To us it seems that the loveliness and vitality of Christianity would be grievously enfeebled by the adoption of the spurious

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\* Acts iii. 14-17.

† Luke xxiii. 35 ; Matt. xxvii. 42.

version which has been substituted for the facts, and the triumphant power of the Gospel over human passions, its ability to raise mortals to a more than mortal height of heroism, is never displayed with greater force and beauty than when it inspires a Stephen to merge his sense of injury in anxiety for the welfare of his persecutors, and to pray that the sin of murderers, blinded by prejudice, may not be laid to their charge.

To refute all the errors which abound in '*Ecce Homo*' would be tedious and useless. Our object is to show the character of the work. The author claims to have studied the subject with especial regard to the facts, and he perverts the commonest particulars which lie on the surface of the Gospels. He writes with an affectation of philosophical depth, and numerous passages in his treatise exhibit either ignorance or defiance of the elementary principles which are familiar to children and peasants. He disguises every-day truths by a pomp of disquisition and a wordiness of style which darken what is simple instead of elucidating what is obscure. His diffuse phraseology is wanting in precision, and his ideas are often in the last degree vague, and sometimes contradictory. His performance is just the reverse of its pretensions, and is inaccurate, superficial, and unsound. Whatever may be his creed—which he has carefully concealed—his want of candour in dealing with his authorities, his presumption, and his rashness, deserve the severest censure. That his book should have obtained the suffrages of any members of the Church of England is melancholy evidence of their slight acquaintance with their faith and their Bibles. There are many persons who are alarmed at the activity of scepticism, and there can be nothing to prevent its diffusion with those who are not at the pains to inform themselves upon the substance of Christianity and the grounds upon which it is held. The shallowest theories and the flimsiest arguments find a ready reception in an empty mind, and their sole strength is in the weakness and credulity of their dupes. Happily, there is a vast body of educated men who are better informed, and while error is perpetually changing its form and is only born to die, the grand truths of Christianity are passed on with accelerated impulse from generation to generation. They were never more in the ascendant than now; and there is this good, at least, in the assaults of adversaries, that they promote inquiry and help to establish the revelation they were designed to overthrow.

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ART. IX.—1. *Electoral Returns : Boroughs and Counties*. Parliamentary Paper. London, 1866.

2. *Debate on the First Reading of the Reform Bill*. London, 1866.

3. *Parliamentary Reform*. By Edward J. Gibbs. London, 1866.

THE story about the live fish that could be put into a full jar of water without causing it to overflow, with which Charles II. puzzled the Royal Society, has lately been regarded as a myth, chiefly on account of the impossibility of attributing such extreme simplicity to so philosophical a body. Whether common repute did them injustice or not, it can hardly be asserted by the present generation that they were guilty of any incredible or unique absurdity. Several Cabinets and more than one House of Commons have become competitors for their fame. For nearly twenty years the question has been before Parliament, Why are the working-men, as a class, excluded from the franchise? It has been discussed at endless length, and with immeasurable warmth. It has split up parties, it has lifted up Governments and cast them down, it has torn asunder statesmen previously united by the closest ties, it has been the battle-cry of divisions, the ground of dissolutions, the subject-matter of innumerable pledges extorted from reluctant candidates by imperious Radicals;—in short, it furnishes the only clue to the almost inexplicable vicissitudes of party-struggles during the last sixteen years. At last it occurred to some original genius, as in the case of Charles II.'s fish, to enquire whether the exclusion, which politicians were expending so much ingenuity and animosity in denouncing or justifying, really was a fact or not. Lord Elcho, we believe, has the credit of first suggesting this seemingly elementary inquiry. But, like all great ideas in advance of the intelligence of those to whom they are unfolded, it was at first received with scorn. It was all nonsense, people said; for Lord Elcho to ask for a Commission; the exclusion of the working class was a matter of common notoriety. Mr. Bright had proclaimed it upon fifty platforms; it had been the theme of five Queen's speeches and four Government Reform Bills, besides a countless host of smaller abortions produced by private members: and it was ridiculous to suppose that so many authorities could be wrong.

However, Lord Elcho persevered with his demand: and more, apparently, to take a plea out of his mouth, than from any suspicion of the real state of the case, the Government resolved that a partial inquiry should take place. It is clear that they could not have expected that it would result in any reversal of pre-conceived notions: for at the same time that they set the inquiry on

on foot, they announced the measures to which they intended it should guide them. Before they proceeded to examine into the malady, they relieved the patient from embarrassing suspense by announcing what the remedy would be. It is easy to conceive that when the returns which they had ordered began to pour in, the consternation of the Government must have been extreme. In most cases, and under most leaders, the unexpected information would have produced not only a revulsion in feeling, but also a change of policy. But Reform had not been proposed to meet a public necessity, and was, therefore, not discredited by the proof that that necessity was imaginary. Grounds of pure policy never made men Reformers of the constitution in any country in which contentment is so general as it is in this. It is an insult to the intellect of the present Cabinet to suspect them of being influenced by a genuine belief that the quality either of our legislators or our legislation would be improved by admitting a needier class to the franchise. Nor, again, would it be fair to impute to them any sincere acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's dreamy sentimentalism. The considerations which have impelled them to the fatal step which may possibly be their ruin, have been of a far homelier character. The pressing necessity of purchasing by some concession the votes of the American school in the House of Commons was the first consideration with which Lord Russell had to deal when he succeeded to power. So long as the American war lasted, the path of the Government was smooth enough. Do what they would, Mr. Bright dared not unsettle them; for they might have been replaced by a Government which would have consulted English interests, rather than democratic sympathies, in its conduct towards the contending States of North America. Just as in 1860 and 1861 the reforming zeal of the Radicals was bought off by the sacrifice of the Paper Duty, so from 1861 to 1865 it was appeased by the sacrifice of the gallant Confederacy. But, with the fall of Richmond, Mr. Bright's heart was set at ease concerning the fate of the Government to which his true allegiance is given, and which he has represented in the House of Commons for so many years with such unflagging devotion. His tone changed at once. Even in September, in his letter to a friend at Bradford, he denounced those to whom he had given his vote in the confidence division of the previous year as the perpetrators of the greatest fraud of modern times. As long as Lord Palmerston was alive, it was less material to the Ministry whether Mr. Bright threw off his allegiance to them or not. The old man's enormous popularity was a sufficient shield to them. But the moment he was removed  
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by death they instinctively felt that the time had again come round for buying off once more their insatiable ally. This time there was nothing for it but to reproduce a Reform Bill. There remained no taxes to which he had a special aversion, no foreign crisis in which he took an absorbing interest. Accordingly, Mr. Gladstone tells us, they had no sooner lowered down their stout Anti-Reforming Chief into the earth, than they set about preparing themselves to pay the next instalment of the tribute which they were well assured would be immediately demanded by Mr. Bright. It is evident from the varying tone of his speeches, as one opinion or another gained the mastery in the Cabinet, and from the information which he was always able to give to his hearers as to the sentiments of different Members of the Cabinet, that his communication with them was close and constant. They seem to have shrunk at the last moment from admitting him into it, as was at one time intended. But he has exercised over their decisions a greater influence than would have been exerted by any one inside it. The form of the measure was the most important question for those who looked mainly to a Parliamentary triumph. Mr. Bright, almost alone among Reformers, entertained the view that the franchise question ought to be dealt with independently of any proposals for the redistribution of seats. That, contrary to the tradition of all former Reform Bills, and to the views of all other Reformers, this particular plan was followed in the construction of the Reform Bill, is sufficient to establish the real parentage of the measure.

Men who came in this spirit to their task were not likely to pay much heed to statistics. Indeed, it needs no proof that a resolution taken in November could not have been taken with much regard to statistics, which were to be procured by the end of February. The only use to which the returns could be applied was to furnish arguments for a predetermined theory; and Mr. Gladstone must have mentally echoed the Frenchman's ejaculation, '*Tant pis pour les faits!*' when he found how little they were adapted for the use for which he had destined them. To those, however, who look upon the proposal to change the ruling class of England as something of more importance than a mere party struggle, these returns will furnish matter of the deepest interest. They are, indeed, terribly defective. All the conclusions based upon them must be to some extent precarious, because there are gaps in their figures which can only be bridged over by conjectural computations. Still, such as they are, they have a value which no other statistics upon the same subject can boast. They furnish a glimpse of a country hitherto wholly unexplored. They tell us something definite about the working  
man,

man, of whom we have hitherto heard so much that is declamatory and vague. They lift up just one corner of the veil which hides from us the future destiny of this country when a Reform Bill shall have passed. They furnish the first answer that has been given, though it is still faltering and indistinct, to the question that has been so often asked, and has always been asked in vain,—Who are the rulers to whom our submission is to be transferred, and on whose pleasure our future fate is to depend?

Unfortunately these statistics, so far as they are of any value, only extend over one portion of the wide area which it is proposed that Reform legislation should cover. In respect to the boroughs, some kind of trouble has been taken to make the information perfect; and Mr. Lambert, to whose care was entrusted the administrative duty of collecting and preparing the returns for which the Government determined to ask, deserves every praise for the care and skill with which his task has been performed. Even in the borough returns, however, several highly important links are wanting. But in framing the scheme of the county returns, the Government appears to have been guided by no other desire than that of decorously filling the pages of their Blue-book with a sufficient array of figures. No effort has been made to ascertain the social position either of those who at present have the suffrage, or of those who under any conceivable form of franchise are likely to possess it. There is no information as to the nature of the large freeholding constituency—no intimation how far it is to be ranged with the middle or the lower class, or assigned to the rural or the urban interest. No attempt is made to divide the 50% occupiers who live in towns from those who live in agricultural districts. But if the information with respect to the existing constituency is imperfect, it is ample in comparison with that which is vouchsafed to us concerning the constituency that is to be. An elaborate table has been prepared, showing the numbers that would be added to the present electoral body if a ten pound, or a twelve pound, or a fifteen pound, or a twenty pound franchise were adopted in counties. But there is no hint whatever of the results that would follow if the fourteen pound franchise which has been proposed by the Government were adopted. The Minister who prepared the order for these returns appears never to have dreamed of so eccentric a proposition. It has been demanded by nobody; it has been suggested in none of the countless schemes for the reconstruction of the House of Commons which have appeared in Parliament or in the press. Mr. Gladstone seems to have worked it out arithmetically. Auguste Comte's mind was deeply infected with the idea of constructing institutions  
according

according to certain numerical relations ; and the present Ministry appear to have been studying his philosophy. The borough franchise is placed at seven pounds because it is the exact arithmetical mean between the proposal of Mr. Walpole, who was in favour of eight pounds, and of Mr. Bright, who has been pressing for six ; or, symbolically,

$$b = \frac{\text{Bright} + \text{Walpole}}{2}$$

The county franchise is ascertained with equal facility. Mr. Walpole has proposed twenty pounds for the county franchise. Mr. Bright has proposed ten pounds. Then

$$\frac{\text{Walpole}}{\text{Bright}} \times \text{borough franchise} = \text{county franchise.}$$

Unless the Ministry had resorted to pitch and toss, it was impossible for them to have fixed their franchise upon a simpler principle. But the result of their having followed their formula with such mathematical precision is that the figures collected to illustrate the Reform Bill have no connexion with the franchise which it proposes.

To a great extent therefore we are in the dark as to the mere number of the addition which Mr. Gladstone proposes to make to the county constituency. The figures which he gave in his speech were founded on his own conjectures, and did not represent facts officially ascertained. Nor again had any pains been taken to discover to what class these additional votes, whatever their numbers, will belong. Mr. Gladstone assumes that they will belong to the middle-class. But how he arrived at that satisfactory assurance he does not tell us. It may have been supernaturally revealed to him : he may have evolved it from his inner consciousness, as Schelling used to evolve what he called his facts in chemistry and geology ; but assuredly he did not obtain them from the statistics collected so elaborately, and laid before Parliament so ostentatiously. There is another point yet about these added county voters upon which the Government do not even profess to give information. Do they, in truth, belong to the county or to the town ? Any one casting his eye over the Census Returns for this country will see that large numbers of the population, who for electoral purposes are included in the counties, are thoroughly urban in their character. All the counties which contain great centres of population within their borders have to struggle with a disadvantage of this kind ; for though most of the great towns themselves are taken out of the county, and return members of their own, they are always surrounded by widely extending suburbs which, in character, belong to them wholly, but which are separated from them for electoral

electoral purposes by an arbitrary line. Thus Stratford goes far to swamp the representation of South Essex; Chelsea and Kensington and the northern suburbs of London make Middlesex little better than a metropolitan borough; while Woolwich and Wandsworth seriously modify the balance of parties in the western division of Kent and in the county of Surrey. A similar influence is exercised in the North by manufacturing towns, such as Darlington, Burnley, and Staleybridge, and numerous others, which, being of comparatively recent growth, have as yet obtained no special representation.

Combined with the influence of the freeholders, who, though their qualification lies inside the boroughs, possess yet a vote for the county by virtue of it, this state of things places the rural interest in the counties in a position of serious disadvantage. Their representation is becoming less and less rural in its character, and growing to be but a pale copy of that of the towns. London, Brighton, and the great seats of manufacturing industry, in addition to their own members, are coming to have an influence over the representation of the counties to which they belong which is most unjust to the agricultural population. The case is well put in Mr. Gibbs's able pamphlet:—

‘It is usual to say that in the country districts 70,000 people, and in the boroughs 25,000 people have a member—that a million people in the towns return thirty-nine members, and a million people in the country only fourteen members. It is concluded from this that the towns are nearly three times as well represented as the rural districts. But this is only half the truth. The 25,000 people in the towns not only return their own member, but have a large and yearly increasing share in the county member. The thirty-nine borough members represent a million people who are to a man townspeople, the fourteen county members represent partly the rural population, but also to a very great extent the townspeople over again. Looking at this double voting, it is tolerably clear that the inhabitants of parliamentary boroughs have, in proportion to population, not three times only but four or five times the weight in the legislature that is given to country districts and unrepresented towns.’

But the land is not sufficiently crippled yet in the eyes of the Radicals; and therefore it is proposed, by reducing the occupation franchise further, to make the urban populations more completely masters of the counties. The rural voters will not be largely increased, for small holdings of agricultural land are not common in this country; but the voters out of the unrepresented towns, and from the suburban fringes of the larger boroughs, will come in in troops. The balance will be utterly destroyed. For electoral purposes, county will only become a name for a less compact kind of borough. It is

not

not much justice that agricultural interests now receive from a Parliament chiefly composed of borough members. It is owing to no other cause than the inferiority of their numbers that they must submit to be taxed upon principles which the other classes of the community have successfully resisted. The extreme injustice which the counties suffer in the apportionment of the representation is far the most flagrant anomaly of our present system ; but it is one that Reformers generally find it convenient to ignore. The following figures will show how great this disproportion is :—

BOROUGHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.			COUNTIES.		
Population.	Electors.	Members.	Population.	Electors.	Members.
9,326,709	514,026	331	11,427,655	542,633	159

We have already pointed out how deeply the injustice is aggravated by the intrusion of urban votes even into this scanty representation. But if what remains of the county representation is to be taken from the rural districts by a new inroad of townspeople, they will be erased from the political register altogether. They would cease to constitute an element of political power of sufficient importance to claim even a respectful consideration from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The weight of his hand falls ever upon the weakest. The poll-book is a foreshadowing of the budget. Woe to the interest which fails at the elections when the annual adjustment of financial burdens takes place. Office is the blue ribbon, the mere decoration, that awaits a victory at the polling-booth ; but it is the budget that distributes the substantial booty. For twenty years the landed interest has been in a minority ; and for twenty years, while financial changes have brought relief to every other industry, agriculture alone has not benefited by one single change that has been made. The country gentlemen will naturally draw their inferences from these patent facts, and, by the light of their past experience, will have little difficulty in casting the horoscope of their class if such a measure as Mr. Gladstone's should ever become law.

With respect to the boroughs the case is a good deal clearer. The information given, though still fragmentary, is extensive. We do not know exactly how many of the artisan class the future borough constituency may contain ; but we do know how many it contains at present, and we can form an estimate, rough and imperfect, but probably approximate, of the numbers of that class it will include when it is enlarged. There are two difficulties in the calculation, which are due to the defective plan of the statistics. We know how many seven pound occupiers there are in each borough, and we also know that those who inhabit houses  
of

of value between ten pounds and seven pounds belong almost exclusively to the artisan class. But there are two material points which we do not know. Certain causes of incapacity—non-residence, non-payment of rates, receipt of relief, employment by the Government, composition by landlord—do in the existing constituency reduce the number upon the register considerably below that of the actual occupiers of houses of the value of ten pounds. It is not, however, safe to calculate the deduction for the new constituency upon the average percentage furnished by the experience of the old, inasmuch as one of the most potent causes of incapacity—the non-payment of rates—is abolished by the Bill. Again in several boroughs a number of working men who live in houses of value between ten pounds and seven pounds are already on the register in the capacity of freemen. They must clearly be deducted from the number of working men whom the new measure will add to the constituencies. But unfortunately their number is absolutely uncertain, and no effort has been made to remove our ignorance upon this head. These, then, are two items of deduction to be made from the number of the seven pound occupiers whom the Bill will add to the register, and whom we may look on as a pure reinforcement of working men. But the uncertain elements do not appear only upon one side of the account. No estimate whatever is furnished of the number of working men whom the lodger franchise, the repeal of the rate-paying clauses, and the enfranchisement of compound householders will add to the electoral body in each borough. These numbers, however, must be very large, and will bring an addition to the strength of the working class more than sufficient to outweigh any deduction from it due to the causes we have specified. Mr. Gibbs, in a letter to the 'Times' of March 31st, states that the constituency of Birmingham, with which he is acquainted, will be doubled by the operation of these provisions, and that the new Bill will more than double the borough constituencies. His authority is as good, probably, as any that can be obtained upon a point that is purely conjectural. It would be very desirable that accurate information should be obtained of the exact value of all these items, whether of addition or of deduction. But in the mean time the safest course is to treat them as balancing each other, and to strike them out of both sides of the account. Such a mode of computation is much more favourable to the Government than that of Mr. Gibbs, and by adopting it we shall certainly not be overrating the strength of the artisan contingent that is to be added to the constituencies.

Disturbing elements, then, being struck out on both sides, we may assume that the number of seven pound occupiers is identical

tical with the number of working men that are to be added. The following will then be the list of boroughs in England and Wales in which the working-men will be absolute masters of the representation :—

Boroughs.	Percentage of Working Class.	No. of Mem- bers.	Boroughs.	Percentage of Working Class.	No. of Mem- bers.
1 Beaumaris ..	52	1	41 Marlow ..	51	2
2 Beverley ..	60	2	42 Monmouth ..	52	1
3 Birkenhead ..	57	1	43 Newark ..	54	2
4 Birmingham ..	59	2	44 Newcastle-under-		
5 Bridgewater ..	64	2	Lyme ..	61	2
6 Bristol ..	52	2	45 Newcastle-on-		
7 Bolton ..	58	2	Tyne ..	52	2
8 Bury ..	53	1	46 Newport ..	54	2
9 Cambridge ..	52	2	47 Northampton ..	68	2
10 Canterbury ..	59	2	48 Nottingham ..	56	2
11 Cardiff ..	51	1	49 Oldham ..	69	2
12 Carmarthen ..	51	1	50 Oxford ..	56	2
13 Chatham ..	67	2	51 Pembroke ..	67	1
14 Cheltenham ..	52	1	52 Peterborough ..	60	2
15 Chester ..	54	2	53 Preston ..	60	2
16 Colchester ..	57	2	54 Portsmouth ..	64	2
17 Coventry ..	80	2	55 Reigate ..	56	1
18 Derby ..	62	2	56 Rochester ..	59	2
19 Devonport ..	52	2	57 Rye ..	55	1
20 Dover ..	50	2	58 Salford ..	65	1
21 Dudley ..	57	1	59 Scarborough ..	56	2
22 Durham ..	50	2	60 Shrewsbury ..	50	2
23 Gateshead ..	53	1	61 Sheffield ..	58	2
24 Greenwich ..	66	2	62 Southampton ..	56	2
25 Guildford ..	55	2	63 South Shields ..	54	1
26 Hastings ..	50	2	64 Southwark ..	59	2
27 Haverfordwest ..	50	1	65 Stafford ..	69	2
28 Hertford ..	52	2	66 Stoke ..	61	2
29 Hull ..	53	2	67 Sunderland ..	55	2
30 Hythe ..	50	1	68 Swansea ..	56	1
31 St. Ives ..	66	1	69 Tamworth ..	50 +	2
32 Lancaster ..	54	2	70 Walsall ..	68	1
33 Leicester ..	56	2	71 Warrington ..	55	1
34 Lincoln ..	57	2	72 Westbury ..	62	1
35 Liverpool ..	50	2	73 Wigan ..	60	2
36 Macclesfield ..	51	2	74 Winchester ..	55	2
37 Maidstone ..	63	2	75 Wolverhampton ..	68	2
38 Maldon ..	64	2	76 Worcester ..	61	2
39 Manchester ..	65	2	77 Yarmouth ..	50 +	2
40 Marlborough ..	50	2			

Total number of members in whose constituencies the working men would have a majority, 133.

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The result will be that in about two-fifths of the existing boroughs of England and Wales working men will be in a majority. Considering their power of combination, their ignorance of economical laws, their strong taste for the despotism of numbers, this result is far from reassuring, even if it went no further. A very slender reinforcement from theorists of the upper or middle class, or any slight freak of fortune, might place them in absolute command of the boroughs. Of their position in the counties it is difficult to speak with certainty. The forty-shilling freehold costs about fifty pounds; and to judge from the enormous sums which the working classes are able to collect whenever they are on strike, it is probable that a very large number of them have accumulated savings which do not fall far short of that amount. How large their influence in counties is or is likely to become we have obtained no statistics from the Government to tell us, and therefore we are incapable of accurately judging.

But even these calculations do not represent the full danger to which the balance of the Constitution is exposed. Every calculation is merely provisional until the Bill for redistributing seats has been produced. No one can tell how far the new county franchises will overwhelm the rural interest until we know how many unrepresented towns and suburbs are to be taken out of the county representation. No one can tell how many boroughs will return members elected purely by the working class until we know what boroughs are to return members at all. We have been told nothing as to the views of the Government in reference to the question of redistribution; we know still less what will ultimately be the view of Parliament. Mr. Bright, in the only Reform Bill he ever produced, proposed to transfer to larger constituencies no less than ninety-six of the seats which under this Bill would remain to the upper and middle classes. He appears to be keeper of the conscience of the Government; and if, in their scheme of redistribution, they follow him as faithfully as they have hitherto done, it is needless to point out how overwhelming will be the preponderance of the working class in the boroughs. But here again we are left to pure conjecture. This time it is not from the ignorance of those who should enlighten us. The Government, of set purpose, withhold the information which they have in their hands. They require the House of Commons to work out this political problem, and they refuse to it and to the country the most important of the elements upon which its solution depends. It seems impossible to conceive a more hopeless calculation than that which we are called upon to make. Elaborate data have been furnished us, difficult



to master, and insufficient, when we have them, to support any reliable conclusion. But for the sum we have to do these data are simply worthless; they might as usefully have remained among the archives of the department that compiled them. The one and only thing we know with certainty concerning the future structure of the House of Commons is that it will not be founded upon the state of things which these statistics portray. Be the balance between town and country, lower class and middle class, what it may, no sagacity can discover it from the statistics of constituencies of which a quantity quite uncertain is to be destroyed in order to be replaced by substitutes absolutely unknown. Whigs as well as Conservatives could hardly do otherwise than rebel at a plan of legislation at once so humiliating and so unsafe. In the smallest matters no one is fond of unlimited liability. Men do not willingly embark on an enterprise without knowing the chances on both sides. They do not undertake contracts of which they do not know the subject matter, vouch for statements of which they have not seen the wording, nor sign deeds of which the contents are hidden from them. But any of these follies would shine out as wise and far-seeing proceedings compared with the infatuation of consenting to alter the ancient constitution of a mighty empire by enactments of which the most experienced of those who vote for them cannot even distantly guess at the result.

Mr. Gladstone, however, sturdily declines to furnish any more statistics. Like a burnt child he dreads the fire. He has had enough of statistics; he weakly made a concession last autumn to the cry for information, which he would now gladly recall, and consented to the collection of a volume of figures, which, imperfect as it is, has already struck a deadly blow at his Bill, and bids fair to upset his Ministry. He is fond himself of the Rule of Three, and loses no opportunity of impressing its value on the House of Commons; and, by its aid, he has no doubt already worked out in his head the answer to the question: 'Given a Ministry jeopardised, and six Whig magnates alienated, by one volume of statistics; what will be the result of half-a-dozen?' So far as he is concerned, he is resolved that the answer to that question shall remain a matter of calculation, and not become a matter of experience; therefore he prefers to urge any argument, no matter how puerile, rather than yield another inch to the demand for more accurate information. He even condescends to urge on us that we ought not to count those whom he proposes to admit, because they are 'fellow-Christians and our own flesh and blood.' It does not appear to have occurred to him that this

novel

novel qualification for the elective franchise will admit every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, with the solitary exception of the unlucky Jews. It seems, however, to be on the strength of this consanguinity and fellow-Christianity suffrage that the House of Commons is to be asked to take its 'leap in the dark' on the 12th of this month. If it looks for better arguments to encourage it in venturing upon this great experiment, it does not seem likely to obtain them.

It is, in truth, the absolutely experimental character of this undertaking which brings into the strongest relief the imprudence of the course which is now urged upon the House of Commons. Even in enterprises which have often been undertaken before, and of which the conditions are well known, men do not ordinarily put any important interests to hazard, without procuring all the available information that can be necessary for their guidance. The most experienced seamen upon the best known sea will not willingly set out without lead, or chart, or compass. If the operation of placing supreme power in the hands of the poorest section of the community had been a common one in the history of the world, and had often been performed with success, the House of Commons would still be justified in asking for the most abundant information on the subject before it moved a step. But there are no such precedents to encourage us in this case. The experiment is absolutely new. The ancient republics are put out of the question by the existence of slavery, which acted as a very effective restriction of the franchise. In modern times the United States and our own Colonies are the only instances in which supreme political power has been given to the masses upon any considerable scale. In them the experiment is for the most part so recent as to furnish little ground for inductive reasoning. We know little of the result of the experiment as yet, and what little we know is far from reassuring. But this at least we know, that the experience of a new country, blessed with a boundless expanse of unoccupied land, is no guide for an older country in which that happy period of national infancy has long gone by. The great danger of democracy is, that it places supreme power in the hands of those who may be misled by hunger into acts of folly or of wrong. In an old country, no excellence of institutions can ensure that such periods of maddening want shall not occasionally occur. Where the bounty of Nature is wellnigh exhausted, and multitudes exist upon no other resource than the prosperity of trade, it must be that sometimes that one precarious resource will fail. When such periods of distress do come, it is vain to hope that argument will restrain hungry

hungry men from relieving their own and their children's misery by any measures which the institutions of their country give them power to take. But there can be no danger of this kind in countries where unexhausted natural wealth makes it impossible that large multitudes should ever be in want, except through their own misconduct, for any length of time.

The examples, therefore, of Washington and Melbourne, even if their political condition were far more inviting than it is, are not relevant to our case. Whatever they may do, the fact will still remain the same for us, that no old country of any considerable population has ever yet abandoned political supremacy to the working class. If we do it, it may be right or wrong, wise or foolish: but at all events we shall be doing something of which the world never heard before. It is a new thing in the history of man. We may guess *à priori* as to what the results will be; but until we have tried, we can only speak of them hypothetically, as men discuss the nature of the country in the centre of Australia, or the state of the temperature at the top of the Himalayas. And the nervous part of the experiment is, that if it does not answer it can never be undone. It is an experiment made once for all. If it fails, other lands may study and profit by our error; but to us nothing will be left except hopeless remorse. We shall be in the condition of the Prussian doctor who ate trichinose bacon in order to prove that the disease was a chimæra. His courageous experiment has been of great service to the rest of mankind, by establishing the reality of the danger of which he was warned in vain. But this involuntary benefit to his species probably comforted him little when he was dying in agonies.

Before, then, we take this tremendous plunge it is reasonable that we should inquire, by the aid of the little light that *à priori* reasoning can shed, what its results are likely to be. It is natural that the House of Commons should ask whether the new arrangement will give to the working class a power absolutely without restraint; and, if it does so, what use they will probably make of it? It is idle for Mr. Gladstone to tell us that they are fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood, and so forth. The depositaries of absolute power have often been fellow-Christians, and have generally been composed of flesh and blood akin to that of those over whom they ruled. The Emperor Paul, Robespierre, Ferdinand of Naples, were all baptised, and all of the same race as their subjects: but those circumstances did not make the absolute power which had been lodged in their hands less of a calamity to their fellow-men. It is not likely that the particular misdeeds of these monsters will ever find any parallel on English soil:

soil : but men can keep at a very respectful distance from these great archetypes of wickedness and yet be the authors of a very fair quantity of wrong and ruin. If Mr. George Potter, and his like, are to rule us absolutely, it seems natural to ask for some better security that he will be a beneficent despot than the certainty that he is an Englishman, and the probability that he is a Christian.

What the working men would do if they came to have an actual preponderance in such a country as this is difficult to prophesy, because, in point of fact, they have never been placed in such a position before. We can only dimly guess by the conduct they have pursued in their present position. The inference is not conclusive, because power changes much in the nature of men, and according to their characters develops in them a recklessness of passion, or a zeal for their duty, never traceable before. They may prove, when they are clothed with their new powers, much better or much worse than we can now forecast. It is one of the gravest evils of this desperate venture that even the amplest information will not reveal to us all the risks that wait upon a change never fully tried before. But it is at all events worth while to make use of all the knowledge we now possess, and see if the light it throws on the path along which we are being hurried discloses a prospect fitted to console and cheer us on. The first thing which the friends of this Bill tell us is, that the working class will not act politically *en masse*. This goes to the root of the matter : for if they do not act together their preponderance will be neutralized. But it is so important a point that we cannot be content to take it on the unsupported assertions of Professor Fawcett and Mr. Arthur Peel. We had rather ask what they do now ; and draw our estimate of their tendencies from their own actions, and not from the panegyrics of their friends. Do they act *en masse* at the present moment ? Professor Fawcett tells us that they do not go entirely with the Liberal party ; and that many of them were very enthusiastic upon the question of going to war for Poland, and upon several other equally important points, in respect to which they were at issue with the advanced Liberals. Other speakers declared that they were frequently divided in opinion upon questions of foreign policy. But no one was bold enough to assert that they were divided in opinion in matters upon which their pecuniary interests were concerned. Probably no class in this country, or in any other, have ever exhibited such a perfect party discipline, or so well drilled a contempt for ruin and hunger incurred by obedience to their elected chiefs. The spectacle of the Trades' Unions, and of what they can do  
and

and suffer, has not been lost upon employers of labour. It has effected a profound modification of political opinion upon this question of Reform. Mere exhibitions of ignorance on the part of the working men, or even of ill-will toward their superiors, such as those with which politicians were familiar thirty or forty years ago, would not have produced misgivings so serious as the steady, well-matured action of these exacting and despotic organisations. There is something appalling in the severity of the sacrifices which these combinations demand from the workmen over whom they claim to rule, in the readiness with which their commands are usually received, and the deadly promptitude with which punishment is measured to the daring offender who disobeys. He may be commanded to leave a good master, to squander the savings of years, to watch in idleness while his wife and children starve, though work at good wages is within the reach of his hand; but he may not accept it. He must obey, though the policy pursued by his Union be one that he disapproves, and though it be enforced by men whose motives and character he despises. If he rebel, he knows well that there is no limit to the vengeance which his fellow-workmen will inflict upon him, except their power. The barbarous assassinations with which this illegal tyranny has been enforced in Sheffield and other manufacturing towns within a very recent period, are unhappily too notorious. It may be justly urged, indeed, that the artisans of the whole kingdom ought not to be made responsible for the crimes of a few localities, and the Trades' Unions in most places have undoubtedly shrunk from this terrible corollary upon their assumed dominion over their class. But short of this extreme, no limit is placed to the ferocity with which the rebellious 'knobstick' is persecuted. He is not only driven forth from the society of his class, but every effort is made to reduce him to pauperism. If he tries to find work with a master who is accessible to the threats of the Union, every workman in his employ throws up his work, and remains on strike till the offender is dismissed; and if there be any brisk demand or heavy contract to be fulfilled, the master generally prefers to make his peace cheaply with the Union, by driving the outcast forth upon the world again. If the master is obstinate, or the slackness of trade deprives a strike of its terrors, then the knobstick is waylaid on his road to and from his work, insulted, hustled, and maltreated, as far as the appointed executioners of the decrees of the Union think that they can go without incurring legal punishment. Occasionally, in the ardour of their task, they overstep this line, and then the existence of this systematic  
tyranny

tyranny is brought under the public eye in the shape of a case at the police court.

It is not the moral guilt of these proceedings that gives them their peculiar bearing upon the question of the extension of the suffrage. Injustice as great, and social tyranny as oppressive, might be found abundantly in the conduct of individuals in every class of society. It is not the criminality, but the tremendous power of these associations which gives them momentous interest in a crisis like the present. The fearful sacrifice which their leaders exact, and the implicit obedience of their members, indicate a vigour and tenacity of combination of which associations of the middle and upper classes are utterly destitute. Armed with political privileges, these organisations would wield a power against which no other political influence could make head. The power of any organised body of men depends upon the fidelity with which they obey their leaders. Even if the numbers on both sides were equal, the working men will always have the best of it, because the obedience to which they have been trained in their Unions far exceeds the obedience which in the ranks above them any one Englishman will pay to any other. Of all the arguments that can possibly be used to reconcile us to the preponderance of the working men in the constitution, the plea that they will not act *en masse* is the most absurd that can be devised. They act *en masse* with a success which no class or order of men not bound together by religious ties has ever succeeded in attaining to before.

But then we are told that these organisations exist only to secure the private interest of their members, and would never be applied to political purposes. It may be so; but the mere assurance of those who have a controversial interest in making it, is not sufficient to dispose of all apprehensions upon this head. Certain it is that at a time when Mr. Bright had not awakened to the necessity of keeping in the background the probable results of working-class supremacy, he looked with complacency upon the idea of using the Trades Unions as engines of political agitation. The language he used at Birmingham, towards the beginning of the last parliament, shows that in his eyes the machinery of the Trades Unions was perfectly applicable to the purposes of politicians :—

‘ Working men have associations; they can get up formidable strikes against capital, sometimes it may be upon real and sometimes upon fancy grievances, sometimes for things that are just, sometimes for things that are impossible. They have associations, trade societies, organisations, and I want to ask them why it is that all these various organisations

organisations throughout the country could not be made use of for the purpose of obtaining their political rights.\*

We may assume he did not recommend to his followers a mode of agitation which was impracticable or absurd. He knows enough of them to know what they can do and what they cannot. We have his testimony that the vast organisation of the Trades Unions, which is becoming wider and more powerful every day, may be applied without difficulty to the purpose of obtaining whatever the working men may deem to be their 'political rights.' If they do not, then, act *en masse*, it will be no fault of Mr. Bright's. And countless other agitators will take up his advice, and will repeat it for objects from which he himself would recoil. Everywhere the maxim will be pressed on the working men that union is power, and that their political desires can only be obtained by rigorous obedience. And gradually the teaching will work into their minds, and they will accept it. When they do accept it, we may be certain, from all that we have seen of their proceedings, that they will follow it out with all the fearless self-sacrifice, and all the reckless disregard for the rights of others which they have hitherto shown in their battles with their employers. Every other tie that binds them will be broken, every other motive that might restrain or deaden their zeal will be resolutely given up, every consideration of personal interest, or convenience, or affection, or esteem will be ruthlessly put aside. Have they not abandoned all these things at the bidding of their leaders for the sake of extorting a trifling increase of pay from some small number of employers? and will they not do that, and more also, to win the far higher prizes that may be wrung from the nation at large?

Take, upon the authority of Mr. Bright, that the Trade Union mechanism can be worked to secure a political result, and it is not difficult to conceive the plan of tactics that will be adopted. The working class will have a majority of the boroughs absolutely at their disposal; and even in those boroughs in which they will not be supreme, they will still be an important and powerful interest. In every borough a working man's Political Union will be established in connexion with the principal Trade Unions. It will be established and maintained by those mechanics who form a constant per centage, though not a large one, among the working men—who take a keen interest in politics, and are usually the most restless, worthless, and noisy of their class.

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\* Speech of Mr. Bright at Birmingham, Jan. 6, 1860.

Antecedently, one might hope that the working men would be so sensible to be governed by these busybodies; but the deplorable experience of the Trades Unions demonstrates past controversy how enormous is the influence for evil which men of this stamp possess. They would be all-powerful in the Political Union as they now are in the Trades Unions. On general political questions it might be that these Unions and Political Unions would be agreed neither among themselves nor with each other. But upon questions which affect the pecuniary interest of the working men they would work together against the classes above them with all the unanimity they now show in working together against individual employers. The artisan force would be handled in the conduct of elections as they are now handled in the conduct of strikes, with as much promptitude of action and as much exactness of drill. The whole body of artisan voters would be turned over from one candidate to another at a given order, just as they now, like one man, leave the work of an employer or a set of employers at a given signal. The fate of a dissident artisan who dared to give his vote for the wrong man would be exactly what the fate of a 'knobstick' is now. In Sheffield and other towns of the North, he would find cans of unpowder hidden under his hearthstone, or have a bottle of nitriol thrown into his face as he walked the streets. In the milder South he would be cast out like a leper from the society of his class, and by the exertion of terrorism upon employers driven out of every employment he might enter. Either way the number of dissentients would be very small; for if they now yield to the pressure of their Unions in questions of strike, where obedience is often utter ruin, how much more readily would they yield in political disputes, where there would be nothing to be sacrificed except a principle or a friend. On the other hand, unless the nature of the working class undergoes sudden metamorphosis, it is equally certain that such pressure will be pitilessly applied. The Trades Unions and their agents have done these things systematically, when the only object in view was such extra wages as the employers could afford to give. What is to make them less bold, less dexterous, less unscrupulous, where the national treasury, or the rights of property belonging to the whole middle and upper class are the objects of 'loot'? No such political organisation exists at this moment, for the very good reason that it would do no service to the views of the Trades Unions, but rather harm. In the present distribution of political power, any such attempt would alarm other classes, without effecting any practical result. It would be very different when the  
demagogues



demagogues of the Unions knew that political supremacy was within their reach, if they but stretched forth their hands to seize it. They only attempt what is in their power; they do not waste strength or influence upon impracticable enterprises. If we wish to know how they would behave in a state of things which made them politically predominant, we must look to their conduct, not in political disputes, where they are at present feeble, but in trade disputes, where they know their power. As they use their strength, now, in one field, so would they use it then, in another.

What might in such a case be the objects of their efforts it is difficult to predict. That they would ultimately be more practical than the objects set forth by some of their orators at recent meetings may be readily granted. When they came actually into possession of political power they would probably convince themselves, sooner or later, that wages could not be raised by Act of Parliament. How much injustice and oppression would be committed before that salutary lesson had been learnt—how far trade would be paralysed and capital driven from the country would, of course, depend on the rapidity or the reluctance with which the prejudices which they entertain at the present moment were abandoned. But their desires may be confined to the most purely practical objects, and yet they may not cease to be mischievous to the nation and absolutely destructive to some classes in it. There are two points in respect to which a Government representing purely or mainly the lower class would have interests at variance—or which at least would seem to them to be at variance—with those of the classes who even in the most moderate degree are the owners of wealth. One of them is taxation and the expenditure of it; the other is the disposition of landed property. Upon both these points Mr. Bright has taken great pains to impress upon the masses to whom it is now proposed to transfer the representation that they have special interests to serve by a violent change of policy. In regard to taxation he has advocated the scheme of the gentlemen who call themselves Financial Reformers. According to their plan, taxes are to be levied solely on fixed property, and taxes on fixed property will fly entirely above the heads of the mass of the seven-pound voters. Unless human nature is strangely altered by some miraculous attribute of this Reform Bill, the seven-pound voters will be very enthusiastic for the finance of the Financial Reformers. Cheap tea, cheap sugar, cheap spirits, cheap tobacco, and no drawback at all to this catalogue of blessings, except that your neighbour in the big house has four times the income-tax to pay that he ever paid before. Taxation ever falls lightly on the depositaries of absolute

lute power. The magnates of Hungary, the noblesse of France, and many another privileged class, have left us a warning that, even to cultivated minds, self-exemption from taxation is one of the most valued results of irresponsible power. What ground have we for the fond belief that if we trust the English working class with so perilous a gift, they will be proof against a temptation to which every other class that has been exposed to it has succumbed? When alarms are expressed at the possible result of such an experiment, it is vaguely replied that the English working class are deeply attached to our institutions. Speaking of the present moment, when they have been comparatively exempt from the solicitations of demagogues and have not been tempted by the possession of supreme power, the statement is in the main correct. But specific dangers are not averted by vague declamation. The question is, how will the temptation of getting rid of all taxes work at an election? Supposing two candidates go into the cottage of a seven-pound voter to canvass him. One of them declares that he will sustain our institutions, of which the seven-pounder is no doubt enthusiastically fond; but he says nothing about taxation. The other says that he will vote to abolish all indirect taxation, and thereby give the voter cheap tea, sugar, spirits, and tobacco; but he says nothing about our institutions. Is there any sane man who doubts for an instant which way the seven-pounder (unless he is bribed) will vote? When men are living on from fifteen to twenty shillings a-week, money or money's worth stir the depths of the human soul with a force which 'loyalty to institutions' or attachments of any kind cannot hope in the long run to rival. Great stress, however, we admit, must be laid on the reservation we have made. The seven-pounder will vote for the candidate who promises the remission of the most taxation to him, unless he is bribed; but he is very likely to be bribed. It may well be that the plan of making mere numbers supreme, and leaving no direct representation to wealth, so outrageously unjust in theory, may also prove to be so intolerably oppressive in practice, that wealth, driven to bay, may be forced to defend itself with any weapons that come to hand. The world has seen in America how far popular government can be modified by a wholesale distribution of 'good things.' And here, where the differences of fortune are far greater, and the proposed depositaries of power far needier, the practice will find a still more congenial soil. It may take the form partly of the bribery of individuals, by direct gifts, partly of the bribery of constituencies, by a promise to procure in some shape or other the expenditure of public money upon the locality.

Neither

Neither form of corruption is unknown to our existing system, and the extent to which it prevails shows the facility with which it might be committed if the will were co-extensive with the opportunity. Now, however, it only or mainly represents the desire of a few wealthy individuals to obtain by purchase the social honours of a seat in Parliament. The case would be very different if it represented the efforts of a powerful class to secure themselves against oppressive legislation. That wealth, if forced into such an enterprise, might succeed in it, is very possible. But no one can believe that a House of Commons, of which the majority was known to owe their seats to corruption, could maintain its credit for an hour, or even its existence for any length of time.

The other prize with the hope of which Mr. Bright and several other democratic politicians have tried to stimulate the working-men is the possession of land. They are not very definite in their offers. They do not say what legislation they would apply to land if they had the power. They content themselves with dwelling upon the fact that the working classes do not own the land, and urging a Reform Bill as the remedy. In what way the remedy is to act upon the disease, they do not say. They have the fear of exasperating the great Whig landowners before their eyes ; for they know that until a Reform Bill has made the Whig landowners powerless, it is not possible for Reformers to dispense with their aid. Mr. Bright and his friends therefore do not tell the working men how a Reform Bill is to bring within their reach the promised blocks of freehold land. But they have allies who are not so cautious. The Radical writers of the day dwell much upon this grievance about land, and make no secret of the remedies they desire to see applied. Mr. Stuart Mill goes so far as to maintain that landlords only hold their land on sufferance of the State, and may be discarded in a body, on compensation given, if the State should see fit to do so. He also desires to enact that no owner of property shall be allowed, in any case, to leave to any one individual, more than a small amount to be fixed by law. There are few, however, who, at present, entertain views so extreme. The change which seems to be most in favour with the advanced school of politicians is some law which should apply the provisions of the Code Napoléon to the case of land at least, and should force a father to divide his real property equally among his sons. Such a law would of course make large estates impossible, and by making land comparatively valueless to persons of large fortune, would force it in large quantities into the market, and so bring it within the reach of peasant purchasers

chasers. There is no law that Radical theorists upon the Continent prize so earnestly as the law of equal division; for they know it as an instrument of matchless efficacy to ensure absolute equality, and to destroy the possibility of a class of landed gentry growing up. Their brethren in England fully appreciate its value, and are beginning to recommend it as openly as they dare. But for the present they speak to deaf ears; for no change probably would be more odious to the classes that now rule in this country than any interference with the freedom of testamentary disposition.

It is not necessary now to examine the causes of this aversion, or to defend the prevalent feeling of the upper and middle classes. The point which it is at present of importance to bear in mind is, that the affection with which the existing law is regarded by those who have any property to dispose of does not necessarily extend to the classes below them. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that some law of compulsory division would be acceptable to the working men. All accounts represent them to be desirous of possessing land. The great success of the Building Societies can only be attributed to the prevalence of such a feeling; and the demagogues to whose guidance they surrender themselves would not dwell upon the subject so pertinaciously if it were not one to move the enthusiasm of their audience. If they have these feelings, the compulsory division of property will undoubtedly be the only mode by which it can in any degree be gratified without resorting to absolute confiscation; and it will not be difficult to persuade them that its effect will be far wider and more rapid than will actually be the case. They will therefore have every motive to induce them to press for it; and the consideration which ought to be most potent in restraining them will have no effect upon their minds. It will be vain to tell them that such a law is a violation of individual freedom. Their great disqualification for any large share of political power is an entire inability to understand the idea of individual freedom. Their conduct to each other in the management of strikes, the cry for such measures as the Maine Liquor Law which has arisen from them alone, the extravagant doctrines concerning the rights of employers and the rights of landowners which are always propounded at their meetings, show that to them personal freedom has not that sacred character which it possesses in the eyes of the more cultivated classes. No consideration of that kind would prevent them from insisting on the testamentary provisions of the Code Napoléon. They would be told then, as they are told now, that in France and Belgium the working men are in the universal enjoyment

enjoyment of freehold property, from which they are debarred in England; and they would naturally infer that to obtain such blessings it was only necessary to liken the law of England to that of France. Whether the English working classes will take a fancy for this policy is of course purely a matter of conjecture. It seems improbable that what is so dearly cherished by the proletariat abroad will long remain a matter of indifference to their brethren in England. Whether they do or do not introduce it into the legislation of this country, will depend, as in all other political questions, absolutely upon their good will and pleasure. Whether freedom of bequest is or is not to be left to testators will be decided finally and without appeal by the classes who have nothing to bequeath. If in their own interest they think fit to take this liberty away, their decision cannot then be averted by those who are now resigning political supremacy into their hands. It will be a supreme consolation to the great families who are now abetting this transfer of power that the law dismembering their properties has been passed by 'fellow Christians' 'of their own flesh and blood.'

We have dwelt upon this part of the subject because of the peculiar position which is occupied in reference to this question, by a section of the community, on whose conduct at the present crisis very much will turn. In no true sense of the word can the present Reform Bill be termed a party question. It is not one upon which the political success of either party immediately depends. If the opinions of some calculators are to be trusted, its first effect would be to give a majority to the Conservatives, who are foremost in opposing it. But its vast moment raises it above the level of the party battle-field. The interests it puts to hazard belong to a more important category than the prospects of individual politicians. It is a battle not of parties, but of classes. It is a struggle to decide whether the payers of direct taxation shall tax themselves, or shall be taxed at the will of those who do not pay it; whether the laws of property shall be made by the owners of property, or by those who have everything to gain and nothing to lose; whether the country shall be governed by those who have the most stake in it to stimulate them, and the most culture to guide them, or by those in whom both these qualifications are nearly or wholly absent. In short, it is a portion of the great political struggle of our century—the struggle between property, be its amount small or great, and mere numbers. Whether this particular measure will at once place property under the control of numbers, or whether one more advance will be necessary to complete the process, is a point upon which men will

will form different opinions according to the interpretation they place upon the fragmentary statistics of the Government. But no one who has studied the present balance of political forces can doubt that, if this Bill passes, the same goal will still be reached, whether the journey is performed in one stage or in two. If the democratic power is strong enough now to make resistance a matter of the utmost difficulty, it will be utterly irresistible when this Reform Bill shall have brought in a huge contingent of democratic votes. This is, therefore, the decisive battle of the long campaign—not because the assailants will win by it all they hope to gain, but because when this position is carried, and this reinforcement obtained, the disparity of force will be so great that all further resistance will be hopeless.

But there is one strange feature about this struggle. It is fought for objects which deeply concern all who, by their own industry or by inheritance from others, have property to lose; and by all thoughtful politicians its course is watched with an intensity of interest that the mere oscillations of party conflict never command. If those who dread the advance of democracy are right in their apprehensions, the success of the series of measures, of which the first is now before us, will imply results which every class, every industry, and every holder of property will feel; and those will feel them most whose stake in the welfare of their country is largest. It means Government by men of less independence and lower culture: it means laws which will fetter capital to favour labour, and will trammel the freedom of the owners of property to make it cheaper and more accessible to those who have it not: it means taxes levied and spent by the men that contribute to them least. The inexplicable thing is that, on such a subject, the conflict is not entirely sincere. There is no small proportion of the combatants who deprecate and dread the success of the banner under which they are fighting. The peculiar disadvantage with which the adversaries of democracy have to contend is, that a large section of those who by position, by inclination, earnestly sympathise with them, yet give their votes, though not their wishes, to the other side. With the sincere friends of democracy we of course expect to have to struggle. There can be no permanent peace, there can be nothing but a hollow and delusive truce, between those who wish that property should go for something in political arrangements, and the devout believers in the abstract rights of man. For the votaries of the new religion, who have set up Humanity for their God,—for the enthusiasts who declare that the material progress of our age has carried society beyond the reach of human passion

and folly,—for the youthful politicians who think that it indicates ‘large-heartedness’ to profess an unbounded belief in the working man,—for the more sober demagogues who find their account in fostering the delusions and weaknesses of others,—for all these antagonists we must be prepared. They are formidable enough. In a languid age the cheap distinction conferred by novelty of opinion will attract many recruits to their standard. And the feeling which was so prevalent ten years ago, that democracy was the winning side, and that submission to it was a mere question of time, has not yet, in spite of adverse appearances, entirely died away. All this was to be expected. But what was not to be expected was that this combined band of enthusiasts and adventurers should count among their allies men of property and position, who cherish no delusions upon the subject, and are perfectly sensible of the fatal results that would follow the projected enthronement of the working man. Party allegiance and a blind obedience to tradition have done many wonderful things: but they never achieved a more remarkable triumph than that of driving into the ranks of Mr. Bright’s battalions the representatives of some of the leading houses of the English aristocracy.

There never was a position more paradoxical than that which is occupied by some of the great ‘revolution families’ at the present moment. They know perfectly well the direction of the road they are treading, and the end to which it leads. Some of their younger members may be misled by the fashionable sentimentalism of the day, and may believe that Mr. Gladstone’s wordy declamation represents intelligible and trustworthy ideas. But such delusions do not infect the hard-headed representatives of families which have never been hitherto guilty of sentimental or visionary abnegation. They, the heads of the English aristocracy, the owners of boundless wealth, the lords of enormous territory, the representatives of centuries of accumulation, are not inspired by any burning ardour for the importation of American ideas. They have an uneasy misgiving, which no disclaimers and no blandishments can lull, that if they once allow the ‘working man’ to put his heel upon their necks, the political career of the great Whig houses will belong to history. And beyond these considerations of individual interest and ambition, they are well aware that they are the foremost representatives of English wealth, and the spokesmen of that peculiar form of culture which the social organisation of England has produced. On them, they cannot forget, rests the responsibility of guarding it from assault, and transmitting it to others in principle as unimpaired as it has come down to them. They are fully convinced, if

rumour

rumour does not much belie them, that the result of any American experiments will at best be doubtful, and will probably be disastrous. The rule of mere numbers is absolutely antipathetic to the social system of which their fathers were the founders, and of which they are the natural guardians. The dead level of direct political power which modern Reformers desire to introduce would soon bring down to a similar dead level every social or political influence which rises to a special eminence, except where it is founded on individual qualities. The graduated social influence, the pyramidal form of constitution, which the great Whig houses did so much to establish, is utterly inconsistent with that *primâ facie* title to an equal share of political power which Mr. Gladstone in his famous manifesto ascribed to every individual British subject. If the multitude once comes to rule, the Whig aristocracy will, so far as political influence is concerned, be laid in that historical burying-place to which Mr. Bright in imagination has already consigned it. They will be fortunate if they escape legislation which will dissipate their vast accumulations, and shatter their historic families into a multitude of indistinguishable fragments.

These are facts which, in their secret thoughts—nay, in their private conversations—they freely recognise. On them it depends whether the movement which this Bill inaugurates goes forward or not. If they manfully spoke their real thoughts, there would be an end of all further controversy upon the ‘vertical’ extension of the suffrage. Reformers would then be reduced to the alternative of either abandoning their scheme for Americanising our institutions, or else procuring its adoption by means of one of those ‘accidents,’ for which it may be that in 1832 the country was prepared, but which they know well to be a simple chimæra now. What is it that prevents the Whigs generally standing by the institutions to which their traditions bind them, and repudiating the novel and distinctive elements which a Radical alliance has introduced into their creed? There seems to be only one cause for the acquiescence and seeming approval which they are giving to a measure which will not be less fatal to their position than to the cause of good government generally in this country. They are afraid that it will involve division within the ranks of a party, or entail upon that party a temporary loss of political supremacy. We do not desire to underrate the importance of fidelity to party obligations. There is no doubt that, for ordinary purposes, they constitute the only machinery by which Parliamentary liberties can be reconciled with executive vigour. But their acceptance does not involve an entire sacrifice



of political freewill—a surrender into the hands of any one political leader of the right to independent thought, even in the most momentous national conjunctures. We cannot admit any such extravagant interpretation of the great principles of party government. For ourselves, we have never, in theory or in practice, recognised any such subservient doctrine. Party allegiance is but a means to an end; it can never determine the decision of questions more important than itself. No true patriot can become a party man without reserving to himself the liberty of independent action upon measures by which our national life, and the very continuance of our form of society is affected. There are few probably who, upon a question so momentous as that of Reform, would profess to prefer his party obligations to his duty to his country. But a delusion appears to have gained ground that, in reference to the division which will take place on the seventeenth or nineteenth of this month, it is possible to reconcile the two. The old Whigs have generally preferred to trust to the efforts of their opponents, to the opportunities of delay, to any accident that might happen, rather than to their own straightforward votes, to prevent the Reform which they detest. It is said that the same strategy is to be pursued on the present occasion, and that if the Reform Bill passes the second reading, it will be by the help of a considerable contingent of Whigs, who hope that the chapter of accidents may enable them to destroy or postpone it in Committee. Thus they hope that they may at once save their allegiance to their party, and yet avert a measure they sincerely dread. It is a miserable policy; and, like all such cunning devices for avoiding a manly performance of public duty in a great national crisis like the present, it will probably bring those who have planned it nothing but discomfiture and shame. If the Bill once passes the second reading, the opposition to it will be broken and disheartened. The difficulty will be insuperable of combining members to offer effective resistance in Committee to particular provisions, each of which will probably affect the constituencies of a great number of those who vote upon it. In 1860, when the leader of the House was notoriously averse to Reform, it was not difficult to trip up a Reform Bill in Committee. In 1866, when the leader of the House is not only eager but fanatical for the reduction of the suffrage, such a manœuvre will be all but impossible.

If the Reform Bill passes the second reading, it will probably reach the House of Lords. What its fate will be in the hands of that assembly, which in recent years has been more remarkable

able for circumspection than for intrepidity, the boldest prophet would find it difficult to forecast. It is a possibility, perhaps a probability, that, mindful of the events of 1832, they will not venture to dispute the decision of the House of Commons; and in that case the majority for the second reading in the Commons will be responsible for its ultimate success. If by the agency of some half-dozen Whigs this fatal measure is placed upon the Statute Book, we trust that the reflection that they have been true to their leader Mr. Gladstone will be a great consolation to them. They will need the consolation, for there can be no doubt which section of the political world will suffer most by the surrender of the polling-booths to the multitude. The Conservatives will suffer much; but in a country like England there must always be a certain amount of Conservative opinion, and the party will have the benefit of whatever reaction so extreme a measure may produce. The Radicals will not lose at all, but largely gain: for the change will be all in their interest. There is no class in England with whom their views are more closely in unison than the class of artisans. But for the Whig party, under the new system, there can be no future. Unless they descend to compliances from which any but mere adventurers would shrink, they must give way to politicians more advanced and socially more congenial to the working class. The dwellers in the large boroughs have no taste for aristocrats, and most of them have never heard of Lord Somers. The seven-pound dwellers in the small boroughs—if any small boroughs remain—will follow the precedent set by most of their class who have the franchise now, and will present their votes to the most lavish millionaire. Whether Mr. Bright will be inconsolable at the erasure of the great Whig families from the political race may be fairly doubted. It may be equally open to a doubt whether they, on their part, will be well satisfied with their own past policy when they discover that they have performed the 'happy despatch' mainly for his benefit.

At least, if the Whigs make up their minds to follow Mr. Bright to their own undoing, they cannot complain that he has deceived them as to his intentions. He has not flattered them with insincere praise or lulled them into a false security by soothing promises. He has very distinctly told them that a Whig Ministry belongs to a political species as extinct as the dodo, and that no great harm would be done to the country if the whole Whig party were deposited in Westminster Abbey. He has never concealed his hostility to the great landowners, or his desire for measures that would divide their estates. He professes his contempt for  
'worn-

'worn-out royal and noble stocks,' warns the House of Peers, even while he is asking for its aid, that it cannot be 'a permanent institution,' and makes no secret of his universal preference for the institutions and social arrangements which prevail on the other side of the Atlantic. If the Whigs labour under any delusion as to the estimation in which he holds them, or the fate to which he destines them, it has certainly not been because he has withheld that information from them, or has conveyed it with undue delicacy or reserve. From his bearing upon this Reform Bill, they may learn what its probable operation will be in the judgment of one who has devoted a lifetime to studying the political tendencies of the large centres of population. From the intense enthusiasm with which he has thrown himself into the support of this Bill, it is easy to see that he believes it will fulfil the aims he has so frequently avowed. He evidently thinks that the object of his life is within his reach—that the downfall of his aristocratic and landowning enemies is at hand. So eager is he to finish with them that he has lost all control over his language. He will not stop to conciliate, or temporise, or treat. If the recalcitrant Whigs are not convinced, they must be browbeaten and bullied. Their resistance to a scheme of Reform, which will simply annihilate them, is 'a dirty conspiracy.' The Parliament which shows signs of reluctance at passing a Bill which will probably unseat two-thirds of its members is 'the offspring of landlord power in the counties, and tumult and corruption in the boroughs.' He can see but one remedy. 'Parliament-street, from Charing Cross to the venerable Abbey,' is to be 'filled with men seeking a Reform Bill,' who will 'beat down as by one blow the power that threatens to bolt the door of Parliament against the people.' He does not condescend to argue the matter or to deprecate on public grounds the opposition that is being offered to the Bill. He knows that the Whigs are deeply apprehensive of it, and that a considerable number of them will certainly resist it. He is not surprised, for Parliament is elected by 'landlord power,' which to his mind is the earthly embodiment of the spirit of evil. But he thinks it as base as it is vile. If only sufficiently threatened, it will hasten to pass the measure it detests. It remains for a few days to show whether he wrongs it by this estimate of its courage. If the second reading of this Bill should pass a House of Commons which utterly abhors it, Mr. Bright will have deserved his victory, for it will prove that his menaces were well aimed, and that he has learnt that greatest secret of success, the art of knowing whom to despise. The votes of some half-dozen Whig members

members will probably decide whether the aristocratic constitution, upon which their historic party has been built up, is or is not to be sacrificed to the tactics or the blunders of the hour. If, moved by the importunity with which they have been beset, or by some paltry personal fear, they are false to their real belief, the step they take can never be retraced. We shall only have the melancholy consolation of reflecting that if the classes who now hold political power have not courage enough to uphold their own convictions, at a juncture so momentous, against the threats of demagogues or the entreaties of placemen, they have lost the moral title to rule and are fit only to be cast aside.

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